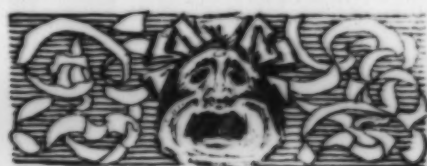


TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES



THE NEW YORK



# DRAMATIC MIRROR

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MR. AND MRS. JIMMIE BARRY.

MS. L. 1095





Anna Held's costume in Papa's Wife gives us more New Yorkers an idea of that indescribably French charm that is expressed in the dress of the Parisian.

I don't mean the gowns, of course. Any one can go over to Paris and buy them, but it is the wearing of them in which Miss Held is an education.

The secret of that wonderfully sinuous form of hers, lithe and slender as a wand, is, of course, known only to her maid. But I feel sure, if the actress were to give lectures on the way she underclothes that role, that there are any number of us girls that would buy a course ticket.

The fact is, Miss Held, as she undulates about with that peculiar serpentine grace that she possesses, makes us all seem either hopelessly heavy or else scrawny.

When she sang her famous little song a few seasons ago she gave no indication of either the grace or the power that she has shown in this last effort of hers.

Above the waist she looked exceedingly pretty even when she wriggled. Her beautifully abandoned pompadour and her almond-shaped eyes that she sets off so luminously at the audience hardly forgave feet and ankles in white stockings and, as I recollect, white slippers, two toilet belongings that brides must wear; but that no other girl should, as they are about the try-est foot dressings in the world.

But Anna Held has been undergoing this making over process that they do so cleverly in Paris and she has been turned out finished. She knows what to do with her hands and what not to do with her feet; and she has even learned to act a little bit.

But, oh! those bodies that fit so exquisitely without being the least tight! The perfect perfection of the drawn in waist line, for no one but an idiot would call those fairy little girdles that French women wear by such a commonplace name as corset.

Then the line of the hips is a study. Certainly there are no petticoats worn beneath that clinging sheath of silk and lace, narrowing into the knees like the extremity of a mermaid, and then—puff!—flaring and rippling about the feet, like a rose that has fallen face down upon the floor.

Then such slippers! Paris written all over them, and the way the actress handles her feet is an education in itself for those of us who trip over ourselves getting out of and into Broadway cars.

I read somewhere the other day that one of these French beauty makers that takes you in charge and studies you out and then makes you over, as kind nature should have done in the first place, is coming over to open a shop here.

He is the same one who made over the Countess Castellane and a score of the noted French beauties whose photographs are for sale in the shops in Broadway. I believe he is also the reincarnator of Miss Held.

They say he takes a pad and a pencil and has you stand on a little raised dais and revolve slowly before him like a model showing an opera cloak.

Then he jots down things you never suspected about yourself—hateful, horrid things such as that your left eyebrow doesn't match your right, that your ears are too white and not curly enough, that your hair has no expression nor color, that your nose is all wrong and your chin a sight. And then, proceeding southward, he tells you more defects in a half hour than you would think of in a lifetime.

He evolves a style of dress which you must adhere to, certain colors that you must avoid, styles that must forever be dead to you. He settles whether you are to be a *grande dame*, an ingenue, or a butterfly.

Of course it is all starchy, artificial, and so French that nine out of ten American girls will fail to respond to the treatment as the Parisians do. They'll go right on giving the baby state to their admirers and trying to be Gibsonish without even a dim idea of the subtly simple effects that these French sisters comprehend and master so readily and so successfully.

But as an adjunct to our acting schools what a boon this boulevard annex should be!

Little Minnie Ashley, who made such a genuine hit in A Greek Slave, is another type of femininity—the natural young flower-like American girl who dances with a grace that is not taught by a master.

The freshness and spontaneity of her acting and the way in which she sang her little songs, more than her voice, simply won the audience over, and they called her out again and again on the first night of the play, and they have at every performance since.

Minnie Ashley was in the chorus at the Herald Square during the run of The Girl from Paris a few years ago, if it is correct to talk of a chorus in connection with that play.

But she was one of the girls who slipped on and off in the meaningless way they do, you know, and sang tra-la in all the evening.

The very first thing that I heard about her was that certain young millionaire had begun to send her Kentucky thoroughbreds and French poodles and tararas, and that she used to find them standing at the stage-door with violets tied at their ears and electric lighted hansom attached to them. Just little things like that!

And Miss Ashley, I heard, would just say: "Put a blanket on that horse and take it away," or, "Give that poor dog a biscuit and return him with my thanks!"

I thought this very interesting and novel at the time, but now that I have seen the little actress dance I don't wonder a bit.

A mere millionaire is really of no account to a girl like that. I don't know a solitary one in town that could dance like her if he gave all Wall Street.

The Matinee Girl wrote last week about the many good folk of the stage who sent on the verses requested and published last week in this column.

And also spoke of the gushing little letters from other Matinee Girls that keep on coming in—all too sweet for anything!

Strangely enough—at least it seems so to me—the Matinee Boys who write to me are positively chilling in their style. There is none of that spontaneous, bubbling admiration blooming along the note paper.

Usually they write to tell me I've made a mistake about something, and wind up by saying, "Hoping this will not occur again," or else "Trusting this will find you enjoying the best of health."

There's Chauncey Olcott! Of course you know how we all feel about Chauncey Olcott! There is no need putting it down here in cold type. There are some things too sacred even to write about. Not many, but still a few!

Of course we all know that Chauncey Olcott must write letters. Letters to managers, to actors, to music publishers—even to girls—unless he's one of the foxy sort that sticks to verbal communications in addressing femininity.

Now that I've grown used to having received a letter from him, I can write about it calmly, as you see, but what do you think of a letter from a Matinee Girl like this:

Matinee Girl: Your Column in THE MIRROR, dated November 14th, read and contents duly noted. Enclosed please find the verses you ask for, with my compliments. Yours in Irish, CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

Isn't that jarring, girls? And Louis Massen, from far off Chicago, courtously begins his note tendering the verse:

"Miss Matinee ——" and signs it—oh, this is too much!—signs it—"Yours respectfully." And there are others! All the masculine ones beginning either "Dear Sir" or "Friend Matinee Girl," while the girls' letters exuded the most exuberant affection in every line. The more one sees and hears of men the more we look for sentiment at Weber and Fields! There's more chance of finding it!

And talking of sentiment, now that "Paddy" has returned with a wife, I wonder if it is going to affect the wave of feminine adulation that we showered upon him during his last tour. Then there was a halo of sadness enveloping him. He rustled with buried sorrows. He was said to be fading away with all sorts of heart-breaks and something tuberculous besides.

He ran his fingers over the keys of a piano and our heart strings began to give out chords of harmony—chords unheard—but which went out upon the atmosphere making vibrations to which our hearts danced.

And when he ceased—great performers never stop—they only cease—we sighed deeply and threw things at him. Roses, I mean, and violets when they were worth all sorts of money.

Now, methinks, we'll see Mrs. Paddy, sitting complacently in one of the best seats in the house, with a smile on the face of the tiger exterior, just as though she were saying: "Yes, dear Ignie plays delightfully! He's mine, you know! I didn't see him first, but just the same I own him!"

I think the chill that we will experience will produce a frost that will make ice thick in the vicinity. Artists have had to stop cyclones with their necks in the far West on such occasions. How it will strike in New York I know not! And I care not!

That's how we all feel about it!

This "When is a lady not a lady" discussion that is going on in those molders of public opinion, the evening extras, is getting too awful for words.

No lady must wear a wrapper at breakfast! Not to speak of a kimono—or pajamas. I hope this will catch the eye of a bad, bold bachelor girl I know, who used to horrify two other girls by flatters by appearing at breakfast in the latter costume—blue and white stripes, with forget-me-nots embroidered on the white.

She was higher educated and liked the effect of trousers, not so much for style as for comfort. She always claimed that the woman of the future would wear a sort of modified bathing suit. Then she said this ridiculous prejudice against legs would disappear.

She always said "legs" as though it were a swear word. She said the rainy daisies were on the right track. But then she said a great deal. In fact, her voice penetrated her hat on all occasions, and when she wasn't around the other girls used to say that she had a fine future before her.

I hate to tell you what happened that girl. She married! And then slowly drifted—drifted from the face of the earth. She lives in Brooklyn now in a suburb place called Something, with Thursdays on the corner just for a bluff.

No one ever goes, of course!

But another rule: If you wish to be a real lady you must powder your nose! Think of this. Imagine life without a powder rag! Imagine the conglutinated shine of years that now requires about seventeen applications in a day to give it an unglossy finish. Oh, it is pitiful to think of.

Under this rule I wonder what in ever will happen to Blanche Walsh? I was in Meyer's one day trying to get him to come up to the Manhattan Hotel and make up Lulu Glaser as an Indian—just a little lark we were having—when in came Blanche Walsh.

She wore a gray cutaway, an Alpine hat with a white crepe band, and a bordered English waistcoat and an ascot tie with a Death's head and crossbones for a pin. Her right hand was in her left hip pocket.

"I'm in an awful hurry," she said. "I want you to put up two pounds of that flesh powder for me right away."

I nearly fell off the chair. Then she took her parcel—it looked like a five-pound box of Huyler's—and walked out with it.

And rouge—how dreadful! Ella Wheeler Wilcox says a good thing once in a while! "The only woman who looks worse than the woman who paints," she said the other evening in the Guess Again Column, "is the woman who looks as though she needed to."

Not that I'm in it? Funny how we will accept naughty sentiments in epigram. Henry Arthur Jones' plays are getting in their fine work on our blunted American intellects, and what used to be the cue for a blush now moves us to jocund mirth.

Literature and art and all the rest of it will fairly sizzle about the beginning of the twentieth century, when, I believe, Oscar Hammerstein predicts a renaissance.

THE MATINEE GIRL.

## THE ELKS.

Lowell, Mass. Lodge No. 87 held memorial services in the Opera House Dec. 2. Eulogies were delivered by Rev. George F. Kenigott and Brother Daniel J. Donohue. There was singing by Joseph W. Leach, Jennie Lind Lewis, and the Elks Quartette. Music was furnished by Hibbard's Orchestra.

A lodge was organized at Gainesville, Texas, Nov. 24, with 37 charter members. The Dallas lodge performed the work.

Newark, N. J. lodge at considerable expense has completely refitted and redecored its lodge rooms.

Peru, Ind. Lodge, No. 365, gave a social session, dance and banquet on Nov. 21. There was a large attendance and the evening passed very pleasantly for all.

Augusta, Ga. Lodge, No. 205, held their annual memorial services Dec. 3 at the Grand Opera House, which was crowded. The programme, both musical and eulogistic, was excellent.

The memorial services of Albany, N. Y. Lodge, No. 49, were held in the Empire Theatre Dec. 3. The opening remarks were made by E. E. George, Addingdon. Secretary Samuel Goldring stated that since 1887 twenty-six members had died, of whom four had passed away this year. The eulogy was by Hon. Richard Murphy, of Amsterdam Lodge, No. 101. The music was directed by Andrew Schreiber and included selections by the Elks' Glee Club.

The memorial services of Johnstown, Pa. Lodge, No. 175, were held in their hall Dec. 3. A. A. Daub, of Cumberland, Md., was the orator. The lodge has been organized ten years and has now over 100 members, and there has been but one death in its membership in that time.

The memorial services of the Hornellsville, N. Y. Lodge, No. 364, were held in the Shattuck Opera House Dec. 3. A large audience was present. The address was by Rev. L. H. Squires and the music under the direction of Dr. Merriman.

Elmira, N. Y. Lodge, No. 62, held its lodge of sorrow at the Lyceum Dec. 3. Addresses were made by Colonel D. C. Robinson, D. P. Lynch, and Assemblyman Charles H. Knipp.

Fond du Lac, Wis. Lodge, No. 57, held its annual memorial services at the Crescent Opera House Dec. 3. The attendance was large.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Lodge, No. 275, held its annual memorial service Dec. 3. The meeting was opened by E. R. John H. Cusack. Remarks were made by Rev. W. H. Hopkins and S. A. Brown. A quartette composed of Messrs. Rosenmeyer, Schwartz, Raub, and Cluett sang "At Thy Throne, O Lord, We Bow" and "The Holy City" was rendered by John Curtin. The lodge has not lost a member by death during the present year.

## MR. AND MRS. JIMMIE BARRY.

When the germs of the vaudeville craze entered the legitimate ranks among the hundreds to contract the "fever" were Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, whose portraits appear upon the front page of THE MIRROR this week. They were not among the first to succumb; in fact, they fought hard against it until last April, when the At Gay Coney Island company, in which Mr. Barry was playing the principal comedy part, created by Harry Bulger, of Mathews and Bulger, and Mrs. Barry the tough girl, closed. They then booked a few dates through Wilson and Smith, just enough to bring them into the warm weather, when it would be time to enjoy the pleasures of their Summer home at Dingman's Ferry, Pa., of which they are justly proud. They did not get as far as Dingman's, however, for they were extremely successful in getting "time," and both being staunch believers in "making hay while the sun shines," they deferred their Summer vacation and "made hay." Their success is due in part to the fact that when they got ready to go into vaudeville they did not rush pell-mell into it. They studied the situation carefully, and found that there were a great many things they could do and a great many things they could not do. The loss of but two weeks in thirty-two is excellent evidence that they acted wisely in choosing their material. Their long experience in various parts taught them the full value of lines, and that a witty remark or quaint saying well delivered had more weight and lived longer than a gag. Their act, Mrs. Wilkins' Boy, which was written by Mr. Barry, reflects great credit upon him on account of its unique construction and the originality of its lines. It concerns a country boy and his visit to the playmate of his childhood, who has become a full-fledged city girl. The contrast is made sharp and amusing from the fact that Mrs. Barry is one of the prettiest women in vaudeville and Mr. Barry one of the homeliest comedians in the profession.

"Jimmie," in speaking of how and why he wrote the sketch, said: "I first got a dictionary, looked up the word originality and committed the definition to memory. I coupled that with the twelfth commandment, 'Thou shalt not copy thy neighbor's goods,' and went to work writing an act. The very first thing an author does is to write his plot. I knew I had to write a plot, and I did so and had a number of copies printed, so that I could send one ahead every week to our next stand. The plot is 'C. D. Fancyp, rich furniture, bric-a-brac, etc., etc.' The plot finished, all I had to do was to write some dialogue, put in some singing and some rube cake walk, all of which was much easier than the plot."

Mr. and Mrs. Barry are among the features this week at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city. Mr. Pastor saw their sketch several months ago and complimented them highly upon their work. Their success at his little "home of comedy" ought to be very great.

## BOOK REVIEWED.

THE SCARLET STIGMA, drama in four acts, by James Edgar Smith. James J. Chapman, publisher, Washington, D. C.

As is instantly suggested by its title, The Scarlet Stigma is based upon Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel, "The Scarlet Letter." The play may scarcely be called a dramatization of the book, however, since Mr. Smith has constructed a poetic tragedy, original in form, with naught of Mr. Hawthorne's work in it save the bare plot.

The story is told clearly, forcibly, yet with much poetic grace, and for the purposes of the library The Scarlet Stigma is altogether a commendable piece of work. Whether or not it might succeed in the theatre is a question that, of course, may be decided only by actual performance. The long speeches in dignified blank verse that in the reading seem to be the drama's greatest charm might indeed prove wearisome if delivered upon the stage. There is no lack of action, however, and the author has contrived several stage pictures that without doubt might be realized effectively.

## THE CIRCOLO ARTISTICO.

At a banquet given last week by the Circolo Artistico Eleanor Duse, the guest of honor was the new dramatic director of the association, Signor Flaccarini. The speaker of the evening drew attention to the growth of the Circolo and the spreading interest among the best Italian residents of the city, in its work. The society is composed chiefly of natives of Piedmont, where dramatic clubs flourish in every village. Among the members are many amateurs who received long training in these clubs; and there are, besides, several professional players in the Circolo. The aim of the organization is to present the best Italian plays, and translations into the Italian of plays of other languages; and eventually to establish in New York a theatre that will be to the Italian population what the Irving Place Theatre is to the German. The Circolo, by permission of Eleanor Duse, bears her name. The first performance of this season's series will be given shortly before Christmas.

## GERTRUDE BENNETT'S RECITAL.

Gertrude Bennett gave a dramatic recital at the Waldorf-Astoria last Thursday afternoon before a very large and responsive audience. The programme was calculated to display Miss Bennett's talents in many phases, and it went to show that she was charming in them all. She was at her best in two of Anthony Hope's delicious "Dolly Dialogues" and in a little French selection, "La Cage." In the impersonation of Mr. Hope's Dolly she was captivating, and every one of her selections, read with understanding and skill, won applause. The actress was assisted by Louise C. Courtney, soprano, and Andre Destamps, basso.

## ACTORS' SOCIETY TEA.

The afternoon tea given last Thursday by the women of the Actors' Society was one of the most successful of the social affairs in the history of the organization. Sadie Stringham, the hostess, was assisted by Myra Brooks, Lillian Dix, and Edna Summer. The guests of honor were Mrs. E. L. Fernandez and the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, of Temple Emanuel. Among the members and guests present were Lisle Leigh, Sara Alexander, Mrs. J. L. Saphore, Annie Milfin, Celia Clay, Elise Bryan, Lucretia C. N. Everett, Mary Shaw, Elouina Oldcastle, Esther A. Ralph, Mrs. R. B. Mantell, Ada Gilman, Frank A. Tannehill, Sr., John Jack, and Captain G. R. Stringham.

## FRANCES DRAKE AS ACTRESS AND WRITER.

Frances Drake's recent trip of five months in the West Indies was so satisfactory to the literary syndicate for whom she was writing that on the outbreak of the war in South Africa she was strongly urged by them to go to the Transvaal. She has been wavering between a continuation of her journalistic work and the stage, and has finally accepted an engagement from Manager D. V. Arthur for The Adventure of Lady Ursula, in which she will be featured. The S. S. McClure syndicate's semi-annual prospectus announces the second series of her articles, which will be about Hayti, Martinique, and Guadeloupe.

## NEW CIRCUIT IN THE NORTHWEST.

Manager J. P. Howe, of the Seattle, Wash., Theatre; Manager Robert Jamieson, of the Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., theatres, and the managers of several other playhouses in neighboring Northwestern towns, have formed a circuit and hope to book many leading attractions that they have been unable to secure heretofore.

Daniel Sully in The Parish Priest.

## GOSSIP.



About twenty years ago Edwin De Coursey concluded that his life's efforts should be devoted to things theatrical. His first experience was in the vaudevilles, in which he doubled with Charlie Lawrence, the team being recognized as a very clever singing and dancing duo. A dramatic offering caused Mr. De Coursey to sever his connection with Lawrence, and for a few seasons he was more or less successful, playing boys' parts. About ten years ago Mr. De Coursey became identified with minstrelsy, since which time, with the exception of two seasons given to farce-comedy and melodramatic productions, this branch of amusements has claimed his attention. Three years ago he signed as business manager for John W. Vogel's Darkest America, and he remained with this attraction until the close of last season, when the piece was shelved. Mr. De Coursey is now general director of John W. Vogel and Arthur Deming's Big Minstrels, an organization of unusual strength and merit. Next season Mr. De Coursey will be sole manager of John W. Vogel's unique production, At Saratoga, an operatic minstrel farce-comedy, with a cast of twenty-five persons and special and elaborate scenery.

Teddy Pelper has gone to Havana to join David Henderson's business staff at the Payret Theatre.

Dillon and Garland are in their seventeenth week with the Baldwin-Melville company. Mr. Dillon has written a new one-act Irish comedy, The Night O'Reilly Joined the Golf Club.

Frank E. Sherry and Louise Bennethon were married on Dec. 4 at Mount Vernon, N. Y.

The report of the betrothal of Fanchon Thompson and the Count de Dion was denied last week.

My Son Ben closed on Dec. 5 at Toronto, O., and the company returned to New York.

Joseph Brooks, long time manager for William H. Crane, will terminate his association with that star at the close of the present season.

Grant Parish has returned from Europe. His mission abroad was partly governmental work, and he visited Russia for *Mussey's Magazine*.

Harry J. Mortimer is in the city arranging for the production of his new sensational comedy, The Man from Indiana.

Fred Lucier, of the Two Luciers, is meeting with much success in the leading comedy role in The Dazzler.

Manager Harry M. Dry, of the Academy of Music, Tyrone, Pa., gave a banquet on Thanksgiving Day to Messrs. Mayo, Champlin, and Wood, and others of The Gems in Repertoire.

The Castle Square Opera company, now at the American Theatre, will leave for Chicago on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 19, by special train on the B. and O. The American Theatre will be closed for the week of Dec. 18.

Little Gladys Greene, who is nine years old, has dressed a doll representing Sigmund in The First Violin for the Professional Woman's League Bazaar.

Frances Bourne has been awarded the Belasco medal, annually offered to the pupil of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts showing the greatest share of dramatic excellence.

J. K. Emmet filed a petition in bankruptcy last week, with liabilities of \$17,070.45 and no assets.

The Princess Chic is in rehearsal at Wallack's, with Richard Gordon, Winfield Blake, J. C. Miron, Louise Hepler, and Mathilde Preville in the cast.

Walter E. Perkins played My Friend from India at Austin, Tex., on Dec. 2 with W. J. Bryan, Governor Hogg, and ex-Governor Sayre in the audience. Mr. Perkins met Mr. Bryan, who laughed at what he called the "canard" of the last campaign about his having been an actor. Yet there are people who say that they knew him as an actor.

Vivia Ogden, who has been playing Taciturnus in El Capitán in London with De Wolf Hopper, will return to New York at the close of the run of that opera.

Hal King has closed with the Baldwin-Melville company, to join the Klimt-Hearn company with his cinematograph.

B. A. Creighton and Bessie Sheldon were married on Dec. 4 at Mount Pleasant, Mich.

The impostor calling himself Harry Fitzgerald, recently reported as defrauding managers and others by representing himself to be in advance of Belle Archer, has turned up on another tack. Proprietor J. L. Boswell, of the Hotel Columbia, Baltimore, says he stopped there, claiming to be with Finnigan's 400, and got away on Dec. 1 owing board and bar bills as well as borrowed money.

Wadsworth Harris was the guest of the Chicago and the Calumet clubs during the engagement of Modjeska in Chicago.

Manager J. C. Henry, of Henry's Opera House, Auburn, Ind., prints on his programmes a polite request to ladies that they remove their hats during a performance. In addition to this request he has devised a sign, controlled by a cord, that the manager can throw into view just behind the footlights, reading, "Now is the time to remove your hats." This is displayed as the orchestra takes its place and always has the desired effect.

Mabel Hay Barrows' six-act Homeric play, The Return of Odysseus, was presented at the Hull House, Chicago, Dec. 6-8 by amateurs.

Madelon Temple, who has been ill at St. Vincent's Hospital in this city, has regained her health and will rejoin May Irwin in Sister Mary.

Cox's Comedians, presenting A Man of A' fairs, closed at Danville, Pa., Nov. 25.

Christmas open. G. O. H. Salem, Ohio. Charles Holton.



business of Whitman's. It will be followed by 1  
member the Major 12-10. KIMBAL







performance. Keller 7. The Great Train Robbery 12. Creston Clark 14. A Child of the South 19.

**FT. WAYNE—TEMPLE THEATRE** (A. E. Stander, manager): Nance Comedy co. in The Limited. The Queen of the Circus, and Patient Applied For Nov. 27; good business. Olla Blanche in The Lion 4; small, but pleased audience. The Evil Eye 9. Elks' Circus 12. 13. A Texas Steer 15. Peruch-Beldini co. 19-23.

**NEW ALBANY—WILLARD THEATRE** (J. H. Weir, manager): Electric Extravaganza co. Nov. 20-22. Chattanooga 5; fair audience; performance good. On the Wabash 16.

**ELKHART—BUCKLEN OPERA HOUSE** (D. B. Carpenter, manager): The Cherry Pickers 1; good co.; appreciative house. Tim Murphy in The Carpathian 3. A small house.

**GOSHEN—IRWIN OPERA HOUSE** (Frank J. Irwin, manager): Up to Date Minstrels (local) Nov. 30; good performance. Because She Loved Him 30. A Deshon Opera co. 11-13.

**MUNCIE—WISOCK'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (H. L. Wisock, manager): Because She Loved Him 30 Nov. 28. McIntyre and Heath's Comedians 1; large house; performance somewhat disappointing.

**NEW HARMONY—THALL'S OPERA HOUSE** (T. Mumford, manager): The Palace in Forest-Not. What Happened to Brown, and A French Soldier Nov. 27-30; performances good.

**AUBURN—HENRY'S OPERA HOUSE** (J. C. Henry, manager): Monart Symphony Club 2; fair house; co. good. Chattanooga 13. Other People's Money 28.

**PORTLAND—AUDITORIUM** (Andrews and Little, managers): John Griffith presented The Three Musketeers to a large and pleased audience Nov. 27.

**NEW CASTLE—ALCAZAR OPERA HOUSE** (R. F. Brown, manager): Town Topics 7; small and pleased audience. Chattanooga 5.

**CONNEAUTVILLE—ANDRE'S THEATRE** (D. W. Andre, manager): A Jolly Lot 1; fair house. White's Faust 5; good business; excellent performance.

**RICHMOND—PHILLIPS OPERA HOUSE** (Murray and Swisher, managers): McIntyre and Heath's Comedians 2; fair performance; good house.

**MOHESVILLE—WILBY'S OPERA HOUSE** (Leon and Wild, manager): A Jolly Lot 5; fair house; failed to give satisfaction. A Child of the South 18.

**MUNTINGTON—OPERA HOUSE** (Harter Brothers, managers): Lillian Washburn's Indian Maidens 5; large audience. John Griffith 19.

**DECATUR—BOSSER'S OPERA HOUSE** (J. W. Boss, manager): Cheerful Liar Nov. 30; fair performance; light house.

**RENSSELAER—ELLIS OPERA HOUSE** (J. H. Ellis, manager): Those Heavenly Twins Nov. 30 failed to appear. Erwin Comedy co. 11.

**PLYMOUTH—CENTENNIAL OPERA HOUSE** (J. C. Corbin, manager): Dark.

**WADSWORTH—HARTER'S OPERA HOUSE** (J. M. Harter, manager): John Griffith 18.

#### INDIAN TERRITORY.

**PURCELL—BROWN'S OPERA HOUSE** (W. E. Brown, manager): Two Merry Tramps Nov. 28. Pleased good business. Duncan and Clark's Minstrels 29; performance vulgar; fair house. Faust 1; good performance; S. R. O. 14.

**ARROWHEAD—OPERA HOUSE** (H. Aaronson, manager): Duncan Clark's Minstrels Nov. 27; fair business. Two Merry Tramps 29; crowded house; audience pleased. Labadie's Faust co. 2; good business.

**LEHIGH—BIJOU** (Boone Williams, manager): Maloney's Wedding 4. Joshua Simpkins 13. South Before the War 21.

#### IOWA.

**DAVENPORT—BURTS OPERA HOUSE** (Chamberlain, Kindt and Co., managers): Midnight in Chinatown Nov. 22. Pleased a good house. The Purple Lady 23 gave satisfaction. A Bunch of Keys 28. To capacity.

The Royal Brothers, with Andrew Holson and Gertrude Coghlan in the leading roles; fair audience; deserving of better patronage. James B. Mackie in Grimes' Cellular Door 30; fair business. Jefferson Comedy co. presented Rip Van Winkle 13. Thomas Jefferson was seen to good advantage. Rip. The Christian 2 drew the largest audience of the season and pleased immensely.

Frederick Bryson Co. in Forgiven 3; pleasing performance. Audience fair. Zaza 5. Runaway Girl 7. Two Jolly Rovers 14. A Gully Mother 19. Kentford's Pathfinders 11-14. A Yeanling Yentleman 17. A Day and a Night 18. Hogan's Alley 24. Because She Loved Him 25. —ITEM: The Elks held memorial exercises at their hall 1.

**SOUX CITY—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (A. B. Beall, manager): Ferris Comedians Nov. 27.2 broke all previous records. Repertoire: My Jim, Camille, An Innocent Sinner, The Three Musketeers, The Chorus Girl, On the Ohio, The Brand of Cain, Cinderella, and A Rag Time Sport; specialties excellent; co. larger and better than last season. Eddie Fox in Hotel Topsy Turvy 4; large and pleased house. The Christian 6. Shepard's Minstrels 9. A Yeanling Yentleman 12. Humpty Dumpty 13. 14. St. George's House 15. A Husband on Parade 16. Vanity Fair 18. The Colonel and I 21. —ITEM: The Elks held their annual Lodge of Sorrow at the Grand 3.—The Girl from Chili switched from 16 to 23.

**CEDAR RAPIDS—GREENE'S OPERA HOUSE** (John J. Greene, manager): Clara Thropp in A Doll's House and A Remedy for Divorce Nov. 30. This was her second engagement here this season and she was well received by good audiences. The Christian 4 drew well. A Gully Mother 8. A Black Sheep 13. A Hot Old Time in Dixie 15. —ITEM: After the performance 30 Manager Henderson gave his annual Thanksgiving supper to the attaches of numbers of members of the press and Clara Thropp's co. were also among the guests. Miss Thropp lent assistance by giving a few specialties.

**DES MOINES—FOSTER'S OPERA HOUSE** (William Foster, manager): Madame Modjeska in Marie Antoinette was greeted by an immense audience Nov. 29; performance very good. A Runaway Girl 4. The Christian 5. A Trip to Chinatown 10. A Gully Mother 11. Kentford's Pathfinders 12. A Yeanling Yentleman 13. A Day and a Night 18. Hogan's Alley 24. Because She Loved Him 25. —ITEM: The Elks held their annual Lodge of Sorrow at the Grand 3.—The Girl from Chili switched from 16 to 23.

**OTTUMWA—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (J. F. Jersey, manager): Ida Bouffey co. full house Nov. 27. Vanity Fair with good specialties; fair business. 29. Morrison's Faust, with Walter McCullough, William Richards, and Augusta True, pleased good audience 30. Two Jolly Rovers 4. Zaza 7. The Christian 28. —ITEM: Augusta True, of Faust, enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner here 30, at the home of a former school friend, Helen Hyatt. At the orchestra of the Grand Opera House presented their leader, J. S. Hodge, with a handsome ebony statue. The Elks held memorial services at Trinity Church 3.

**CLINTON—ECONOMIC THEATRE** (Busby Brothers, managers): Walker Whitehead in The Red Cockade 2; large audience. Mr. Whitehead and Miss Walton were both heartily greeted, being personal favorites here. The play shows improvement in action since its premier production here, and was handsomely staged and costumed. Leland T. Powers 5. A Trip to Chinatown 6; big business, giving satisfaction. A Runaway Girl 8. Sowing the Wind 13. A Black Sheep 18. The Cherry Pickers 18. A Day and a Night 19.

**MARSHALLTOWN—ODEON THEATRE** (C. E. Spens, manager): Frank E. Long Nov. 27-2; Louisiana. The Millionaire, California, Jones of Boston, The Smuggler, The Gully Slave, and The Sunny South; light business. Vanity Fair 4 gave satisfaction to large audience. A Gully Mother 7. A Black Sheep 12. The Girl from Chili 14. Elks' Minstrels 15. Ben 8. Means 18.

**DECORAH—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (Weiser and Bear, managers): The Royal Box 1, with Andrew Holson, and Gertrude Coghlan; packed house; satisfaction given. Sowing the Wind 15. —STEVEN'S OPERA HOUSE (George Higgins, manager): National Comedy co. 4-9.

**CRESTON—PATT'S OPERA HOUSE** (J. H. Patt, manager): Morrison's Faust Nov. 27; packed house; performance good. Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra 7. Maria's F. T. C. 12. A Husband on Salary 8.

**FAIRFIELD—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (Lou Thoma, manager): Haywood's Celibates Nov. 30; fair house; poor performance. A Husband on Salary 5; poor business; fair performance. Ben 8. Means 14. A Hot Old Time in Dixie 16.

**DUBUQUE—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (William T. Buhl, manager): The Royal Box Nov. 30; big business. Andrew Holson, as Clarence, gave an excellent portrayal. Sowing the Wind 14. A Black Sheep 15. Willie Collier 18. A Gully Mother 19.

**BOONE—ARIS'S OPERA HOUSE** (Ben Wiley, manager): King-Peterson co. Nov. 27-2 in Bonny Jean. Edna Lynne Fanchon, A Married Man's Troubles, Calico Black, and Behind the Scenes; poor co. and business.

**IOWA CITY—OPERA HOUSE** (J. N. Coldren, manager): Ham Hanson Nov. 30. Pleased large audience. Vanity Fair 5; good business; good performance. Zaza 4. A Day and a Night 16.

**PORT HADISON—BRINGER GRAND** (O. J. Lindner, manager): A Day and a Night 1; good business; good performance. Ben 8. Means 18. 2 in Below Zero; poor business and performance.

**OSKAHOZA—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE** (E. M. Fritz, manager): Two Jolly Rovers 5; good business; audience pleased. A French Soldier's Vauville co. 8. 9. A Day and a Night 14.

**WATERLOO—BROWN'S OPERA HOUSE** (C. F. Brown, manager): Clara Thropp Nov. 28. 28. In A Doll's House and A Remedy for Divorce; business; light; deserving of better house. Two Jolly Rovers 6.

**MISSOURI VALLEY—NEW THEATRE** (William Harmon, manager): Ferris Comedians opened for a good house, giving satisfaction in My Jim. St. George's House 14.

**IOWA FALLS—COWAN'S OPERA HOUSE** (E. O. Ellsworth, manager): Dark. —ITEM: The Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra will open Ellsworth College lecture course 17.

**M'GREGOR—THE BERGMAN** (Edward Bergman, manager): W. H. Hartigan in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde Nov. 27; house small. Young Brothers' U. T. C. 4; small house; co. below average.

**FORT DODGE—FESLER OPERA HOUSE** (C. H. Smith, manager): The Girl from Chili 7. —ITEM: The new Midland Theatre is being rapidly pushed, and will open during Holiday Week.

**GRINNELL—PRESTON'S OPERA HOUSE** (Harry Preston, manager): Alva W. Root's Vaudeville Stars Nov. 25 canceled by Manager Preston. Ben 8. Means 11.

**COUNCIL BLUFFS—DOHANY THEATRE** (James Harrington, manager): Shepard's Minstrels 1; small attendance. A Gully Mother 3; good business.

**CENTERVILLE—ARMORY OPERA HOUSE** (O. W. Needles and Co., managers): Fifty-first Iowa Band 9. 10. March 4. U. T. C. 14. Jefferson Comedy co. 18.

**RED OAK—RYNORSON OPERA HOUSE** (P. G. Gordon, manager): Two Jolly Rovers 1; good house; people pleased.

**GREENFIELD—WARREN OPERA HOUSE** (E. E. Warren, manager): Dark.

#### KANSAS.

**TOPEKA—CRAWFORD OPERA HOUSE** (O. T. Crawford, local manager): Two Married Men Nov. 27; good business; well balanced co. Clear acceptance introduced by Charles E. Schilling. Lela Lyndon, Edith Lytle, the Healy Sisters, and Roy Southern. Scott's Minstrels 28; big business. Harry Crator, Clarence P. Rival, Arthur Maxwell, James White, and "Kichie" were the favorites. A Black Sheep 30; large audience. William De Vere and George W. Allen won the audience, while Miss Boardman, Anna Kenwick, and Gilbert Girard were generally applauded. The Spider and the Fly 1; top-heavy house. The Howlitz and Romano Brothers were the whole show. —GRAND OPERA HOUSE (James L. King, manager): Aunt Jerusha 4. The Spider and the Fly 5. The Little Minstrel's Wedding 9. Morrison's Faust 11. Side Tracked 20. Joshua Simpkins 22. Monte Cristo 25.

**ATCHISON—THEATRE** (John Seaton, manager): Aunt Jerusha to a small house Nov. 28; performance fair. Scott's Minstrels 30; good house; audience pleased. A Black Sheep attracted a large audience 2; excellent co. and performance. The Telephone Girl 6. Jefferson Comedy co. 8. A Trip to Chinatown 9.

**HUTCHINSON—OPERA HOUSE** (W. A. Lee, manager): Boston Symphony Orchestra Nov. 28; crowded house; audience pleased. Isaac Payton Co. 29 in Blanche the Flower Girl, La Creole, Under Two Flags, and New York by Day and Night. McCarthy's Minstrels 11. The Spider and the Fly 19. Comedy co. 13. Wang 15. The Spider and the Fly 19.

**PITTSBURG—OPERA HOUSE** (W. W. Bell, manager): Stetson's U. T. C. Nov. 29; large house; co. good. St. George's House in The Wealthy Widow Wiggins 4. The Spider and the Fly 5. The Little Minstrel's Wedding 9. Morrison's Faust 11. Side Tracked 20. Joshua Simpkins 22. Monte Cristo 25.

**LAWRENCE—BOWERSOCK'S OPERA HOUSE** (Irving Hill, manager): A Black Sheep Nov. 29; satisfactory business; general satisfaction. St. George's House in The Wealthy Widow Wiggins 30; poor business; performance uninteresting. Scott's Minstrels 4; good business.

**SALINA—OPERA HOUSE** (W. P. Pierce, manager): Redmond Dramatic co. Nov. 27-2 in Myrtle Fern. The Mountain Girl, The Sailor, The Cashier, David Crockett, Struck Gas in Indiana, and Fanchon the Cricket delighted large audiences. Black 400 4. Chase-Lidger co. 11-13. Duke Prince co. 18-20.

**ARKANSAS CITY—FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE** (Amos Gibson, manager): Morey Stock co. Nov. 27-2 in A Noble Revenge. A Royal Slave, in Pennsylvania, Monte Cristo, Uncle Sam in Cuba, What Happened to Sarah, and Cinderella. Lucella Moore deserves special mention. Co. good; business fair.

**WICHITA—CRAWFORD THEATRE** (E. L. Marthing, manager): Under the Dome 2; good performance; large audience. Jeannette Lewis 4. 6; poor performance; light business. Black 400 7. St. George's House 8. Dobbin's U. T. C. 20. Morey Stock co. 25-30.

**FORT SCOTT—DAVIDSON THEATRE** (Harry C. Erlich, manager): A Black Sheep Nov. 28; good house; first-class performance. Stetson's U. T. C. 30; good business. Stetson's and the Fly 11. Vanity Fair 12. Side Tracked 19. Sweeney and Alvido's Minstrels 22.

**WELLINGTON—WOOD'S OPERA HOUSE** (Black and Martin, managers): Under the Dome pleased a good audience. Stetson's U. T. C. 30. J. Humphrey, manager: Folk Miller 21 entertained a large audience.

**JUNCTION CITY—OPERA HOUSE** (T. W. Dorn, manager): Aunt Jerusha Nov. 30 gave satisfaction; business good. Stetson's U. T. C. 2; good performance; fair business. St. George's House 9.

**EMPORIA—WHITLEY OPERA HOUSE** (H. C. Whitley, manager): Two Married Men Nov. 28 packed house; performance excellent. Aunt Jerusha 1; fair house and performance. A Turkish Bath 23.

**NEWTON—RAGDALE OPERA HOUSE** (W. J. Puetz, manager): Stetson's U. T. C. Nov. 25; good house; satisfaction given. Two Married Men 29; good business; every one pleased. Under the Dome 4.

**LEAVENWORTH—NEW CRAWFORD THEATRE** (M. J. Cunningham, manager): Scott's Minstrels 2; business good. Telephone Girl 4; fair performance; crowded house. The Fly 11. Vanity Fair 12. Side Tracked 19. Sweeney and Alvido's Minstrels 22.

**HORTON—HIGH STREET OPERA HOUSE** (Riley and Fox, managers): Monte Cristo 2. Pleased fair business. U. T. C. 16. Kerkhof-Locke co. changed to 18-23.

**OTTAWA—BOHRBAUGH THEATRE** (G. F. Kaiser, manager): Scott's Minstrels 5. A Yeanling Yentleman 7.

**LYONS—MILLER'S OPERA HOUSE** (H. C. Doddridge, manager): Clarke's Minstrels 13. A White Elephant 18.

**WINFIELD—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (T. B. Myers, manager): Under the Dome 2; good business; co. good. U. T. C. 9.

**PEABODY—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE** (F. H. Prescott, manager): McCarthy's Mishaps 7.

#### KENTUCKY.

**HENDERSON—OPERA HOUSE** (Leon L. Levi, manager): Paul Kaurer Nov. 29; performance good; good house. Nashville Students 30; top-heavy house; performance fair. Chattanooga 1; good house; performance fair. Van Dyke and Eaton co. opened for a week 4, presenting When Friends Are Few, and Across the Trail; performances good; pleased audiences. The Road Widow Brown 12. A Pair of Black Eyes 13. What Happened to Smith 18. A Trip to Manila 19.

**LEXINGTON—OPERA HOUSE** (Charles Scott, manager): Creston Clarke Nov. 30 in Son of France, and The Haggard Cavalier; packed houses; fine performances. The Turtle 2; poor business; performance poor. The Prince 4 to full house in good performance of La Belle Marie, The Prince of Liara, and A Soldier of France.

**FRANKFORT—CAPITOL OPERA HOUSE** (Thomas Heffer, manager): Creston Clarke and Adelaide Priole in The Haggard Cavalier Nov. 27 was one of the best attractions here this season; business good. The Air Ship 28; business good; performance satisfactory. The Turtle 1; business fair; good performance. Just Before Dawn 27-29.

**NEBRASKA CITY—THE OVERLAND** (Carl Morton, manager): A Night of (local) Nov. 30; good house and performance. A Gully Mother 1. Pleased a top-heavy house. Al. G. Field's Minstrels 5. The Telephone Girl 8. A Yeanling Yentleman 9. Walker Whitehead 12.

**DAVENSIDE—OPERA HOUSE** (C. T. Veatch, manager): Creston Clarke in The Last of His Race Nov. 28; good house; meritorious performance. Williams Comedy co. 4-9. John Griffith 12.

**REYNOLDS—WHITE-BUSH OPERA HOUSE** (White and Bush, managers): John Griffith 9. Ez-Gordon Nov. 14. Williams Stock co. 15. 16. canceled.

**WYOMING—OPERA HOUSE** (P. F. Thiersen, manager): Hunt Stock co. Nov. 23-25; good business.

satisfaction given. Monte Cristo 30; full house; performance fair.

**FADICAN—MORTON'S OPERA HOUSE** (Fletcher Ford, manager): Chattanooga 1; good business; audience pleased. Scalch Concert co. 4.

**MT. STERLING—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (N. A. Wilkerson, manager): John Griffith 8. The Palms 11-16.

**PARIS—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (S. E. Korland, manager): Just Before Dawn 7. John Griffith 14. Stroh Opera co. 19. The Palms 25-30.

**OWASBORO—NEW TEMPLE THEATRE** (Hedley and Burch, managers): Chattanooga 4; small house; co. and scenery good. The Little Minister 14.

**ELKTON—WELLS OPERA HOUSE** (H. Goodwin, manager): Nashville Students and Gideon's Minstrels 5; good house; fair performance.

**ASHLAND—THE NEW ASHLAND** (Bryan and Martin, managers): Powhatan (local) 1; fine performance; S. R. O. John Griffith 7. Stroh Opera co. 16.

**SWANSEA—GEM OPERA HOUSE** (C. L. Ogden, manager): Dark.

#### LOUISIANA.

**NEW IBERIA—VRAZEY OPERA HOUSE** (Vezay Brothers, managers): Uncle Josh Sprucey Nov. 25; good attendance; performance below average. Core-Cret co. 28. 30. My Uncle from Japan and Jerry the Outcast; fair house. The Stowaway 2; good house; play not well received. The Heart of Chicago 9. The Hustler 11. Jefferson De Angels 13. —ITEM: Prior's Sensation, a singing attraction, gave two performances 30. 1 to S. R. O.

**SHREVEPORT—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (Dave H. Davis, manager): Manhattan Stock co. (Southern) Nov. 26-27 in St. Valentine's Day. Monte Cristo, Below Zero, Cinderella, The Lightening Rod Agent, and The Old Inventor; good business; large house. The Air Ship 10. My Friend from India 12. The White Slave 13. The Hottest Coon in Dixie 16. Walker Whitehead 17. The Lees 18-23.

**TRIDONIA—OPERA HOUSE** (F. L. Knobloch, manager): Uncle Josh Sprucey Nov. 29; good house; performance satisfactory. The Heart of Chicago 12. Samuel and Dunning's Vaudeville co. 17. Sheldon Stock co. 21-25.

**LAKE CHARLES—OPERA HOUSE** (H. B. Milligan, manager): The Stowaway 1; small and disappointed audience. The Heart of Chicago 8. James Kidder-Hanford co. 9. The Hustler 10.

#### MAINE.

**PORTLAND—JEFFERSON THEATRE** (Fay Brothers and Hosford, managers): Way Down East Nov. 27-2; S. R. O.; La Belle Ruse 8. 9. Corse Payton Stock co. (return engagement) 11, 13, 15, 16. Grand Opera co. in The Barber of Seville 14. —PORTLAND THEATRE (M. J. Garrity, manager): Return engagement of The American Girl 4; business big. Dewey's Reception 5. 6; good attendance. A Lion's Heart 7. 8. U. T. C. 9. Empire Stock co. 11-16, presenting On the Border. The Burglar, Falling Ancestors, Thieves, The Heart of the Klondike, Time and Tide, and The Great Monopoly. —ITEM: A dinner was given to Frankie St. John, of The American Girl, by Dewey, Porter, and McCallum Nov. 29.

**BIDDEFORD—CITY OPERA HOUSE** (K. W. Sutherland, manager): Culhane Chase and Weston's Minstrels Nov. 29, 30; large and pleased audiences. Frank Carpenter co. 4 opened in Pawa Ticket No. 210 to a packed house, followed by Muzz's Landing to capacity; audiences delighted. —ITEM: Owing to the death of Manager Sutherland's wife, the Carpenter co. gave no matinee 5.

**BANGOR—OPERA HOUSE** (F. A. Owen, manager): Frank Carpenter closed week to big business, having presented to packed houses Pawa Ticket No. 210, Muzz's Landing, Bob, The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown, The Ranch King, Struck Gas, and The Light on the Point. Hi Henry's Minstrels had three large audiences 4, 5; performance good. Alma Chester 18-23.

**ROCKLAND—FARWELL OPERA HOUSE** (R. H. Crockett, manager): The American Girl 1; audience large and pleased. Special mention should be made of George Hall. On Land and Sea 5; poor performance; large audience. Dewey's Reception 11. Midway's U. T. C. 12. The Sidelwaks of New York 15. Vogel and Deming's Minstrels 28.

**BATH—COLUMBIA OPERA HOUSE** (Olivier Moses, manager): Hi Henry's Minstrels Nov. 30 to capacity; audience pleased. The American Girl 2; good house; audience pleased. On Land and Sea 6; fair house. The Sidelwaks of New York 19.

**WESTBROOK—SEAR OPERA HOUSE** (A. G. Spear, manager): The Morans in Two Tramps to capacity. Clark and Nickerson deserve special mention.

**LEWISTON—MUSIC HALL** (Charles Horbury, manager): Elroy Stock co. to record breaking business Nov. 27-2; excellent co. On Land and Sea 4; poor co. A Lion's Heart 9.

**BELFAST—OPERA HOUSE** (Ray and Maxfield, managers): Dewey's Reception 9.

#### MARYLAND.

**HAGERSTOWN—ACADEMY OF MUSIC** (Charles M. Fuller, manager): Park Sisters to a large and pleased audience Nov. 28. The Gondoliers (local) 30. 1; satisfactory performance; large audience. Hunter-Jackson Stock co. 4-6 in The Tornado. The Fast Mail, and The World; good performance; large house. Golden Hair and the Three Bears (local) 8. A Bachelor's Baby 11. Stroh Opera co. 13.

**CUMBERLAND—ACADEMY OF MUSIC** (Melvin Brothers, managers): Hunter-Jackson co. Nov. 29; good business. Plays presented: The Tornado, My Maryland, The Fast Mail, The Golden Giant Mine, The Deafener, For Liberty and Love, and Rip Van Winkle. Little Irene Myers co. 11-16. A Bachelor's Baby 18. Robert B. Mantell 23.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

**NORTH ADAMS—COLUMBIA THEATRE** (James A. Reagan, manager): Stetson's U. T. C. 4 was one of the best Uncle Tom co. seen in this section in a number of years; audience large. Span of Life 5 was enjoyed immensely. Vogel and Deming's Minstrels 8. Maude Hillman Repeated. Includes Gully Without Crime, Special Delivery, A Hidden Past, The New South, The Land of the Living, Shaft No. 2, The Broker's Daughter, and Oliver Twist. —WILSON'S THEATRE (Thomas Handley, manager): The Harpers, Golden Hair and the Three Bears (local) 8. A Bachelor's Baby 11. Stroh Opera co. 13.

**CUMBERLAND—ACADEMY OF MUSIC** (Melvin Brothers, managers): Hunter-Jackson co. Nov. 29; good business. Plays presented: The Tornado, My Maryland, The Fast Mail, The Golden Giant Mine, The Deafener, For Liberty and Love, and Rip Van Winkle. Little Irene Myers co. 11-16. A Bachelor's Baby 18. Robert B. Mantell 23.

**SPRINGFIELD—GILMORE'S COURT SQUARE THEATRE** (W. C. Lenoir, manager): Hearts of Oak played a minor role 2, after a lapse of ten years. The co. was a good one, headed by E. F. Sullivan and Ida Hamilton, and though the play is of the type of a quarter of a century ago and seems crude beside Mr. Herne's later successes, it pleased many. Vogel and Deming's Minstrels made their bow here 4 and made a good impression. The first part is bright and musical, with singers who can sing and comedians who are laugh-makers. The olio, with the exception of Olive Young, needs strengthening, and the troupe need not ask odds of no competitors. U. T. C. 9. W. H. Crane 11. Stuart Robinson 12. Andrew Mack 13. At the White Horse Tavern 14. —WHITNEY AUDITORIUM: Adams Brothers co. 11-16.

**FITCHBURG—CUMMING'S THEATRE** (G. E. Sanderson, manager): On Land and Sea Nov. 30; good business; poor performance. Toll Gate Inn 2; good business. Play was interesting and was well mounted. John B. Weeks and David Murray were excellent. Skipped by the Light of the Moon 6 did only fair business, owing to the attraction receiving only a scant two days' billing, date being given them on account of the burning of the Clinton Theatre, where they were booked for 6. Budd Ross and John Gorman played the principal roles in the entertainment road. The Cuckoo 16. —WHITNEY OPERA HOUSE (Splaney and Oldfield, managers): White's Stock co. 27-2 did good business. Plays given: Out in the Streets, Phil's Little Sweetheart and False Colors, Orphans of New York, Beyond the Rockies, A Soldier of France, Jack Sheppard, and Adrift in a Great City. Empire Stock co. supporting Joseph Greene opened for a week 4 to good business. On the Bowery, The Burglar, and The Stowaway were given first of week. Stetson's U. T. C. 10.

**LYNN—THEATRE** (Dodge and Harrison, managers): Lyric Stock co. Nov. 30-2; performances fair; fair business. Alma Chester co. 4-9 gave satisfaction to good business in Dangers of a Great City. The Wages of Sin, The Great Northwest, Slave of Gold, The Cuckoo, The Golden Rule, Beyond Paradise and Strife. Specialties by Harry McKee, and Ermon. Way Down East 11-13. The Streets of New York 14. The Cuckoo 15. Vogel and Deming's Minstrels 16. —WATSON'S OPERA HOUSE (H. O. Watson, manager): The Real Widow Brown 4-6; performance good; big business. The Sleeping City 7-9. The Irish Alderman 11-13. U. T. C. 14-16. —ITEM: The Elks held their annual memorial services 3. Brother John E. Sullivan, of Worcester, delivered an able address. Brother Michael C. Connelley read several lessons.

**LOWELL—OPERA HOUSE** (Fay Brothers and Hosford, managers): Corse Payton's Stock co. week 4-9. Plays presented: Woman Against Woman, The Runaway Wife, On the Rappahannock, The Banker's Daughter, Alone in London, The First Families of Virginia, Eagle's Nest, For His Sake, The White Slave, a Member of Congress, and Falsely Accused. At the White Horse Tavern 14. U. T. C. 15, 16. —MUSIC HALL (W. H. Boddy, manager): Isham's Octorons 30-2; good house. La Belle Ruse 4-6; good houses. The Real Widow Brown 7-9. Vogel and Deming's Minstrels 11-13.

**FALL RIVER—ACADEMY OF MUSIC** (William J. Wiley, manager): A Grip of Steel closed a satisfactory three nights' engagement 2. King Dramatic co. began a six night stay 4, and are offering a strong repertoire of melodramas. At the largest house of the season, the opening bill, followed by The War of Wealth, The Power of the Press, The Two Orphans, Lost in London, The Cotton King



Journal Society and the Academy—Flora Brooks, of Kansas, is a beautiful girl and was warmly received by her friends.

**GLADSTONE—CITY HALL** (Lethrop and Tolson, managers): The Sleeping City 6; a fair sized audience. The American Girl 12.—ITEM: The American Girl 12, which was booked there 12, plays that date in Milford instead of 14 as originally booked.

**NEW BEDFORD—THEATRE** (William R. Cross, manager): The Sleeping City 6; a fair sized audience. The American Girl 12.—ITEM: The American Girl 12, which was booked there 12, plays that date in Milford instead of 14 as originally booked.

**SALEM—MECHANICS' HALL** (Andrews Moulton and Johnson, managers): Katherine Rober Nov. 28; very excellent co.; S. R. O. Andrew Mack 3; Way Down East 7. Hi Henry's Minstrels 9. Frankie Carpenter co. (return engagement) 11-16.

**GARDNER—OPERA HOUSE** (F. R. Edgell, manager): Cora Fayton Stock co. 2; good business; co. good. Skipped by the Light of the Moon played a small audience 5. Hi Henry's Minstrels 15.

**PLYMOUTH—DAVIS OPERA HOUSE** (A. H. Perry, manager): Skipped by the Light of the Moon 1; good business. Morrison's U. T. C. 3. R. O.; performance pleasing. The Span of Life 20.

**WESTFIELD—OPERA HOUSE** (C. Clinton Clark, manager): The Haymakers (local) 1, 2; crowded houses. Vogel and Deming's Minstrels 3; packed house; every one pleased. Morrison's U. T. C. 7.

**TURNERS FALLS—COLLE OPERA HOUSE** (Fred Collie, manager): The Span of Life 2; pleasing performance; S. R. O. Biograph canceled 3. A Devil's Auction 11. The Real Widow Brown 15.

**GREENFIELD—OPERA HOUSE** (Thomas L. Lawler, manager): Vogel and Deming's Minstrels 1. Stetson's U. T. C. 12.

#### MICHIGAN.

**KALAMAZOO—ACADEMY OF MUSIC** (B. A. Bush, manager): A Texas Steer 4; good house; audience pleased. Vance Comedy co. 4; in the Light of the Moon 1. The Queen of the Circus. The Hidden Hand. Hunting for Hawkins 14. The Evil Eye 20.—ITEM: GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Lee Getter, manager): Lillian Washburn's Indian Maidens 19-21.—ITEM: The Elks' Lodge of Sorrow at the Academy of Music 3 was largely attended.

**ADRIAN—NEW CROSWELL OPERA HOUSE** (C. D. Hardy, manager): Harry Shannon Repertoire co. closed a good week 2, having played The Postmaster's Child. Old Farmer Alon, Camille Chant, Adelft, A Race for Congress, A Celebrated Case, and My Cousin Teddy; satisfaction given. The Three Musketeers 7. A Child of the South 9.—ITEM: The Elks gave their annual minstrel 5, pleasing large house. K. R. John F. Davis was intercom.

**BATTLE CREEK—HAMILTON'S OPERA HOUSE** (E. R. Smith, manager): Johnny on the Spot Nov. 30; good but disappointed audience. Vance Comedy co. 4-6 to large and pleased houses. In the Light of the Moon 1. The Queen of the Circus. The Hidden Hand. A Texas Steer 13. Over the Fence 15. The Evil Eye 15. Harrison J. Wolfe 25. Brown's in Town 21. Bert Coote 29.

**BAY CITY—WOOD'S OPERA HOUSE** (F. P. Walter, manager): A Child of the South to fair houses. Nov. 30; pleasing specialties. Tim Murphy presented The Carpetbagger to a pleased audience 1. A Texas Steer 4. Because She Loved Him 5. Hunting for Hawkins 12. The Three Musketeers 14.

**ANN ARBOR—ATHENS THEATRE** (Dean Seabolt, manager): Because She Loved Him 2; light business. Harry Shannon co. in The Postmaster's Daughter 4; fair business. A Child of the South 4. A Texas Steer 11. International Operatic co. 10.—ITEM: M. W. Douglas joined the Maine here.

**MARSHALL—NEW EAGLE OPERA HOUSE** (Watson and Haskins, managers): Frank Tucker co. Nov. 27; packed house. Engagement extended 4-6. Plays presented: The Silver Bar Mine, Josh Whitehead, A Wife's Honor, Jane, Her Bitter Attainment, and Comrades of Sentiment.

**MUSKEGON—OPERA HOUSE** (Cayan and McGraft, managers): Passion Play Productions Nov. 30; fair entertainment; small business. Because She Loved Him 5. Because She Loved Him 5. Lillian Washburn's Indian Maidens 11. The Three Musketeers 11.—ITEM: Elks held Lodge of Sorrow 3.

**FLINT—STONE'S OPERA HOUSE** (H. A. Stone, manager): A Child of the South Nov. 29; fair performance; poor house. Tim Murphy in The Carpetbagger delighted a tawdry house 1. A Texas Steer 4. Because She Loved Him 5.

**LANSING—RAIND'S OPERA HOUSE** (Fred J. Williams, manager): Tim Murphy in The Carpetbagger had good house 4. Because She Loved Him 5. The Three Musketeers 12. Over the Fence 14. Hunting for Hawkins 15.

**DOWAGIAC—BECKWITH MEMORIAL THEATRE** (W. T. Lewis, manager): A Texas Steer 2; S. R. O.; audience pleased. John R. De Mott 4. Johnny on the Spot 12 canceled. Hunting for Hawkins 15. Harrison J. Wolfe 29.

**COLDWATER—TIBBIE OPERA HOUSE** (John T. Jackson, manager): Lorett's Boston Stars Nov. 29; crowded house; satisfaction given. Vivograph 30; light business. A Child of the South 4. A Texas Steer 15. The Virginia Spy (local) 19.

**HILLSDALE—UNDERWOOD'S OPERA HOUSE** (L. H. Fremder, manager): A Child of the South 4; fair house; performance excellent. Harrison J. Wolfe 25.

**OWENSBORO—SALISBURY'S OPERA HOUSE** (C. R. Salisbury, manager): A Child of the South 2; fair business; poor performance. Seth Haskins 11. Marks Brothers 15-23.

**JACKSON—ATHENAEUM** (H. J. Porter, manager): The Claret Pickers Nov. 30; good business. Because She Loved Him 5; light house. Remember the Maine 9.

**FORT HURON—CITY OPERA HOUSE** (L. T. Bennett, manager): Tim Murphy in The Carpetbagger Nov. 29; good business; good attraction.

**YPSILANTI—OPERA HOUSE** (Quick and Gallup, managers): A Texas Steer 6 pleased good house. Harrison J. Wolfe 14. Courtney-Morgan co. 18-23.

#### MINNESOTA.

**WASECA—WARD'S OPERA HOUSE** (E. W. Ward, manager): William Owen Nov. 29 played return date from 27, presenting The Lady of Lyons, and giving satisfaction; receipts \$200. The Girl from Chilly 4. Passion Play Pictures 12. The Sign of Liberty 14.—WASCO OPERA HOUSE (A. D. Goodman, manager): Dark.

**OWATONNA—METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE** (G. H. Herrick, manager): William Owen co. Nov. 25 gave a fine performance of David Garrick; good house. General John A. Gordon lectured 4; good house. The Sign of Liberty 11. A Husband on Salary 27. Patricio Concert co. 28.

**CROOKSTON—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (Kirch and Montague, managers): At Gay Cony Island Nov. 29; small house; fair play. Hands Across the Sea 15. Neil Stock co. 13.

**WISCONSIN—OPERA HOUSE** (O. F. Burlingame, manager): The Great Northwest Nov. 27; light business. A Colonial Girl 1.

**LUVERNE—OPERA HOUSE** (Laughana and Campbell, managers): True Blue (local) 1, 2; crowded houses; every one pleased.

**FARIBAULT—OPERA HOUSE** (C. E. White, manager): William Owen in Richelieu Nov. 28; good performance; fair business. The Sign of Liberty 8.

**ST. CLOUD—DAVIDSON OPERA HOUSE** (E. T. Davidson, manager): Passion Play Pictures 4-6; pictures good; fair attendance.

**STILLWATER—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (E. W. Durant, manager): The Great Northwest 2; fair business.

**FERGUS FALLS—LYCEUM THEATRE** (W. R. Smith, manager): Bijou Comedy co. 11-13.

**AUSTIN—OPERA HOUSE** (C. H. Davidson, manager): Frank R. Long co. 4-8.

#### MISSISSIPPI.

**NATCHEZ—TEMPLE OPERA HOUSE** (Clark and Gardner, managers): Chattanooga to tawdry house Nov. 17. Lewis Morrison in Frederick the Great to good 21; excellent performance. Shore Acres 4; large audience enthusiastic. My Friend from India 13. Jefferson Co. Angela 14. Barlow Brothers' Minstrels 15. Wiedmann's Comedians 18-23.

**JACKSON—ROBINSON'S OPERA HOUSE** (M. G. Field, manager): What Happened to Jones Nov. 28, and Mr. Plaster of Paris 1, to fair houses. A Jay from Jayville 5. Uncle Josh Sprucey 7.

**YAZOO CITY—CITIZEN'S OPERA HOUSE** (John Lear, manager): A Jay from Jayville 4; fair house; poor performance. Wiedmann's Comedians 11-18.

**TUPELO—OPERA HOUSE** (John Triplett, manager): A Jay from Jayville Nov. 29; big house; poor performance.

**MOORE CITY—NEW OPERA HOUSE** (O. W. Crab, manager): Uncle Josh Sprucey 11. Andrews Opera co. 20.

**COLUMBUS—THEATRE** (Mahon Brothers, managers): Washburn's Minstrels 6.

#### MISSOURI.

**ST. JOSEPH—TOOTLE THEATRE** (C. U. Philby, manager): Mistakes Will Happen Nov. 30 gave

satisfaction to large audience. A Black Sheep 1; fair business; performance good. Jefferson Comedy co. 2 presented Rip Van Winkle to crowded house; Thomas Jefferson in the title role was clever. Ben Hendricks 4. A. G. Field's Minstrels 6. The Telephone Girl 7. A Trip to Chinatown 8.—LYCEUM THEATRE (C. U. Philby, manager): Vanity Fair 26, 27; good business. A Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1. Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1, 2. Hans Hanson 4, 9.

**JOPLIN—CLUB THEATRE** (George R. Nichols, manager): Jefferson De Angela in The Jolly Musketier 28 to 29; fine production. Ben Hendricks 4. A. G. Field's Minstrels 6. The Telephone Girl 7. A Trip to Chinatown 8.—LYCEUM THEATRE (C. U. Philby, manager): Vanity Fair 26, 27; good business. A Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1. Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1, 2. Hans Hanson 4, 9.

**SPRINGFIELD—BALDWIN THEATRE** (Brooks and Houston, managers): Jefferson De Angela in The Jolly Musketier 28 to 29; fine production. Ben Hendricks 4. A. G. Field's Minstrels 6. The Telephone Girl 7. A Trip to Chinatown 8.—LYCEUM THEATRE (C. U. Philby, manager): Vanity Fair 26, 27; good business. A Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1. Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1, 2. Hans Hanson 4, 9.

**FAVETTE—OPERA HOUSE** (Lee Holladay, manager): Empire Theatre co. Nov. 20-22; fair business. Plays presented: Struck Gold. The Great Diamond Robbery, and The Inventor. Clark and Scott's Minstrels 14. The Spider and the Fly 6. The Nomine 9. Scott's Minstrels 9. Hotel Topsy Turvy 10. Aunt Jerusha 11. Lewis Morrison 13.

**HANNIBAL—PARK THEATRE** (J. R. Price, manager): Jefferson Comedy co. Nov. 27 in Rip Van Winkle; crowded house. The Telephone Girl 7. A Trip to Chinatown 8.—LYCEUM THEATRE (C. U. Philby, manager): Vanity Fair 26, 27; good business. A Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1. Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1, 2. Hans Hanson 4, 9.

**RICH HILL—SANDERSON OPERA HOUSE** (D. R. Hickey, manager): Martin's U. T. C. Nov. 28; big house; good performance. Aunt Jerusha 6. Scott and Delamater co. 8, 9. A Turkish Bath 12. The Two Johns 14. Side Tracked 15. Della Rocca co. 23. Maloney's Wedding 27.

**MARSHALL—OPERA HOUSE** (Striker and Patterson, managers): Gaskill Stock co. Nov. 30-2 in The World. The White Squares, and The Late Mr. Jones; fair business. Carl Riedelberger 6. Pauline, Hypnotist 7.

**CARROLLTON—WILCOXSON OPERA HOUSE** (H. H. and H. J. Wilcoxson, managers): Nov. 30-2 in The World. The White Squares, and The Late Mr. Jones; fair business. Carl Riedelberger 6. Pauline, Hypnotist 7.

**LOUISIANA—PARKS' OPERA HOUSE** (E. A. Parks, manager): Sweeney and Alvid's Minstrels 14.—BUNNETT OPERA HOUSE (Max Michael, manager): Dark.

**LEXINGTON—NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (J. C. Venable, manager): The Spider and the Fly 2; good house; audience pleased. Two Married Men 11. Hans Hanson 23.

**FULTON—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (Bolton and Randolph, managers): Empire Theatre co. Nov. 30-2 in The World. The White Squares, and The Late Mr. Jones; fair business. Carl Riedelberger 6. Pauline, Hypnotist 7.

**KIRKSVILLE—SMITH'S OPERA HOUSE** (B. F. Heinz, manager): St. Perkins Nov. 28; S. R. O.; performance poor. Two Married Men 15.

**MEXICO—FERRIS GRAND** (Hutton and Cleveland, managers): The White Slave was well presented 1. Della Rocca co. 9. Chase-Lister co. 11-18.

**WEBB CITY—OPERA HOUSE** (W. S. Montgomery, manager): Martin's U. T. C. 2. Le Roy Millard's Minstrels 3; S. R. O. Thatcher and Woods co. 4-8.

#### MONTANA.

**BUTTE—GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (G. O. McFarland, manager): Black Patti's Troubadours did a small business. The Electrician to fair house. A Texas Steer 29. Both attractions well received. Mile. Fil to good houses 30-2. Elks' Memorial Services 3. An excellent musical programme was rendered, among the numbers being selections by the Silver Star Orchestra. A Handel selection by Hyde Gowan was excellent. Hon. E. D. Wood, of Helena Lodge, delivered the eulogy, and remarks were made by Exalted Ruler Hayward. Human Hearts 3-4. Remember the Maine 10-12. UNION FAMILY THEATRE (Dick T. Sutton, manager): Woodward Dramatic co. are meeting with much success. The Three Musketeers was presented to crowded houses 28-3. Inoc 4-9.

**HELENA—MING'S OPERA HOUSE** (E. T. Wilson, manager): A Hot Time Nov. 28; packed house; fair business. Human Hearts 1; fair house; performance good. Mile. Fil 4. Beach and Bowers' Minstrels 20. Neil Stock co. 22. Why Smith Left Home 25.

**MISSOULA—UNION OPERA HOUSE** (John Maguire, manager): (Dandee) in The Merchant of Venice Nov. 30 delighted one of the largest houses of the season. Mrs. Randman and Caroline Cronkite made decided hits. Miss Cronkite doubled as Jessica and Nerissa.

**WACONDA—THEATRE MARGARET** (H. F. Quinn, manager): Mile. Fil Nov. 29; good business; co. well received. A Hot Time Nov. 30; fair business at the matinee, and S. R. O. in the evening; performance made a hit. Human Hearts 2; good business; strong co.

**LIVINGSTON—HEFFERLIN OPERA HOUSE** (C. B. Hefferlin, manager): Human Hearts Nov. 28; good house; pleased audience. Remember the Maine 3. At Gay Cony Island 11. Neil Stock co. 15. Beach and Bowers' Minstrels 11.

**BEAVER—OPERA HOUSE** (A. L. Babcock, manager): Black Patti's Troubadours Nov. 23; good house; appreciative audience. Human Hearts 27; large and delighted audience.

**BOZEMAN—OPERA HOUSE** (A. R. Cutting, manager): Human Hearts Nov. 29; good house; excellent performance. Remember the Maine 9. At Gay Cony Island 12.

#### NEBRASKA.

**LINCOLN—THE OLIVER** (Crawford and Zehring, managers): The Spider and the Fly Nov. 30; good business; spectacle improved by introduction of Ben Hendricks 2. A. G. Field's Minstrels 6. The Telephone Girl 7. A Trip to Chinatown 8.—LYCEUM THEATRE (C. U. Philby, manager): Vanity Fair 26, 27; good business. A Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1. Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1, 2. Hans Hanson 4, 9.

**BEATRICE—PADDOCK OPERA HOUSE** (B. D. Fullam, manager): The Spider and the Fly Nov. 29; topheavy house; good performance; the Hewitts did excellent work, and the Romala Brothers were unusually fine. Walker Whiteside 12. The Nomine 18. The Telephone Girl 9. A Yennine Yentleman 11. Walker Whiteside 13. The Nomine 21. A Trip to Chinatown 22. Lewis Morrison 25.—THE FUNKE (Crawford and Zehring, managers): (Dandee) in The Merchant of Venice Nov. 30; good business; co. well received. A Hot Time Nov. 30; fair business at the matinee, and S. R. O. in the evening; performance made a hit. Human Hearts 2; good business; strong co.

**FAIRBURY—OPERA HOUSE** (Simpkins and Gregory, managers): The Spider and the Fly Nov. 27; good co.; good business. Miss St. George Hussey in The Wealthy Widow Wagner 2; excellent co.; good business. Monte Cristo 9.—STEELE'S OPERA HOUSE (A. V. Pense, manager): John Dillon 9. The Real Widow Brown 16.

**FREMONT—LOVE'S THEATRE** (M. M. Irwin, manager): Clara Throp in A Doll's House. The Truant Spouse, and Remedy for Divorce 4. A small and indifferent audience. Side Tracked 9. Seth Haskins 13. The Nomine 20. A Husband on Salary 22. The Telephone Girl 26.

**GRAND ISLAND—BARTENBACH'S OPERA HOUSE** (H. J. Bartenbach, manager): Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra 2; large and pleased audience. Humpty Dumpty 12. A Brecky Time 15. Clara Throp 18. A Breach of Promise 21. Bittner Theatre co. 23-30.

**YORK—CLUSTER CO.** in For the Love of a Girl Nov. 27. A Hot Time Nov. 28. In Illinois 29. The Crystal Cross 30. Cyrano de Bergerac 1. The Count of Monte Cristo 2; good co.; audiences pleased. Lewis Morrison 27.

**KEARNEY—OPERA HOUSE** (R. L. Napper, manager): Side Tracked 9; fair business and performance. A Breach of Promise 20. The Telephone Girl 26.

**BROKEN BOW—NORTH SIDE OPERA HOUSE** (E. R. Purcell, manager): Della Pringle co. in Faust 2; good business; performance fair. Bittner Theatre co. 14-16. John Dillon 27.

**NORFOLK—MARGARET'S HALL** (A. J. Durand, manager): Gilmore's Reception 1; fair house and performance. Joshua Simpkins 5, 6.

**NORTH PLATTE—LLOYD'S OPERA HOUSE** (Warren Lloyd, manager): Blind Boone 25.

**WARREN—OPERA HOUSE** (Thomas Kilian, manager): A Romance of Cossack Hov Nov. 28.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**MANCHESTER—OPERA HOUSE** (E. W. Harrington, manager): Faust Nov. 30, and continue to S. R. O.; performance excellent. La Belle Russe 2; good house; satisfaction given. Andrew Mack in The Last of the Rhinoceros 4; S. R. O. Katherine Rober 11.

**16.—PARK THEATRE** (Ormsby A. Court, manager): Cracker Jacks 30-2; S. R. O.; co. good. Elroy Stock co. opened 4 for a week to packed house. Repertoire: The White Squares. The Land of the Midnight Sun. An Actor's Romance. The Midnight Alarm. Northern Lights. The Police Patrol. Mrs. Whitehouse. Paradise Alley. The District Fair, and She.—ITEM: Dan McKenna, Opera House electrician, has joined the George W. Wilson co.

**NASHUA—THEATRE** (A. H. Davis, manager): Joseph Greene co. presented The Stowaway. The Heart of the Kindred. The Burglar. Failing Among Thieves. The Great Money. and Over to the good business Nov. 20-25. The Real Widow Brown amused a good house 30. The Sleeping City 1; fair performance; small receipts. Sawtelle Dramatic co. opened for a week to large house 4. Way Down East pleased a good house 5.

**LACONIA—MOULTON OPERA HOUSE** (I. M. Cottrell, manager): Biograph Nov. 30 gave fair exhibition to small house. Way Down East 4; first-class performance; S. R. O. On Land and Sea 11. La Belle Russe 12. Dewey's Reception 13. The Sidewalks of New York 22.—FOLSOM OPERA HOUSE (W. R. Lowe, manager): Middaugh's U. T. C. pleased a good house 5.

**DOVER—CITY OPERA HOUSE** (George H. Demerit, manager): Sweeney and Alvid's Minstrels 14. The Fire Patrol. Southern Chimes. The Man-o-War Man. Niobe. The Lights of London. What Happened to Bones. Under Sealed Orders. Slaves of Sin. House of Cards. Rip Van Winkle, and Escaped from Star Sing.

**PORTSMOUTH—MUSIC HALL** (F. W. Hartford, manager): The Sleeping City gave two performances to fair houses Nov. 26. Middaugh's U. T. C. to light business 2. Dewey's Reception 13. The Sidewalks of New York 22. Biograph Nov. 30, 11-16.—ITEM: The Elks' held their annual memorial services 3.

**BERLIN—CLEMENT OPERA HOUSE** (F. M. Clement, manager): Dewey's Reception to good audience 2; performance fair. A Lion's Heart 4. Robinson Opera co. 18-23.

#### NEW JERSEY.

**PATERSON—EDEN THEATRE** (H. E. Toovey, manager): Wickel London Nov. 30-3 had its first production; good business. The Great Money. and Over to the good business Nov. 20-25. The Real Widow Brown amused a good house 30. The Sleeping City 1; fair performance; small receipts. Sawtelle Dramatic co. opened for a week to large house 4. Way Down East pleased a good house 5.

**OPERA HOUSE** (John J. Goetz, manager): Agnes Wallace Villa in The Heart of the Kindred. The Burglar. Failing Among Thieves. The Great Money. and Over to the good business Nov. 20-25. The Real Widow Brown amused a good house 30. The Sleeping City 1; fair performance; small receipts. Sawtelle Dramatic co. opened for a week to large house 4. Way Down East pleased a good house 5.

**ATLANTIC CITY—ACADEMY OF MUSIC** (Joseph Fralinger, manager): Lester Walter Stock co. 4-9 opened to good business, giving satisfaction. Kiddnaped to New York 15.

**DOVER—BAKER OPERA HOUSE** (William H. Baker, manager): Peck's Bad Boy 5; good performance; fair business. Broadway Stock co. 11-16. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 20.

**LAKEWOOD—ACADEMY OF MUSIC** (J. B. Dickson, manager): The Dandee 1; the house, giving entire satisfaction. Mildred and Rousiers 8, 9. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 19.

**WASHINGTON—OPERA HOUSE** (Robert Petty, manager): Amy Lee in a Determined Woman, in Old Virginia, and The Clipper 7-9.

**BOSTON—HARRIS LYCEUM** (Harris Brothers, managers): Peck's Bad Boy 4; good business; pleasing performance.

#### NEW MEXICO.

**ALBUQUERQUE—NEW ALBUQUERQUE THEATRE** (Charles E. Riggs, manager): Dark.—ORCHESTRA HALL (H. H. Riggs, manager): The Telephone Girl 7. A Trip to Chinatown 8.—LYCEUM THEATRE (C. U. Philby, manager): Vanity Fair 26, 27; good business. A Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1. Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1, 2. Hans Hanson 4, 9.

**LAS VEGAS—DUNCAN OPERA HOUSE** (B. C. Penger, manager): Arched Wall 1; the house, giving entire satisfaction. Mildred and Rousiers 8, 9. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 19.

**ALBANY—EMPIRE THEATRE** (Adolph Gecher, manager): Archie Bord and a well balanced co. pleased a large house Nov. 24 in The Village Postmaster. Chauncey Gloat in A Romance of Athlone and a Romance of Athlone 20. The Telephone Girl 7. A Trip to Chinatown 8.—LYCEUM THEATRE (C. U. Philby, manager): Vanity Fair 26, 27; good business. A Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1. Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1, 2. Hans Hanson 4, 9.

**SYRACUSE—WIETING OPERA HOUSE** (M. Reis, manager): J. L. Kerr, manager: Jack and the Beanstalk Nov. 30. Vladimir De Pachman pleased a fair audience. The Great Ruby 13, 14. Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrels 15.—BASTABLE THEATRE (Sam S. Shubert, manager): Arched Wall 1; the house, giving entire satisfaction. Mildred and Rousiers 8, 9. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 19.

**ELMIRA—LYCEUM THEATRE** (M. Reis, manager): King of the Opium Ring 29; large house. Side Tracked 9. The Telephone Girl 7. A Trip to Chinatown 8.—LYCEUM THEATRE (C. U. Philby, manager): Vanity Fair 26, 27; good business. A Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1. Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1, 2. Hans Hanson 4, 9.

**ROCHESTER—BAKER THEATRE** (Shubert Brothers, managers): J. S. Shubert, resident manager: When London Slept attracted large audiences 4-8. Shamus of the Sixth 7-9; attendance tested the capacity. Vladimir De Pachman 11. At Pinney Ridge 12. The Village Postmaster 14-16.—EMPIRE THEATRE (Henry C. Jacobs, manager): The World's Greatest Trick 1; the house, giving entire satisfaction. Mildred and Rousiers 8, 9. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 19.

**POUGHKEEPSIE—COLLINGSWOOD OPERA HOUSE** (E. B. Sweet, manager): A Hot Old Time, minus the Rags, satisfied the usual large holiday audience Nov. 30. The Telephone Girl 7. A Trip to Chinatown 8.—LYCEUM THEATRE (C. U. Philby, manager): Vanity Fair 26, 27; good business. A Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1. Gully Mother 29, 30; large audience. Scott's Minstrels 1, 2. Hans Hanson 4, 9.

**ONEIDA—MUNROE OPERA HOUSE** (Smith and

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**SCHENECTADY—VAN CURLER OPERA HOUSE** (C. Benedict, manager): A Temperance Town had a fair house 1; performance fair. A Soldier of the Empire drew a good-sized audience 4; audience pleased. David Bispham 5; small audience; pleasing entertainment. Under the City Lamps did poor business 6; unsatisfactory performance. A Trip to Countown 9. A Young Wife 13. The Great Ruby 15.—ITEM: During the duel scene in A Soldier of Fortune, Howard Hall, the star, was severely cut on the hand. The wound was dressed at the local hospital.

**AMSTERDAM—OPERA HOUSE** (George McClimph, manager): P. O. Moran and Sealers had three nights' engagement Nov. 30 to capacity; co. fair. Plays produced: Fanchon the Cricket. The Player. The Queen's Minstrelers, and Monte Cristo. A Hot Old Time drew a fair house 6; co. and performance good. A Trip to Countown 9. A



Frederick, manager; Fisher and Carroll, supported by an excellent cast, presented The Lobster Nov. 30 to capacity; excellent performance. Alden Benedict in the title role; excellent performance. Moderate house 2. Robin Hood, Jr. 9.

**GLENN FALLS.**—EMPIRE THEATRE (W. F. Riebel, manager): Stuart Robinson in Oliver Goldsmith 2; good business; excellent performance. Wicked London Dec. 13. The Sorrows of Satan 15. Hearts of Oak 18. M. C. A. Lecture 15.

**JOHNSTOWN.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (A. L. Correll, manager): International Grand Opera Co. Nov. 29; pleasing entertainment; small audience. A Hot Old Time 5; large house; fine performance. The Irish Alderman 15.

**NORWICH.**—CLARK OPERA HOUSE (L. R. Bassett, manager): Fabio Romani gave satisfaction to good house 2. Thallia Club 13. Morrison's Faust 27. —ITEM: Eddie Plana of Wallace's Circus is visiting his parents here.

**PEN YAN.**—YATES LYCEUM (E. M. Groot, manager): La Porte Comedy co. closed their engagement here 2; fair business. The Widow from the West 12. The World Against Her 13. Leona Brothers 18-23.

**GENEVA.**—SMITH OPERA HOUSE (F. K. Harrison, manager): The Highwayman Nov. 30; big business. The Heart of Maryland 7. Hearts of the Blue Ridge 11. Toll Gate Inn (return date) 13. A Young Wife (return date) 15.

**WATERBURY.**—CITY OPERA HOUSE (E. M. Correll, manager): The Heart of Maryland 4; large house; audience pleased. Blue Jeans 6; fair house and co. Toll Gate Inn 9. Parker Concert co. 13. Thallia's Minstrels 14. In Paradise 16.

**NEWBURGH.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (F. M. Taylor, manager): Thomas O. Seabrooke in Who Killed Cock Robin to S. R. O. Nov. 30; competent co., but poor comedy. Hearts of Oak 7. In Paradise 11. Diamond Brothers' Minstrels 16.

**DANVILLE.**—HICKMAN OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Hickman, manager): Ten Nights in a Bar Room failed to appear 4. The World Against Her 12. Ottumwa Quartette 15.

**ROME.**—WASHINGTON OPERA HOUSE (E. J. Galtier, manager): Thallia's Minstrels 1; good performance; fair house. A Trip to Coontown 6; good performance; poor house. Toll Gate Inn 8.

**LOCKPORT.**—HODGE OPERA HOUSE (W. B. Lerch, manager): Sam T. Jack's co. 2; big business. Primrose and Dicksader's Minstrels 12. Blue Jeans 18.

**BONDOUT.**—LISCOMB'S OPERA HOUSE (George C. Liscomb, manager): Ford Brothers in The Wrong Man 30; performance not up to standard. Under the Dome 13.

**MEDINA.**—OPERA HOUSE (Cooper and Hood, managers): What Happened to Jones 2; good house; audience delighted. Fabio Romani 12. Edward Frye 15.

**WELLSVILLE.**—BALDWIN'S THEATRE (E. A. Rathbone, manager): The Prodigal Father 1; light house. St. Plunkard 19. A Broxy Time 22. Blue Jeans 26.

**ALBION.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Rider and Hutchinson, managers): What Happened to Jones 1; small but pleased audience. Ten Nights in a Bar Room 13.

**ONEONTA.**—NEW THEATRE (George R. Bald, manager): Blue Jeans gave fair satisfaction to good house 1. The Sorrows of Satan 15. Hearts of Oak 18. Morrison's Faust 28.

**PORT Jervis.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. A. Kadel, manager): Rogers' Ten Nights in a Bar Room 7; good house; fair performance. Lester Walter Stock co. 13. In Paradise 16.

**MATTEWAN.**—DIBBLE OPERA HOUSE (Charles Robinson, manager): Zola's Parisian Burlesques 7; poor house; fair performance.

**LITTLE FALLS.**—SKINNER OPERA HOUSE (H. A. Skinner, manager): Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (local) 6. Gay Brothers' Minstrels 9.

**YONKERS.**—MUSIC HALL (William J. Bright, manager): Under the Dome 4; fair house; co. fair. The American Girl 15. Chaucer's Minstrels 18, 19.

**OLEAN.**—OPERA HOUSE (M. W. Wagner, manager): The King of the Opium Ring 5; big house. Next Door 7. Chaucer's Minstrels 18.

**BALSTON SPA.**—SANS SOUCI OPERA HOUSE (William H. Quinn, manager): Thallia's Minstrels played fair house 4. La Belle Ruse 21.

**OGDENBURG.**—OPERA HOUSE (Charles S. Hubbard, manager): Blue Jeans Nov. 15; small house; fair performance. Thallia's Minstrels 12.

**CORNING.**—OPERA HOUSE (H. J. Sternberg, manager): Conquered Woman 1; good business; pleased audience. Blue Jeans 25.

**Hudson.**—OPERA HOUSE: A Young Wife 4 played crowded house. Hudson's Picnic 8. Hudson Players in Dandy Dick 19, 20.

**Waverly.**—OPERA HOUSE (J. K. Murdock, manager): Side Sacked 1; crowded house. Fabio Romani 7; good business.

**PLATTBURGH.**—THEATRE (M. H. Farrell, manager): Thallia's Minstrels 6 gave satisfaction to a full house. The Lobster 13. Devil's Auction 18.

**LYONS.**—MEMORIAL THEATRE (Burt C. Ohman, manager): Blue Jeans 1; Primrose and Dicksader's Minstrels cancelled 13.

**WARSAW.**—OPERA HOUSE (E. E. Baker, manager): Lincoln's Ten Nights in a Bar Room played a good house. Lincoln's Ten Nights in a Bar Room 14.

**Dunkirk.**—NELSON'S OPERA HOUSE (H. C. Lawrence, manager): Next Door 3. A Wise Woman 14.

**FREDONIA.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Potter and Cook, managers): Otis Skinner 10.

**ELLENVILLE.**—MASONIC THEATRE (E. H. Munson, manager): Mabel Florence in Faith 13.

**OXFORD.**—CITIZENS' OPERA HOUSE (Harry Tew, manager): Dark.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

**ASHEVILLE.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. D. Plummer, manager): Packard Opera co. Nov. 27; 2; fair business; excellent performance. Peters Comedy co. 4-9. Clara Mather co. 11-16. —ITEM: John Philip Sousa occupied a box at the Packard Opera co. a performance 2.

**Raleigh.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (R. C. Rivers, manager): The Chimes of Normandy (local) Nov. 29-1; direction: A. E. Baker; of Chicago; large attendance. Richards and Pringle's Minstrels 4; small house.

**Charlotte.**—OPERA HOUSE (Nat Gray, manager): Herald Square Opera co. 6 in The Chimes of Normandy; poor performance; poor business. Hen Shaw and Ten Brecken 9.

**FAYETTEVILLE.**—F. L. L. OPERA HOUSE (J. E. Hollingsworth, manager): Herald Square Opera co. Nov. 11-12.

**Wilmington.**—OPERA HOUSE (S. A. Schloss, manager): Richards and Pringle's Minstrels 5; large audience; creditable entertainment.

**Winston.**—OPERA HOUSE (J. C. Bessant, manager): Dark. —ITEM: The Elks held their first memorial service Nov. 12.

**ELIZABETH CITY.**—LOWRY'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Louis Selig, manager): Dark.

**NEWBERN.**—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (John C. Green, manager): San Francisco Minstrels 16.

## NORTH DAKOTA.

**GRAND FORKS.**—METROPOLITAN THEATRE (C. P. Walker, manager): Remember the Maine appeared to light house and packed and enthusiastic gallery Nov. 29. At Gay Coney Island was well received 30; big house. Nell Stock Co. 11. St. George House 22. A Soldier of the Empire 25.

**FARGO.**—OPERA HOUSE (C. P. Walker, manager): Remember the Maine Nov. 30; receipts, \$529.75. At Gay Coney Island 4. Nell Stock Co. 12. B. O'Shaughnessy 25. Saving the Wind 27. A Soldier of the Empire 29.

**Bismarck.**—ATHENEUM (J. D. Wakeman, manager): Remember the Maine 4. At Gay Coney Island 7. Nell Stock Co. 12.

**Jamestown.**—OPERA HOUSE (W. Seemeb, manager): At Gay Coney Island 6.

**Grafton.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Robertson, manager): Dark.

## OHIO.

**TOLEDO.**—VALENTINE THEATRE (L. M. Boda, manager): Otis Kiltva, business manager; His Excellency the Governor to slim houses 1, 2. Primrose and Dicksader's Minstrels played a large house 3. The Bostonians in Rob Roy and The Smugglers, attracted only fair houses 4, 5. —LYCEUM THEATRE (Frank Burt, manager): Hal Reid's new drama, The Night Before Christmas 30. It is in four acts, the first two of which are supposed to take place on Christmas Eve. The scene is laid near Xenia O. Judge John Phillips, who later becomes Governor, has a son who is a drunkard. The sweetheart of the son has a child upon her paragonage, and the Judge will not permit a marriage between them. The son fights with the villain and knocks him down. At the same moment, and without the knowledge of the son, a tramp stabs and kills the villain, having recognized him as the seducer of his former wife. In the court scene the Judge finds himself compelled to sentence his son to death. The final scene shows the Judge, now Governor, pardoning the son, who is saved at the last moment by the dying confession of the tramp. In many ways this play may be considered the Judge's best work. In the character of the Judge he was excellent. Bertha Belle Westbrook handled the leading female role well. Virginia Westbrook, R. Collins, and Frank Ray also deserve mention. Manager Frank Burt has bought the play and will direct its tour. On the Struts of Twelve 3-6; fair houses; co.

efficient. —BURT'S THEATRE (Frank Burt, manager): A Bachelor's Baby 30-2 proved to be a farce-comedy several grades above the ordinary; co. excellent; fair business. Midnight in Chinatown 3-6 pleased the upper house.

**DAYTON.**—VICTORIA THEATRE (Lee M. Boda, general manager; G. C. Miller, business manager): The Imperial Japanese Dramatic co. to light business Nov. 21. A Female Drummer to fair business 28. John Tennant and Willie Sweetman were the central figures, and did much toward entertaining the extravaganza; Harry Ladell and Nellie O'Neill gave pleasing specialties. The Turtle to fair business 30; it is anything but a farce; a good business performance. Robert H. Mantell in The Dagger and the Cross to fair business 4; the play was beautifully mounted and well staged, and the star was ably supported.

—PARK THEATRE (Harry E. Feicht, manager): George W. Monroe in Mrs. O'Shaughnessy Nov. 30-2; S. R. O.; a pleasing performance. The Gay Masquerade 4-6; S. R. O.; good burlesque performance. —ITEMS: George W. Monroe, after an absence of eight months, ahead of Ringling's Circus, is home for a brief stay. —Dartford Lodge, R. P. O. E. held memorial services at the Victoria Theatre 3.

**YOUNGSTOWN.**—OPERA HOUSE (Eugene Book, manager): Wilber Opera co. Nov. 27; large house; repertoire: The Black Hussar, Boccaccio, The Royal Midler, The Bohemian Girl, La Mancoffe, Fra Diavolo, The Beggar Student, Olette, and The Two Vagabonds. Next Door 7. —ITEMS: H. G. De Long and Lizette Elm, members of the Wilber Opera co., were to have been married on the stage 2, but the parents of the bride, who had the disposal of a wedding on the stage and the ceremony was postponed. Manager Maud Daniels banqueting the Wilber co., the stage hands, and members of the press Thanksgiving Day. With Maxell Goodhue of A Rattle Scared Hero here is a Youngstown boy. A reception at the Casino has set May 21 as date of opening. Manager Stanley will again have charge of the theatre.

**WARREN.**—OPERA HOUSE (Elliott and Galtier, managers): A crowded house, greeted W. H. Powers Nov. 30 in Shamrock of the Sixth; satisfaction given: Jewell Varney, as Snuggles, was the feature. Little River Myers co. opened here 4 for a week to S. R. O. Jewell Varney, as Snuggles, was the feature. The Silver King, Outcasts of a Great City, The Burial of the Two Orphans, Little Lord Fauntleroy, The Shadow Detective, and The Three Tunes; satisfaction given. A Rag Time Reception 6. Next Door 9. Big Sensation Co. 23.

**MARIETTA.**—AUDITORIUM (M. G. Seibel, manager): The Turtle 9. Town Times 11. Bert Cote 14. Two Married Men 15. —LYCEUM COURSE: Thallia Drama co. 19. (L. M. Luchs, manager): Under the Dome 30. Recycled Minstrels Nov. 1; small and pleased audience. The Three Musketeers 4; fair performance. Don Tell My Wife 8. Robert B. Mantell 13. The Sporting Duchess 21. J. K. Emmet and Lottie Gilson 23. Hermann and the Great

**SPRINGFIELD.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (E. B. Poltz, manager): Hermann and the Great entertained large audiences Nov. 30. Mozart Symphony Club had a cordial reception. Hunting for Hawkins 7. —ELKS LODGE: ELKS HOUSE (Charles C. Luchs, manager): A Boy Wanted to packed house 30; co. well balanced. A Rag Time Reception pleased a good sized audience 5. Robert B. Mantell 7. The Night Before Christmas 9. Gibney-Hodder co. 11. City Sports 12.

**MASSILLON.**—NEW ARMY (G. C. Haverstack, manager): Don Tell My Wife 1; poor house; good co. The Mikado (local) 6-8. A Rag Time Reception 13. —J. H. OPERA HOUSE (Gustave J. Salter, manager): Kinostography Nov. 4; small and poor house. A Hot Old Time in Dixie 30; good house; first-class co. Bert Cote in A Rattle Scared Hero 4; poor house; excellent co. Keystone Dramatic co. 11-16.

**CONNEAUT.**—WELDON OPERA HOUSE (Cal Moore, manager): O'Hodgins' Masquerades Nov. 30; good business; poor performance. A Trip to Coontown 1; S. R. O.; audience pleased. A Man of Affairs failed to appear 2. The Prodigal Father 4 cancelled. Robinson-Sarkentel co. 4-9 opening, mostly in Arabian Nights. Beyond the Rockies 5. Camille 6. —BALDWIN OPERA HOUSE (E. E. Baldwin, manager): Dark.

**AKRON.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. F. Stickle, manager): Don Tell My Wife Nov. 30; well filled houses; performances good. A Hot Old Time in Dixie 1; small house; some good features. At Piney Ridge 2; performance excellent; paying house. Irving French co. 3-6 in A Runaway Wife. An Irishman's Troubles and O'More's Courtship; fair houses; audiences well pleased. A Contented Woman 9. Chester De Vonde co. 11-16.

**ST. MARY'S.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. G. McLean, manager): The Missouri Girl pleased S. R. O. Nov. 30. The Night Before Christmas 4. A Boy Wanted 8. A Jolly Lot 16. —PEOPLES' THEATRE (Doyler and Venable, managers): A Rag Time Reception 8. Howard and Dorset co. 11-16. A Woman in the Case 11.

**ALLIANCE.**—OPERA HOUSE (Sourbeck and Dorman, managers): Bert Cote in A Rattle Scared Hero 1; satisfaction given. At Piney Ridge delighted a fair sized audience 4. The Little Minister 6. A Boy Wanted 13. The Heart of Maryland 18. Key-Note Dramatic co. 19-23. —ITEMS: The Elks held their Lodge of Sorrows at the Massillon 3. Brother James Rice of Canton, O., delivered the eulogy.

**ASHTABULA.**—AUDITORIUM (H. H. Haskell, manager): Paul Kauer Nov. 12. —SHAW'S OPERA HOUSE (John L. Smith, manager): Little Lord Fauntleroy Nov. 27-2; fair business, giving satisfaction. O'Hodgins' Masquerades 6. Lorraine Hollis 13-14. The Katzenjammer Kids 15-16. Irving French co. 20.

**LIMA.**—FAYOT OPERA HOUSE (H. G. Hyde, manager): Gibney-Hodder co. closed a good week, having presented Forgiveness, The Lady in Black, A Black Flag, The New Charity Ball, and the Inside Track. The Corsican Brothers 5. The Evil Eye 7. A Ragtime Reception 9.

**CANTO.**—THE GRAND (M. C. Barber, manager): At Piney Ridge pleased a small audience 5. Bert Cote in A Rattle Scared Hero 6; light business. The Little Minister 7. The Turtle 12. The King of the Opium Ring 13. A Rag Time Reception 14. A Boy Wanted 16.

**SALEM.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Charles E. Holton, manager): A Hot Old Time in Dixie 5; good house; performance excellent; played return date 8 to packed house. Lorraine Hollis 7. Irving French co. 15, 16. Bennett's U. T. C. 20. The Packer's

**CHILICOTHE.**—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (E. S. Robinson, manager): Saving the Wind Nov. 28. Faust-Car co. in Old Money Bags 30; fair business; excellent performance. The Elks held their Lodge of Sorrows at the Massillon 3. Brother James Rice of Canton, O., delivered the eulogy.

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Cross 6; large audience; performance good. The Night Before Christmas 15.

**FAST LIVERPOOL.**—NEW GRAND (James Norcia, manager): Daniel R. Ryan's co. closed a week 2; full houses. Don Tell My Wife 4; fair house; deserved better. The Little Minister 5. My Son Ben cancelled 4. The Heart of Maryland 19.

**ELIJAH.**—CITY OPERA HOUSE (S. E. Riblet, manager): A Trip to Coontown 4; fair business; performance weak. A Boy Wanted 12. —MANAGER OPERA HOUSE (Waldman and Rettig, managers): Watson Sisters Burlesques 15.

**PREMONT.**—OPERA HOUSE (Helm and Haynes, managers): A Trip to Coontown, Nov. 30. S. R. O. Harry Glazier in The Three Musketeers 4; fair audience; well received. Egypta (local) 7-9. The Boy from Boston 18.

**LORAIN.**—WAGNER OPERA HOUSE (Charles Kinsman, manager): A Hot Old Time in Dixie 2; fair business; well balanced. Harry Glazier in The Three Musketeers 4; excellent attraction; largely attended. International Operatic co. 12.

**MARION.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Charles E. Perry, manager): An Indiana Romance Nov. 30 (benefit). A Trip to Coontown, Nov. 30. Harry Glazier in The Three Musketeers 4; fair audience; well received. Egypta (local) 7-9. The Boy from Boston 18.

**NEW LEXINGTON.**—SMITH'S OPERA HOUSE (T. J. Smith, manager): Town Tones 9. The Missouri Girl 11. J. K. Emmet and Lottie Gilson 23. Next Door 24. —ITEM: Doctor Manager of John Robinson's Circus is home for the winter.

**CAVAL DOVER.**—BIG FOUR OPERA HOUSE (Baker and Cox, managers): Saving the Wind Nov. 25. Don Tell My Wife 2; good house; good performance. The Little Minister 8. A Boy Wanted 20. Willard Novell co. 25-27.

**ATHENS.**—OPERA HOUSE (Thompson and Armstrong, managers): His Better Half delighted a good house 1. The Missouri Girl 12. —AUDITORIUM: Apollo Quartette 5 to good audience; performance pleasing.

**BRISTON.**—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (R. F. Elsherry, manager): Just Before Dawn 5; fair audience; performance first-class. The Turtle 6; ton-heavy house; performance mediocre. Don Tell My Wife 20. Next Door 30.

**NEWVILLE.**—MOORE'S OPERA HOUSE (E. H. Moore, manager): Jeffries-Sharkey fight pictures 1; pleased audience; fair business. Davis U. T. C. S. Ferguson Brothers' co. 11-16. The Missouri Girl 22.

**KENT.**—OPERA HOUSE (Green and Johnson, managers): An Indiana Romance 7. Thallia Club 9. A Rag Time Reception 15. J. K. Emmet and Lottie Gilson 21.

**SANDUSKY.**—NIELSEN OPERA HOUSE (Charles Raetz, manager): At Piney Ridge Nov. 30; large audience; well balanced. Under the Red Hood 2. The Little Minister 9. Willard-Novell co. 11-16.

**GALLIPOLIS.**—ARIEL OPERA HOUSE (M. F. Merriman, manager): Just Before Dawn 1; pleased audience; house fair. John Griffith 6. Don Tell My Wife 14.

**NEWCOMERTOWN.**—CITY OPERA HOUSE (W. D. Swan, manager): Hyperion Concert Band Nov. 30; full house; audience pleased. A Boy Wanted 18.

**NAPOLEON.**—OPERA HOUSE (C. W. Jackson, manager): Cinematograph 4; pleased audience. Why Brown Came Down 13. Chattanooga 16. A Boy Wanted 27.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—HAMMOND'S OPERA HOUSE (L. Hammond, manager): The Union Band (local), assisted by Ade Louise, Chaucer, soprano, gave a concert Nov. 30 to capacity. Don Tell My Wife 7.

**KENTON.**—DICKSON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Henry Dickson, manager): The Missouri Girl Nov. 28; packed house; good performance. A Rag Time Reception 6.

**MARYSVILLE.**—CITY OPERA HOUSE (Anderson and Lovell, managers): The Night Before Christmas 5; fair house; performance good. J. White's Faust 27.

**ELVIRA.**—OPERA HOUSE (W. H. Park, manager): At Piney Ridge 1; fair business; good attraction. Harry Glazier in The Three Musketeers 5; fair house; good co. A Contented Woman 15.

**BELLEFONTAINE.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Smith and Whitehill, managers): A small audience still adds W. Brown Came Down 4. A Rag Time Reception 11.

**POMEROY.**—OPERA HOUSE (J. M. Kaufman, manager): John Griffith in The Musketeers 5; good house; satisfactory performance. Don Tell My Wife 14.

**TORONTO.**—CLARK OPERA HOUSE (E. C. Clark, manager): My Son Ben 4; good performance; fair business. Lorraine Hollis in As in a Looking Glass 14. The Prodigal Father 16.

**WAPAKONETA.**—TIMMERMEISTER'S OPERA HOUSE (Will Timmermeister, manager): The Missouri Girl 1 pleased a good audience.

**POWERSVILLE.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (William H. Cutter, manager): The Turtle 4; fair house;



sent E. T. C. to S. R. O. satisfaction given. The Norfolk Players 2: large audience; satisfaction given. 34. Producers' fair house; deserved better. George Wood dramatic co. 11-16.

**DANVILLE.** OPERA HOUSE (C. C. Argle, manager). Marie Lemoine in A Wise Woman delighted capacity Nov. 27. Cox Comedians in A Man of Letters 2: good house. 23. Daily and Goodrich's U. T. C. 1: good house. 24. Tom's Shaver co. 1: 4-9. 10. In A Day of Reckoning to packed house. Jeffries-Sharkey Pictures 12. Daniel Sully 14. Park Sisters 15.

**KANE.** LYCEUM (A. B. Cohn, manager). Daniel Sully in O'Brien the Contractor 2: large and pleased audience. The Pulse of New York 9. E. K. Emmet and Lottie Gilson 15. Mozart Symphony Club 23. OPERA HOUSE (George H. Verbeck, manager). Old Southern Life 6: large audience; poor performance. Royer Brothers 8. Palmer's U. T. C. 13. St. Plunkard 18.

**ALTOONA.** ELEVENTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE (J. C. Mischler, manager). Lorraine Hollis in Forget Me Not 4: good performance. The Finish of Mr. Fresh 6: poor business. Go-Won-Go Mohawk 7. Eight Bells 8. Isham's Ostriches 12. Knickerbockers 14. 15. James O'Neil 16. Mozart Symphony Club 18. A Hot Old Time 20.

**LATHROP.** SHOWALTER'S OPERA HOUSE (W. A. Showalter, manager). Carleton's Ten Nights in a Barroom 2 failed to appear; co. reported disbanding at Johnston. Aerial Ladies' Quartette 4. Latro and Lorraine Hollis (return date) 5 to a fair audience in As in a Looking Glass; well received. A Breezy Time 8. The Girl from Chilly 15.

**WASHINGTON.** LYRIC THEATRE (Forrest Hallam, manager). The Girl from Chilly Nov. 30: excellent performance; large house. Burrill Comedy co. opened for a week 4 to crowded house, presenting Saved from the Sea, The Ensign, and A Flag of Truce first part of week. The Highwayman 13. Daniel Sully 16.

**WARREN.** LIBRARY THEATRE (F. R. Scott, manager). The Purple Lady 2: large and pleased audience. The Evil Eye 4 gave satisfaction to big house. Godsway, pianist, to small but appreciative audience 5. Belle Archer in A Contented Woman pleased a fair house 6. Brothers Royer 13. A Bachelor's Baby 16. Robert B. Mantell 22. The Prodigal Father 23. A Hot Old Time 30.

**UNIONTOWN.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Harry Benson, manager). Elks' Minstrels Nov. 30: good performance; receipts \$418. The Little Minister 4. Willis Brothers in In Atlantic City 8. Go-Won-Go Mohawk 11. O'Hooligan's Wedding 14. A Bachelor's Baby 16. Robert B. Mantell 22. The Prodigal Father 23. A Hot Old Time 30.

**SHAWNEE.** G. A. R. OPERA HOUSE (John F. Oler, manager). The Pirates of Penzance (local Nov. 30): excellent performance; large house. Burrill Comedy co. opened for a week 4 to crowded house, presenting Saved from the Sea, The Ensign, and A Flag of Truce first part of week. The Highwayman 13. Daniel Sully 16.

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**BRADFORD.** W. A. G. OPERA HOUSE (F. W. Wagner, manager). The King of the Ostrich Ring 4: large and pleased audience. A Contented Woman 5 delighted a large audience. Next Door 6: fair attendance. At Piney Ridge 8. Gibney-Hooder co. 11. 12 and 14-16. The Night of Mary Magdalene 17.

**CLEARFIELD.** OPERA HOUSE (T. E. Clark, manager). A Country Merchant Nov. 29: small house; performance first-class. Lorraine Hollis in As in a Looking Glass 1: fair business; performance good. Daniel Sully 9. St. Plunkard 11. Palmer's U. T. C. 18.

**BETHLEHEM.** OPERA HOUSE (L. F. Walters, manager). A Chinese Romance was repeated 1, 2 to big business. The Dazzler drew large and pleased audience 3. J. K. Emmet and Lottie Gilson 4. Street Opera co. 5. For Fair Virginia 11. Uncle Josh Sprucey 14. Corse Payton co. 18-23.

**CARLEISLE.** OPERA HOUSE (Markley and Apple, managers). E. H. Carpenter, manager: For Fair Virginia 1: fair performance; light house. Street Opera co. 5. For Fair Virginia 11. Uncle Josh Sprucey 14. Corse Payton co. 18-23.

**SHENANDOAH.** THEATRE (Dan J. Ferguson, manager). St. Plunkard Nov. 30: good business. The Dazzler 3: topheavy house. Hearts of Oak 4. Blue Ridge 4: fair but pleased audience. The Dazzler 6, as usual, drew a crowd. Maloney's Irish Visitors 7. A Wise Woman 9. Himmels's Ideals 11-16.

**BELLEVILLE.** GARMAN'S OPERA HOUSE (William Garman, manager). Welsh Brothers' U. T. C. 6: gave a fair performance to a full house 4. The Gems co. 5-9 to fair houses in only a Pirate, The Curse of Pride, The Way of the World, A Double Act, and The Ostrich.

**FREELAND.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. J. McKeam, manager). Maloney's Irish Visitors 1: drew a large audience Nov. 30. Passion Play pictures 1, 2. Fair houses 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30. Dorothy Lewis 6. Jeffries-Sharkey light pictures 11.

**FARENTUM.** OPERA HOUSE (Finney and Gililand, managers). Old Southern Life Nov. 29: light house; poor co. The Girl from Chilly 1: fair business. Other People's Money 6. Labadie's Faust 12. Oxford Musical Club 20. Carver Stock co. 25-30. Theatre co. 11-18. The World.

**ROCHESTER.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. D. Campbell, manager). Bert Coote Nov. 27 in A Battle Scared Here: large and pleased audience. Wilson Theatre co. 4-9 opened in Credit Lorraine: large audience; excellent performance. The Heart of Maryland 16.

**CHARLOTTE.** COYLE THEATRE (J. W. Coyle, manager). Old Southern Life Nov. 27: fair business; performance poor. Crane Players 30 in The Boy from Boston: good business; co. fair. A Breezy Time 4: fair business. The Prodigal Father 18. O'Hooligan's Wedding 16. In Atlantic City 23. Welsh Brothers 28. Against Her 29. Oxford Glee Club 30.

**HANOVER.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Harry C. Nall, manager). Carol Concert co. 5: good performance; crowded house. Sun's Minstrels 4. Stroh Opera co. 12. The Finish of Mr. Fresh 18. The World Against Her 29. Oxford Glee Club 30.

**KITTANNING.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Charles W. Park, manager). Old Southern Life Nov. 30: big business; performance excellent. Wilson Theatre co. 11. The Finish of Mr. Fresh 18. The World Against Her 29. Oxford Glee Club 30.

**MT. CARMEL.** G. A. R. OPERA HOUSE (Joe Gould, manager). A Wise Woman Nov. 29: good business; pleased audience. St. Plunkard pleased a good sized house 1. The Dazzler 7. A Country Merchant 8. Side Tracked 15.

**LOCK HAVEN.** OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Musina, manager). A Country Merchant 5 pleased a small audience. St. Plunkard 9. Daniel Sully 13. Maloney's Irish Visitors 13. Boston Banjo Club 16. Irene Myers co. 18-23.

**JANESVILLE.** BYER'S THEATRE (R. G. Curran, manager). My Son Ben 2: large fair house Nov. 29. Other People's Money 4: large business; satisfaction given. A Breezy Time 7. Go-Won-Go Mohawk 9. My Friend from India 18.

**WHEATPORT.** WHITE'S OPERA HOUSE (Frank D. Hunter, manager). Brothers Byrne in Eight Bells amused S. R. O. 4. Electric Band pleased a crowded house 5.—ITEM: Bert De Sato is at his home here.

**NORRISTOWN.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Murphy, manager). The Cornet Grocer Nov. 30: S. R. O. 4. Kidnapped in New York 2: good business; pleased audience. Uncle Josh Sprucey 8. 9. Bon Ton Stock co. 11-16. Livingston Barbour 18.

**SHARON.** CARVER OPERA HOUSE (P. F. Davis, manager). Watson Sisters' Burlesques Nov. 26: 1: big business; audience pleased. Mitchell's All Star Players 4-9 opened in The Middleman to capacity; audience pleased.

**WEAVER FALLS.** SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE (Charles Medley, manager). Davis and Busby's U. T. C. 4: fair house. A Hot Old Time 18. District 4: good performance; fair business. Irving French co. 13. The Turtle 16.

**MONONGAHELA.** GAMBLE'S OPERA HOUSE (J. M. Gamble, manager). A Breezy Time 2: S. R. O.; performance satisfactory. Dr. Ferdinand G. Liebsart lectured 5: packed house. The Girl from Chilly 11.

**NELSON.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (A. J. Blair, manager). Jeffries-Sharkey light pictures 6: small house pleased. Palmer's U. T. C. 7: fair house; performance fair.

**GREENSBURG.** KAGGY THEATRE (R. G. Curran, manager). Other People's Money 1: large audience. Eight Bells 6: pleasing performance; S. R. O. My Friend from India 14. Robert B. Mantell 20.

**MOUNT PLEASANT.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. R. Colden, manager). A Breezy Time 6: good house and performance. The Girl from Chilly 13. Welsh Brothers' U. T. C. 16.

**PHILIPSBURG.** PIERCE'S OPERA HOUSE (J. C. Thompson, manager). Lorraine Hollis in As in a Looking Glass 2: small but appreciative audience. Jeffries-Sharkey Pictures 4: topheavy house.

**CARROLLDALE.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Dan P. Byrne, manager). Side Tracked 4: fair business. The Highwayman 7. Hearts of Oak 9. Macaulay-Patton co. 11-16.

**COLUMBIA.** OPERA HOUSE (James A. Crowther, manager). A Wise Woman 2: fair business and performance. Duffy's Jubilee 5: good house; satisfaction given.

**GREENVILLE.** LAIRD'S OPERA HOUSE (H. W. Holby, manager). A Hot Old Time in Dixie 8. Salisbury Orchestra 9. Carver Stock co. 11-16. J. K. Emmet and Lottie Gilson 18. The Dazzler 22.

**DUNBAR.** WILLIAMS OPERA HOUSE (O. P. Clark, manager). Other People's Money 5 pleased a fair house. In Atlantic City 8.

**CANTON.** LEWIS OPERA HOUSE (W. W. White, man. manager). Aubrey Stock co. in The Fire Patrol 4: performance good; house fair. Sun's Minstrels 20.

**BROWNVILLE.** THREE TOWNS THEATRE (O. K. Taylor, Jr., manager). The Girl from Chilly 8. O'Hooligan's Wedding 15.

**CORRY.** OPERA HOUSE (W. K. Stone, manager). Shannon of the Sixth 1: good business; excellent performance. O'Hooligan's Wedding 15.

**POTTSVILLE.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Grant M. Koons, manager). Kidnapped in New York 1: large and pleased audience. Daniel Sully 22.

**NEW CASTLE.** OPERA HOUSE (J. F. Gunkler, manager). The Little Minister 2. Wilbur Opera co. in Fra Diavolo opened for a week 4 to capacity.

**NORTH EAST.** SHIRT'S OPERA HOUSE (F. C. Beecher, manager). The Prodigal Father 2: fair house; performance good.

**WELLSBORO.** RACHE AUDITORIUM (Dartt and Dartt, managers). The Fire Patrol 5: good house; good performance.

**BLOOMSBURG.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. R. Fowler, manager). St. Plunkard 6: good house; audience pleased. A Country Merchant 12.

**BELLE VERNON.** OPERA HOUSE (C. F. Eggers, manager). A Breezy Time 1: large and pleased audience. The Girl from Chilly changed to 7.

**MEADVILLE.** ACADEMY OF MUSIC (R. E. O. Hemphrest, manager). The Evil Eye 6: S. R. O.; audience pleased.

**SHEFFIELD.** J. O. F. THEATRE (W. G. Le Roy, manager). A Wise Woman 16.

**TYRON.** ACADEMY OF MUSIC (H. M. Dry, manager). Welsh Brothers' U. T. C. 5: good business.

## RHODE ISLAND.

**WOONSOCKET.** OPERA HOUSE (Josh E. Orden, manager). John A. Reeves in The Unknown Nov. 30: fair house. J. K. Emmet and Lottie Gilson in Fritz in A Madhouse 2: poor business. Maude Hillman co. opened for a week 4 to good house. Repertoire: Special Delivery, Guilty Without Crime, A Hidden Path, Rome and Juliet, and The Devil's Mine.

**NEWTOWN.** OPERA HOUSE (Henry Brill, manager). Katherine Robe co. opened for a week 4 and have been playing to S. R. O. giving satisfaction. Plays presented: Madame Sans Gede, Killarney, Shall We Forgive Her, The Great Clemenceau, A Nation's Honor, Rome and Juliet, and The Devil's Mine.

**NEWPORT.** THORNTON'S OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Thornton, manager). Shea-McAniff co. Nov. 27-2 in A Southern Romance, Under Sealed Orders, The Fire Patrol, Rip Van Winkle, and Escaped from Sing Sing last part of the season. Co. strong. Collier Chas. Watson's Minstrels 11.

**PAWTUCKET.** OPERA HOUSE (William E. White, manager). The Chain of Destiny Nov. 30-2: crowded house; co. fair. How Hopper Was Side Tracked 4-6: small audiences; co. good. Skipped by the Light of the Moon 7-9.

## SOUTH CAROLINA.

**CHARLESTON.** ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Charles W. Keogh, manager). Roland Reed in Lend Me Your Wife, and His Father's Boy drew large and pleased audience Nov. 30. The Cornet Grocer closed a week's engagement 2: light business. Corinne in The Little Host 4, 5: enjoyable performances; fair business. Richards and Frimble's Minstrels 6.

**SPARTANBURG.** OPERA HOUSE (Max Greenwald, manager). Performance poor. Packard Opera co. (return date) 4, 5 in Sald Pasha and The Bohemian Girl: large audiences; every one pleased. Boone Taki co. 18. The CONVEYERS.

**TORY.** MUSIC (Dr. R. H. Peters, manager). New York Ladies' Trio 7.

**ANDERSON.** OPERA HOUSE (Orr and McColey, managers). Fields and Hanson's Minstrels 1: performance good; business small (rain). Dr. Governor Robert L. Taylor lectured 4: fair business; audience delighted.

**GREEN.** OPERA HOUSE (Malone and Goodale, managers).—Herald Square Opera co. 18.

## SOUTH DAKOTA.

**DEADWOOD.** OPERA HOUSE (F. L. McLaughlin, manager). Bittner Theatre co. in Uncle Daniel, Friends, and All a Mistake: good performances; large audience. The Cornet Grocer closed a week's engagement 2: light business. Corinne in The Little Host 4, 5: enjoyable performances; fair business. Richards and Frimble's Minstrels 6.

**SPARTANBURG.** OPERA HOUSE (Max Greenwald, manager). Performance poor. Packard Opera co. (return date) 4, 5 in Sald Pasha and The Bohemian Girl: large audiences; every one pleased. Boone Taki co. 18. The CONVEYERS.

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**GREEN.** OPERA HOUSE (Malone and Goodale, managers).—Herald Square Opera co. 18.

## TENNESSEE.

**MEMPHIS.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Thomas J. Boyle, manager). For week of 4 Managers Boyle directed on The Love Paradise, which, under the careful direction of Joseph W. Walsh, the new stage-manager, proved a great success; business good. The vaudeville bill included Baby Love, Forest and the Great Girl, and The Daughter 11-16.

**LYCEUM THEATRE** (Frank Gray, manager). What Happened to Jones drew well 30-2. The Sporting Duchess was much enjoyed by fair audiences 4, 5. Lewis Morrison, Sherry Acres 7. The Flame 11, 12.—AUDITORIUM (Benjamin M. Stainback, manager). Mr. Plaster of Paris 30: light house. Lombardi Italian Opera co. 4-9 opened in Lucia di Lammermoor, following with The Marriage of Figaro, Trovatore, Mignon, Faust, and A Masked Ball. The greeting accorded the principals was hearty, notably that to Signora Callamarcia and Signora, and Signor Pietri and Russo. The engagement was a great success.

**NASHVILLE.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (T. J. Boyle, manager). Men and Women by the stock co. Nov. 27-2 drew well filled houses; Mayer, Carroll and Myer, and Al. Blanchard were pleasing in the vaudeville numbers. Charles A. Loder, Al. Blanchard, and William DeBoe in specialties.—THE VENDOME (Staub and Sheets, managers). James K. Hackett in Ripper of Heston 25. Lewis Morrison in Frederick the Great; Orchestral house. What Happened to Jones drew fair houses 2. Olga Netherland 6. The Sporting Duchess 7. S.—MASONIC THEATRE (T. J. Boyle, manager). Nashville Students and Glee's Minstrels 7. Lombardi Italian Opera co. 11-16.

**TABERNACLE.** Chicago Symphony Orchestra 7.

**KNOXVILLE.** STAUD'S THEATRE (Fritz Staud, manager). A Bachelor's Homecoming Nov. 29: excellent co.; a good house. The Air Ship to his business 30: large house; fine performance. A fine production of Frederick the Great to large audience 2: Florence Roberts and Frank Fanning shared honors. Roland Reed 5. Olympia Opera co. 6-9. Peoria Comedy co. 11-16.—ITEM: Dr. Chicago Symphony Orchestra will appear at Armory Hall 8.

**CHATTANOOGA.** NEW OPERA HOUSE (Paul R. Albert, manager). Chattanooga pleased a good sized audience Nov. 27. Keely-Shannon co. in The North and the Flame 28: large house; fine performance. Lewis Morrison in Frederick the Great 29: good business; performance good. The Real Widow Brown 30: big business. The Air Ship failed to please 1. Mabel Paige co. 5-9.

**JACKSON.** FITHIAN OPERA HOUSE (Collins Parich Co. manager). Mr. Plaster of Paris Nov. 27 failed to please a small audience. Chattanooga 30 pleased a small house. Bernhard-Reynolds Specialty co. 4. Lewis Morrison 5. The Sporting Duchess 6.

**CLARKSVILLE.** ELDER'S OPERA HOUSE (Joseph T. Elder, manager). Russell's Comedians Nov. 29: performance good and business. Nashville Students 4: good business; good performance. The Real Widow Brown 13. The Green Eyed Monster 18.

**COLUMBIA.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. Y. Helm and Co., managers). Russell's Comedians 1: performance good. The Cornet Grocer 2: performance good. The Cornet Grocer 2: performance good. The Cornet Grocer 2: performance good.

## TEXAS.

**WACO.** NEW AUDITORIUM (Jude Schwarz, manager). James-Kidder-Hanford opened this theatre Nov. 30-1 with The School for Scandal, The Winter's Tale, and The Rivals to big business; performance good. The Rivals to big business; performance good. The Rivals to big business; performance good.

**JACKSON.** FITHIAN OPERA HOUSE (Collins Parich Co. manager). Mr. Plaster of Paris Nov. 27 failed to please a small audience. Chattanooga 30 pleased a small house. Bernhard-Reynolds Specialty co. 4. Lewis Morrison 5. The Sporting Duchess 6.

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was the Thanksgiving offering to medium houses. By the Sad Sea Waves introduced Mathews and Bulger and some clever associates 1, 2: performance good and merited better attendance. My Friend from India 2: abundant amusement, but was poorly patronized.—C. K. RHODE.

**DALLAS.** OPERA HOUSE (George Anny, manager). James-Kidder-Hanford co. Nov. 27-28 presented The Winter's Tale, Mathews, and The School for Scandal: large audiences. Mathews and Bulger 29 in By the Sad Sea Waves: fair business; good performance. The Sporting Duchess 30: good house; excellent co. The Hustler 1: poor business; performance poor. In A Forest Garden, auspicious St. Cecilia Choral Club, by Chicago artists, including Edith Adams Waterman, contralto. Jefferson De Angeli 4. 5. My Friend from India 6. Darkest Russia 7. Two Merry Tramps 8. Mahara Minstrels 9.

**SAN ANTONIO.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Dave A. Wolf, manager). Joshua Simpkins Nov. 29: fair performance; poor business. My Friend from India 27: good performance; small audience. Darkest Russia 30: excellent co.; satisfactory business. The Heart of Chicago 1: small audience. The Hustler 3. James-Kidder-Hanford co. 4, 5. The Hottest Coon in Dixie 6. Jefferson De Angeli 9. Money to Burn 10. Cuba Libre 12. Jolly Old Chums 13. The White Slave 17. The Air Ship 18. Hotel Topsy Turpy 20. A Jay from Jayville 21.

**WEATHERFORD.** HAYNES' OPERA HOUSE (Mrs. D. C. Haynes, manager). Alha Heywood Nov. 22: good business; performance first-class. Rubik-Kremer co. 27-2, presented The Cornet Grocer, A Game of Hearts, and Running Wild: good business; co. gave satisfaction; will play a return engagement 29. Mahara's Minstrels 7. Labadie's Faust 8. Hay's Comedy co. 18-23. California Theatre co. 20.—ITEM: The season closed here on account of improvements in the Opera House, which has been entirely renovated and redecorated.

**DENTON.** GRAHAM OPERA HOUSE (Neely and Mounts, managers). The Stowaway Nov. 27: good business; performance first-class. Rubik-Kremer co. 27-2, presented The Cornet Grocer, A Game of Hearts, and Running Wild: good business; co. gave satisfaction; will play a return engagement 29. Mahara's Minstrels 7. Labadie's Faust 8. Hay's Comedy co. 18-23. California Theatre co. 20.—ITEM: The season closed here on account of improvements in the Opera House, which has been entirely renovated and redecorated.

**PORT WORTH.** GREENWALL'S OPERA HOUSE (Phil Greenwall, manager). Mathews and Bulger made their first appearance here Nov. 29 in By the Sad Sea Waves; well received. The School for Scandal and The Winter's Tale 29: full houses; co. stronger than last season. The Hustler 30: well filled houses. Darkest Russia 2: fair business; well received.

**DUSTON.** SWEENEY AND COOMBS' OPERA HOUSE (Greenwall Theatrical Circuit Co., lessees; E. Bergman, manager). The Stowaway Nov. 28: small house; poor co. Joshua Simpkins drew a fair house 29. Mathews and Bulger made the bit of the season in By the Sad Sea Waves 30: large business. My Friend from India 2: excellent co.; good house. The Heart of Chicago 5. James-Kidder-Hanford co. 6, 7. The Hustler 8.

**BRENSHAM.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Alex. Simon, manager). Darkest Russia Nov. 27: fair house; good performance. Walter Perkins in My Friend from India 29: crowded house; pleased audience. The Hottest Coon in Dixie 8. Jolly Old Chums 14. A Jay from Jayville 18. What Happened to Jones 29. Gorton's Minstrels 30.

**DENISON.** OPERA HOUSE (M. L. Epstein, manager). The Hustler Nov. 27: small attendance; co. fair. The Sporting Duchess 28: first-class co.; good business. Two Merry Tramps 29: good houses; co. good. Wang 30: canceled their date on account of difficulty with stage-manager. Darkest Russia 5.

**BELTON.** GRAND OPERA HOUSE (A. J. Emble, manager). Wang Nov. 27: fair business; performance good. The Hustler 28: small house; poor co. Joshua Simpkins drew a fair house 29. Mathews and Bulger made the bit of the season in By the Sad Sea Waves 30: large business. My Friend from India 2: excellent co.; good house. The Heart of Chicago 5. James-Kidder-Hanford co. 6, 7. The Hustler 8.

**CAINSVILLE.** OPERA HOUSE (John A. Hays, manager). The Sporting Duchess Nov. 27: full house; performance first-class. The Hustler 28: small house; performance average. Wang 30: fair house; performance satisfactory. Two Merry Tramps 2: fair audience; performance good. Mathews and Bulger made their first appearance here Nov. 29 in By the Sad Sea Waves; well received. The School for Scandal and The Winter's Tale 29: full houses; co. stronger than last season. The Hustler 30: well filled houses. Darkest Russia 2: fair business; well received.

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**ALLEN, IRENE**, Cumberland, Md., Dec. 11-18, Lock Haven, Pa., 18-23, Shenandoah 25-30.

**BELLE AND HARDER** (Joe G. Glasgow, mgr.): Dec. 11-16, Chicago, Ill., 17-20, New York City, 21-23, Philadelphia, 24-26, St. Louis, Mo., 27-30.

**AUGHTY ANTHONY**: Washington, D. C., Dec. 25, 1914.

**EILL STOCK**: Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 16—in ledette.

**THERESA, OLGA** (Marcus Mayer, mgr.): Cincinnati, Dec. 11-16, Cleveland 25-30.

**CWELL, WILLARD**: Sandusky, O., Dec. 11-16.

**EXT DOOR** (Hoyer Brothers; J. H. Arthur, mgr.): Janesville, N. Y., Dec. 12, Titusville, Fla., 13, Jacksonville, Fla., 14, 15, New Castle, Pa., 16, Erie, Pa., 17, Warren, O., 19, Rochester, Pa., 20, Wheeling, W. Va., 21-23.

**HOOGLAN'S WEDDING** (Wambold and Dupree, prods.; Fairmont, W. Va., Dec. 12, Dunbar, Pa., 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23).

**LACOTT, CHAUNCEY** (Augustus Piton, mgr.): Elmira, N. Y., Dec. 12, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., 13, Scranton, N. Y., 14, Trenton, N. J., 16, Yonkers, N. Y., 18, Philadelphia, Pa., 19, Pottsville, Pa., 20, Peasick, Ill., 21, Philadelphia, Pa., 25-30.

**NEILL, JAMES** (Lebler Co., mgrs.): Allentown, Pa., Dec. 12, Lancaster 13, Reading 14, Johnstown 15, Altoona 16, Schuylkill 17, Pottsville 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

**RUTH, NANCE**: Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 4-30.

**THE STROKE OF TWELVE** (Whitaker and Lawton); St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 11-16, E. St. Louis, Ill., 17.

**THE SUWANEE RIVER**: Plainfield, N. J., Dec. 12, Elizabeth 13, Hoboken 14-16.

**THE WARASH** (Edward C. White, mgr.): Richmond, Ind., Dec. 12, Rushville 13, Madison 14, Columbus 15, New Albany 16, Evansville 24, 25, Vincennes 26, 27, Anderson 28, 29, Vandalia 30, Washington 29, Brazil 30.

**OVER THE FENCE** (Gus Hill, mgr.): Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 11-13, Battle Creek 15, Chicago, Ill., 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

**MER-KING DRAMATIC** (W. S. Reilly, mgr.): Addison, Kan., Dec. 11-16, Centuria, Ark., 18-23, Mable, Mabel (Marshall and Cos., mgrs.): Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 11-16, Meridian, Miss., 18-22, Columbia, Ga., 23-30.

**GAGES, THE**: Sterling, Ky., Dec. 11-16.

**T MALONEY'S NEW IRISH VISITORS** (Frank W. Mason, mgr.): Lehighburg, Pa., Dec. 12, Jersey Shore 13, Elmira 14, Buffalo 15, New Castle 16, Erie 17, Fredonia 18, Dubois 20, Carversville 21, Clearfield 22, Reynoldsville 23, Punxsutawney 25.

**PAUL KADAVAR** (E. R. Spencer and Isabel Pengra, mgrs.): Auburn, N. Y., Dec. 11, Acushnet, Mass., 12, Auburn, N. Y., 13, Ottawa, Can., 15, 16, Montreal 17, Quebec 20, 28.

**NAYTON, CORSE, COMEDY** (E. M. Gotthold, mgrs.): Easton, Pa., 11-16, Bethlehem 18-23, Williamsport 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

**NAYTON, CORSE, STOCK** (David J. Ramagosa, mgr.): Portland, Me., Dec. 11-23, Lawrence, Mass., 25-30.

**NAYTON, CORSE, SOUTHERN STOCK** (J. T. Macauliffe, mgr.): Cohoes, N. Y., Dec. 11-16, Northampton, Mass., 18-23, Pittsburg 25-30.

**ROCK'S BAD BOY** (George M. Heath): Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, Akron 26, Elvira 27, Toledo 28-30.

**RUCHI-BELINDI**: Kokomo, Ind., Dec. 11-16.

**HELAN STOCK** (K. V. Phelan, mgr.): Taunton, Mass., Dec. 11-16, Lowell 17-20.

**THE "CHICKEN"** (Charles Frohman, mgr.): Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 11-16, St. Paul, Minn., 25-30.

**KE THEATRE CO.** (D. H. Hunt, mgr.): Cincinnati, O.—indefinite.

**SCOTT COMEDIANS**: Florence, Ala., Dec. 14-16.

**INGLE, DELLA**: Salina, Kan., Dec. 18-23.

**"UPPERHEAD WILSON"**: Salt Lake City, U. Dec. 14-16.

**FADIS** (Fred C. Whitner, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., Dec. 11-14.

**ED, ROAND** (E. B. Jack, mgr.): Washington, D. C., Dec. 11-16, Rochester, N. Y., 25-27, Lockport 28, 29, 30.

**EMEREA THE MAINE** (Western; Lincoln J. Carter, prop.; Charles H. Haystead, mgr.): Helena, Mont., Dec. 12, Anaconda 13, Butte 14-16, Dillon 25, Logan, U. S., Brigham 29.

**EMEREA THE MAINE** (Eastern; Lincoln J. Carter, prop.): Detroit, Mich., Dec. 11-16, Niagara Falls, N. Y., 25, Middleport 26, Albion 27, Canadiana 28, Penn Yan 29, Corning 30.

**EMEREA THE MAINE** (Western; Davenport, Ia., Dec. 11-16, Galveston, Ill., 18-23.

**OBER, KATHERINE**: Manchester, N. H., Dec. 11-16.

**PERSON, STUART**: New Britain, Conn., Dec. 14-16, Hartford, Conn., 17-19.

**PERSON THEATRE**: Brunswick, Ga., Dec. 11-16.

**OCKWELL DRAMATIC**: Morrisville, Vt., Dec. 11-16.

**WAGNER BROTHERS**: New York city Sept. 18—indefinite.

**USEFALL, SOL SMITH** (Fred G. Berger, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., Dec. 18-Jan. 4.

**YAN, DANIEL K.** (E. A. Schiller, mgr.): Chilli, Mass., Dec. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

**GEORGE HUMNEY** (O. T. Slattery, mgr.): Missouri Valley, Ia., Dec. 14, Sioux City 15.

**WATTLE DRAMATIC**: Brockton, Mass., Dec. 11-16, Boston, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

**SCRIPT SERVICE** (Charles Frohman, mgr.): Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 4-16, Philadelphia, Pa., 25-30.

**HANNON C.O.** (Harry Shannon, mgr.): Hudson, N. Y., Dec. 11-16.

**HANNON OF THE SIXTH** (Powers and Williams, mgrs.): G. D. Johnson, mgr.: New York city Dec. 11-16.

**SAM T.**: Spokane, Wash., Dec. 11-16.

**MAULAUFFE**: Concord, N. H., Dec. 11-16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

**FEAREN, TOMMY**: Columbia, Pa., Dec. 11-16, Harrisburg 18-23.

**HELTON STOCK**: Panglossine, Ia., Dec. 11-13, Hamilton, Ill., 14-17, Vandeville 18-20, Thibodeaux 21-24, Franklin 25.

**HENDAXON** (Jacob Litt, mgr.): Oakland, Cal., Dec. 11, 12, San Jose 13, Stockton 14, Sacramento 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

**HURLEY, JESSIE**: Carson, Nev., Dec. 11-16, Reno 18-23.

**JACK ACRES** (William R. Gross, mgr.): Evansville, Ind., Dec. 11-16, Terre Haute 17, Indianapolis 18, Columbus O., 19, Zanesville 16, New York city 18, Inn, G.

**DE TRACKED** (A. Q. Scammon; Eastern): Ashland, N. Dec. 11-16, Carmel 17, Reading 18, New York City 18-23, Elizabeth 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

**DE TRACKED** (Western): Elmer Waters; Hamburg, Ia., Dec. 12, Glenwood 13, Anshura, Neb., 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, Holton 18, Leavenworth 17, Rich Hill, Mo., 18.

**PLUNKARD** (C. J. Lewis; Bob Mack, mgr.): Curranville, Pa., Dec. 12, Du Bois 13, Punxsutawney 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

**KINSEY, OTIS**: Toronto, Can., Dec. 11-13, Buffalo, N. Y., 14-16, Indianapolis, Ind., 25-27.

**OWING THE WIND** (Julius Cahn, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., Dec. 12, Clinton 13, Dubuque, Ia., 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

**PEDDEN-PAGE**: Webster City, Ia., Dec. 11-16.

**OSNER DRAMATIC**: Tallahassee, Fla., Dec. 11-16.

**POONERS, THE** (Edna May, and Cecil; B. S. Spooner, mgr.): Waterbury, Conn., Dec. 11-16, Schenectady, N. Y., 18-23, Newburgh 25-30.

**PUTZ, J. G.**: New York City, Dec. 11-16.

**PUTZ, J. G., THEATRE**: Lewiston, Me., Dec. 11-16.

**DLY, DANIEL** (Willie E. Barber, mgr.): Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 12, Lockhaven 13, Danville 14, Shamokin 15, Harrisburg 16, Pottstown 22.

**AYLE COMEDY**: Spencer, W. Va., Dec. 11-16.

**EVEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM** (Lincoln; Albion, N. H., Dec. 11-16).

**HANHOUSER STOCK**: Milwaukee, Wis.—indefinite.

**THE AMERICAN GIRL** (A. Q. Scammon, mgr.): Milford, Mass., Dec. 12, Marlboro 13, Yonkers, N. Y., 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, Philadelphia, Pa., 18-23, New York City 24, 25, Lebanon 27, Pottsville 28, Mt. Carmel 29, Danville 30.

**IR AIR SHIP**: Tyler, Tex., Dec. 12, Palestine 13, Bryan 14, Houston 15, 16.

**THE FAULT**



**THE GREAT NORTHWEST** (Wilson and Grate, mgrs.): Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 11-16, San Clara, Wis., 18, Wausau 19, Green Bay 20, Appleton 21, Fond du Lac 22, Sheboygan 23, Watertown 24, Zanesville 25, Macon 26, St. Paul 27, Grand Rapids, Mich., 28-30.

**THE GREAT RUBY** (Jacob Litt, mgr.): Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 11, Syracuse 13, 14, Harlem 15-25, Providence 26, New York 27, Dec. 28-30.

**THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY** (William T. Keogh): Columbus, O., Dec. 11-16, Detroit, Mich., 18-23, Cleveland, O., 25-30.

**THE GUNNER'S MATE** (Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 11-16, Pittsburgh, Pa., 18-23, New York 25-30).

**THE HEART OF CHICAGO** (F. C. Walton, mgr.): Thibodaux, La., Dec. 12, Biloxi, Miss., 14, Mobile, Ala., 15, Birmingham 23, Selma 28, Montgomery 29, Jacksonville 30, Dec. 31.

**THE HEART OF CHICAGO** (Eastern: Ed W. Rowland, mgr.): Red Bank, N. J., Dec. 12, Trenton 13, Plainfield 14, Elizabeth 15, 16.

**THE HEART OF MARYLAND** (David Belasco, mgr.): Homestead, N. Y., Dec. 12, Bradford, Pa., 13, New Castle 14, Youngstown, O., 15, Rochester, Pa., 16, Alliance, O., 18, E. Liverpool 19, Canton 20, Akron 21, Mansfield 22, Columbus 23, Newark 24, Zanesville 25, Wheeling, W. Va., 26, Chillicothe, O., 27.

**THE HUSTLER** (Thomas H. Davis, mgr.): Mobile, Ala., Dec. 12, Pensacola 13, Montgomery 14, New Orleans, La., 15, Baton Rouge 16, New Orleans 17, New Orleans 18, New Orleans 19, New Orleans 20, New Orleans 21, New Orleans 22, New Orleans 23, New Orleans 24, New Orleans 25, New Orleans 26, New Orleans 27, New Orleans 28, New Orleans 29, New Orleans 30, New Orleans 31.

**THE IRISH ADEPT** (Thomas H. Davis, mgr.): Lynn, Mass., Dec. 11-13, Danbury, Conn., 14, Woonsocket, R. I., 15.

**THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS** (Blondell and Fenwice, mgrs.): Toledo, O., Dec. 18, Canton 19, Dayton 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

**THE KING OF THE OPIUM RING** (Western: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 4-16).

**THE KING OF ROGUES** (J. H. Wallick: Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 19, New Haven 20, 21, Elizabeth 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

**THE LITTLE MINISTER** (No. 2: Charles Frohman, mgr.): Mansfield, O., Dec. 14, Marion 15, Middletown 16, Hamilton 18, Kokomo, Ind., 19, Elgin, Ill., 20, Jacksonville, Fla., 21, Minneapolis, Minn., 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

**THE LITTLE MINISTER** (No. 3: Charles Frohman, mgr.): Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 12, Vincennes 13, Evansville 14, Memphis, Tenn., 15, 16, New Orleans, La., 18-23, Mobile, Ala., 25, Pensacola, Fla., 26, Jacksonville, Fla., 27, Montgomery 28, Macon, Ga., 29, Jacksonville, Fla., 30.

**THE LOBSTER** (Fisher and Carroll; Edgar Selden, mgr.): Flatbush, N. Y., Dec. 12.

**THE MAMMOETS OF JANE** (New York city Nov. 27, indefinite).

**THE MISSOURI GIRL** (Fred Raymond, mgr.): Athens, O., Dec. 12, New Haven 13, New Straitsville 14, Lancaster 15, Cambridge 16, Barnsville 22, Steubenville 23, Cadiz 26, Wicksville 27, Coshocton 28, Millersburg 29, Akron 30.

**THE NIGHT CHRISTMAS** (Hal Reid, mgr.): Dayton, O., Dec. 11-13, Urbana 14, Piqua 15, Delphos 16, Fostoria 18, Sandusky 19, Bellefontaine 20, Columbus 21-23.

**THE NINETEEN** (Walter Walker; Emporia, Kan., Dec. 12, Lawrence 13, Leavenworth 14, Atchison 15, St. Joseph, Mo., 16, Nebraska City 18, Beatrice, Neb., 19, Fremont 20, Lincoln 21, Norfolk 22, Boone, Ia., 23, Peoria, Ill., 25, Clinton, Mo., 26, Superior, Wis., 27, Beloit, Wis., 28, Red Wing 29, W. Superior 30, Duluth 31.

**THE OPEN DOOR** (Washington, D. C., Dec. 11-16).

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD** (Jennan Thompson; Harlem, N. Y., Dec. 11-16, Philadelphia, Pa., 25, Jan. 6).

**THE PURPLE LADY** (Hector Rosenfeld, mgr.): Montreal, Can., Dec. 11-16, Buffalo, N. Y., 18-23.

**THE QUEEN OF CHINATOWN** (Newark, N. J., Dec. 11-16).

**THE REAL WIDOW BROWN** (Eastern: A. Q. Scammon, mgr.): Waltham, Mass., Dec. 12, Fitchburg 13, Athol 14, Turner 15, Westfield 16, Hartford, Conn., 18, Torrington 20, Derby 21, Stamford 22, So. Norwalk 23, Waterbury 25, Bridgeport 26-30.

**THE REAL WIDOW BROWN** (Western: A. Q. Scammon, mgr.): Princeton, Ky., Dec. 12, Paducah 15, Cairo, Ill., 16, Poplar Bluff, Mo., 18, Walnut Ridge, Ark., 19, Newport 20, Jonesboro 21, Forest City 23, Helena 24, Greenville, Miss., 26, Winona 27, Columbus 28, Canton 29, Yazoo City 30.

**THE RISING GENERATION** (William Barry; Providence, R. I., Dec. 11-16, New York city 18-25, Dec. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31).

**THE ROYAL BOX** (St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 11-16).

**THE SHERLOCK HOLMES** (L. W. York; Lynn, Mass., Dec. 14, Rockland, Me., 18, Laconia, N. H., 22).

**THE SIGN OF THE CROSS** (Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 11-16, Brooklyn, N. Y., 18-23, Philadelphia, Pa., 25-30).

**THE SLEEPING CITY** (A. Q. Scammon, mgr.): New Haven, Conn., Dec. 14-16, Waterbury 18-20, Bridgeport 21-23, Frankford, Pa., 28-30, Atlantic City, N. J., Jan. 1.

**THE SORROWS OF RATON** (Arthur C. Alston, mgr.): Ithaca, N. Y., Dec. 12, Cortland 13, Binghamton 14, Oneonta 15, Schenectady 16, Torrington, Conn., 18, Waterbury 19, Hartford 20, Bridgeport 21, New Haven 22, 23, Brooklyn, N. Y., 25-30.

**THE SPAN OF LIFE** (Webster, Mass., 14, River Point 15, Taunton 18, Brockton 19, Plymouth 20, New Bedford 21, Newport, R. I., 22, Fall River, Mass., 25, 26, Rockville 27, Waterbury, Conn., 28-30).

**THE SPORTING DUCHES** (C. L. Durban, mgr.): Mattson, Ill., Dec. 12, Danville 13, Champaign 14, Streator 15, Jansenville, Wis., 16, Milwaukee 18-23, Chicago, Ill., 25-30.

**THE SUNSHINE PARADE** (Louis Miller, mgr.): Norwich, Conn., Dec. 12, New London 13, Wallingford 14, Bristol 15, Hartford 16.

**THE THREE MUSKETEERS** (John Griffith; Andrew Mackay, mgr.): Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 12, Danville 13, Paris 14, Nashville 15.

**THE THREE MUSKETEERS** (Harry Glazier; Lansing, Mich., Dec. 12, Saginaw 13, Bay City 14, Port Huron 15, London, Ont., 16).

**THE TURKLE** (O. Dec. 13, Wheeling, W. Va., 14, New Castle, Pa., 15, Beaver Falls 16).

**THE TWO JOHNS** (Rich Hill, Mo., Dec. 14).

**THE VICTIMARIAN** (Jesse Wallack Dixon; Lowell, Mass., Dec. 25-27, Manchester, N. H., 28-30).

**THE VILLAGE POSTMASTER** (Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 11-13, Rochester 14-16, New York city 25-30).

**THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE** (Jeanette, Pa., Dec. 12, 16).

**THE WHITE HEATHER** (Rose Coghlan; Charles Frohman, mgr.): Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 11-16, St. Louis, Mo., 25-30).

**THE WHITE SLAVE** (Campbell Caldwell, mgrs.): Vicksburg, Miss., Dec. 12, Shreveport, La., 13, Dallas, Tex., 14, Ft. Worth 15, Austin 16, San Antonio 17, Galveston 24, Houston 25.

**THE WORLD AGAINST HER** (Agnes Wallace Villat; Hanover, Pa., Dec. 29).

**THROUGH THE BREAKERS** (Washington, D. C., Dec. 11-16, Pittsburgh, Pa., 18-23).

**TOLBERT** (Barnes, Savannah, Ga., Dec. 18-23).

**TOLL GATE INN** (Geneva, N. Y., Dec. 13).

**TOWN TOPICS** (A. Q. Scammon, mgrs.): Annapolis, Md., Dec. 15, Frederickburg, Va., 16, Charlottesville 18, Lynchburg 19, Danville 20, Norfolk 23, Hampton 24, Newport News 27, Elizabeth City 28, Petersburg 29, Richmond Jan. 1.

**TWO JOLLY ROVERS** (J. F. Leonard; Quincy, Ill., Dec. 12, Hannibal, Mo., 13, Galesburg, Ill., 14, Lincoln 15, Peoria 16, Peru 24, La Salle 25, Juliet 25, Valparaiso, Ind., 28, Michigan City 29, Benton Harbor, Mich., 30).

**TWO MERRY TRAMPS** (Austin, Tex., Dec. 12, San Antonio 13, Brenham 14, Bryan 15, Galveston 16, Houston 17, 18).

**TWO LITTLE VAGRANTS** (Edward C. White, mgr.): Toledo, O., Dec. 11-13, Grand Rapids, Mich., 14-16, Detroit 25-30).

**TWO MARRIED MEN** (Charles E. Schilling, mgr.): Carrollton, Mo., Dec. 12, Chillicothe 13, Macon 14, Kirksville 15, Trenton, N. J., 16, St. Joseph 17, Moberly 18, Columbia 19, Mexico 20, Fulton 21, Jefferson City 22, E. St. Louis 24, Belleville 25, Murphysboro 26, Anna 27, Mt. Vernon 28, Mt. Vernon, Ind., 29, Olney, Ill., 30, Vincennes, Jan. 1.

**UNCLE JOHN'S CIPHER** (Eastern: Wilmington, Del., Dec. 12, Bethlehem, Pa., 14).

**UNCLE JOHN'S CIPHER** (Southern: Winona, Miss., Dec. 12, Durant 13).

**UNCLE JOHN'S CIPHER** (Western: Gatesville, Tex., Dec. 12, McGregor 13, Taylor 14, Smithville 16, San Marcos 18, Lockhart 19).

**UNCLE NETH HARKINS** (Fremont, Neb., Dec. 13, Lincoln 15, 16).

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN** (Dobbins Brothers; Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 12, 13).

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN** (Middaugh's; C. D. Henry, mgr.): Rockland, Me., Dec. 12.

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN** (Stetson; Eastern: Lynn, Mass., Dec. 14-16).

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN** (Stetson; Western: Wm. Kibbe, mgr.): Louisiana, Mo., Dec. 12, Alton, Ill., 13, Belleville 14, Springfield 15, Jacksonville 16, E. St. Louis 17, Hannibal, Mo., 21).

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN** (Saulter; Sidman, Mich., Dec. 12, Ironwood 13, Rosemead 14, Ashland, Wis., 15, Redford 16, Washburn 18, Mellen 19, Phillips 20, Rhineland 21, Tomahawk 22, Merrill 23).

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN** (Al. W. Martin; Parsons, Kan., Dec. 13).

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN** (Jackson; Elkhardt, Ind., Dec. 12, Battle Creek, Mich., 13, Ypsilanti 14, Pontiac 15, Flint 16, Detroit, Mich., 17, Tilsburg 18, Stamford 19, Berlin 20, Galt 21, Lockport, N. Y., 22, Albion 23).

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN** (Bulley's; Maumee, O., Dec. 12, Liberty Centre 14).

**UNDER THE DOMINION** (Eastern: Martin Golden, mgr.): Hudson, N. Y., Dec. 12, Rondout 13, Tarrytown 14, Hartford, Conn., 15, 16, New York city 25-30).

**UNDER THE DOMINION** (Western: Lincoln 3, Carter, prop.: Frederic, Mich., mgr.: Ft. Smith, Ark., Dec. 12, Morrill 13, Little Rock 14, Hot Springs, 15, Jefferson, Tex., 16, Marshall 17, Palestine 18, Tyler 19, Clarksville 20, Paris 26, Dennison 27, Galveston 28, Ft. Worth 29, Dallas 30).

**UNDER THE RED ROBE** (Guthrie Cabin, mgr.): Ft. Wayne, Ind., Dec. 12, Toledo, O., 18-20, Springfield 25, Middletown 26, Richmond, Ind., 27, Dayton, O., 28, Dec. 29.

**VANCE COMEDY** (The Limited Mail; Muskegon, Mich., Dec. 12, Owosso 13, Saginaw 14-16, Bay City 18-20, Grand Rapids 24-27, Toledo, O., 31-Jan. 3).

**VANDER COMEDY** (Augusta, Ga., Dec. 11-16).

**WAITER COMEDY** (James H. Waite, mgr.): Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 11-23, Lynn 25-30.

**WAITE STOCK** (Meriden, Conn., Dec. 11-16, New Britain 25-30).

**WALSH MACDONELL** (Ben Stern, mgr.): Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 11-13, Louisville, Ky., 14-16, Atlanta, Ga., 18, 19, Birmingham, Ala., 20, 21, Nashville, Tenn., 22, 23, New Orleans, La., 25-30.

**WALTER LESTER STOCK** (Port Jervis, N. Y., Dec. 11-16, Scranton, Pa., 18-23, Pittston 25-30).

**WALTERS, JULE** (New Haven, Conn., Dec. 11-13, Rockville 14, Putnam 15, Williamsville 16, Worcester, Mass., 18-23, Paterson, N. J., 25-27, Mystic, Conn., 28, Westerly, R. I., 29, River Point 30).

**WARD AND VOKES** (Baltimore, Md., Dec. 11-16, Newark, N. J., 25-30).

**WARDE, FREDERICK** (Clarence M. Brune, mgr.): San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 11-23.

**WARNER COMEDY** (Ben R. Warner, mgr. and prop.): Mason City, Ia., Dec. 11-16.

**WAY DOWN EAST** (William A. Brady, mgr.): New York city Nov. 12, indefinite.

**WAY DOWN EAST** (No. 2: Lynn, Mass., Dec. 11-13, Lawrence 14-16).

**WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES** (Joseph M. Keever, mgr.): Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 11-16, Paterson 25-27, Easton, Pa., 18, Brighton 29, Westchester 30.

**WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES** (Robert Brown; Cincinnati, O., Dec. 11-16, Chicago, Ill., 25-Jan. 20).

**WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS** (New York city Dec. 11, indefinite).

**WHEN LONDON SLEEPS** (J. H. Wallick, mgr.): Providence, R. I., Dec. 11-16, New Haven, Conn., 18-20, Bridgeport 21-23.

**WHITEHEAD, WALKER** (Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 13, Omaha 14-16).

**WILLIAMS STOCK** (Williams and Hutchison, mgrs.): Union City, Pa., Dec. 11-13, Mercer 14-16.

**WILSON, J. H.** (N. Stair, mgr.): Lincoln, Ill., Dec. 12, Clinton 13, Decatur 14, Paris 15, Litchfield 16, Alton 17, E. St. Louis 24.

**WHY SMITH LEFT HOME** (Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 11-23, New York city 25-30).

**WHY SMITH LEFT HOME** (Western: Seattle, Wash., Dec. 12, 13, Olympia 14, Portland, Ore., 15, 16, Spokane, Wash., 18, 19, Butte, Mont., 24-26, Anacosta 27, Great Falls 28, Helena 29, Bozeman 30).

**WHY SMITH LEFT HOME** (Petrolia, Can., Dec. 19).

**WHY SMITH LEFT HOME** (For Fair Virginia; Bethlehem, Pa., Dec. 12, Harrisburg 14, Hazleton 15, Pottsville 16).

**WICKED LONDON** (Stanford and Merry, mgrs.): New York city Dec. 12, Glens Falls 13, Albany 14-16, New York city 18-23.

**WIDEMANN'S BIG SHOW** (Yazoo City, Miss., Dec. 11-16).

**WILLS BROS. COMEDY** (E. Liverpool, O., Dec. 12, 13, Wheeling, W. Va., 14-16).

**WILSON, GEORGE W.** (E. D. Davenport, mgr.): Stamford, Conn., Dec. 11-16, Holyoke, Mass., 18-23.

**WILSON THEATRE** (Kittanning, Pa., Dec. 11-13, Johnstown 18-23, Erie, Pa., 24-26).

**WOLFORD-SHERIDAN** (Pittston, Pa., Dec. 11-16).

**WOOD, GEORGE** (Sumbury, Pa., Dec. 11-16).

**WOLFE, HARRISON J.** (Howe, Webster and Co., mgrs.): New York city Dec. 12, Ann Arbor 13, Ypsilanti 14, Flint 15, Huron 16, Saginaw 19, Bay City 21, Owosso 22, Hillsdale 23.

**YON YONSON** (Thall and Kennedy, props. and mgrs.): Sacramento, Cal., Dec. 13, 14, Salt Lake City, U. T., 16-20, Grand Junction, Colo., 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

**ZAZA** (Mrs. Carter; Chicago, Ill., Dec. 11-23, Harlem, N. Y., 25-30).

**ZAZA** (No. 2: Charles Frohman, mgr.): Bloomington, Ill., Dec. 12, Loganport, Ind., 13, Lafayette 14, Vincennes 15, Evansville 16, Lexington, Ky., 25, Chattanooga, Tenn., 26, Birmingham, Ala., 27, Atlanta, Ga., 28, Augusta 29, Savannah 30).

#### OPERA AND EXTRAVAGANZA

**A GREY SLAVE** (Fred C. Whitney, mgr.): New York city Nov. 28-Jan. 6, indefinite.

**ABORN MILTON** (Baltimore, Md., Nov. 13, indefinite).

**AMERICAN STANDARD OPERA** (Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 4, indefinite).

**ANDREWS OPERA** (Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 11-12, McComb City, Miss., 20).

**BANDA BOSSA** (New Britain, Conn., Dec. 13, Philadelphia, Pa., 25-30).

**BLACK PATTS TROUPE** (Vocal and instrumental, mgrs.): Portland, Ore., Dec. 11, 12, Oakland, Cal., 15, 16, San Francisco 25-30.

**BOSTON COMIC OPERA** (M. D. Mear, mgr.): Batesville, Ark., Dec. 11-13, Newport 14-16, Boonville 18, Portland 19, Arkansas City 20, Warren 21, Monticello 22, Pine Bluff 25-27, Camden 28, Hope 29, Texarkana 30, H. J. Springs 31.

**BOSTONIAN OPERA** (Chicago, Ill., Dec. 11-23, St. Louis, Mo., 25-30).

**BUFFALO OPERA** (Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 11-13, BUTTERFLY EXTRAVAGANZA: Fall River, Mass., Dec. 11-16).

**CASTLE SQUARE OPERA** (Henry W. Savage, prop.): New York city Oct. 2, indefinite.

**CASTLE SQUARE OPERA** (Henry W. Savage, prop.): Chicago, Ill., Sept. 25, indefinite.

**CASTLE SQUARE OPERA** (Henry W. Savage, prop.): St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 6, indefinite.

**CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP** (Boston, Mass., Dec. 4, indefinite).

**FRANKIE** (Kirk La Shelle, mgr.): New York city Dec. 4, indefinite.

**DE ANGELIS, JEFFERSON** (John P. Shoen, mgr.): Boston, Tex., Dec. 12, New Berlin 13, Natchez, Miss., 14, Meridian 15, Selma, Ala., 16, Montgomery 18, Birmingham 19, Memphis 20, Nashville 21, Chattanooga 22, Atlanta, Ga., 25, 26, Macon 27, Augusta 28, Savannah 29, Charleston 30).

**DESHON OPERA** (Goshen, Ind., Dec. 11-13, Valparaiso 14-16).

**DEVIL'S AUCTION** (M. Wise, mgr.): Keene, N. H., Dec. 12, Bellows Falls, Vt., 13, Rutland 14, Paris 15, Burlington 16).

**GRAND OPERA** (Maurice Grant; Boston, Mass., Dec. 11-16, New York city 18-March 13).

**HERALD SQUARE OPERA** (Fayetteville, N. C., Dec. 11, 12, Florence 13, C. C. 14, Sumter 15, 16, Camden 18, Chester 19, 20, Rock Hill 21, Gaffney 22, 23, Spartanburg 24, Greenville 27, 28, Anderson 29, 30).

**HOPPER, DE WOLF** (E. R. Reynolds, mgr.): London, Eng., Aug. 28, indefinite.

**IN GAY PACE** (New York city Nov. 6, indefinite).

**INTERNATIONAL OPERA** (Columbus, Ind., Dec. 19).

**ITALIAN GRAND OPERA** (Savannah, Ga., Dec. 26, 27).

**JACK AND THE BEANSTALK** (E. G. Goodwin, mgr.): Detroit, Mich., Dec. 11-16, St. Paul, Ind., 18, Bloomington, Ill., 19, Decatur 20, Kokoski, Ia., 21, Quincy, Ill., 22, St. Joseph, Mo., 23, Kansas City 25-30).

**MISS NEW YORK, JR.** (New York city Dec. 11-16).

**NIELSEN, ALICE** (Frank L. Perley, mgr.): New York city Oct. 30, indefinite.

**OLYMPIA OPERA** (E. F. Scammon, mgr.): Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 11-13, Athens, Ga., 18-20, Augusta 21, Charleston 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31).

**PACKARD OPERA** (Charleston, S. C., Dec. 11-16).

**ROBINSON COMIC OPERA** (Frank V. French, mgr.): Topeka, Mo., Dec. 11-13, Gardner 14-16, Berlin, N. H., 18-23, Ottawa, Can., 25-Jan. 6).

**STROH OPERA** (Nadzyr; Hanover, Pa., Dec. 12, Hagerstown, Md., 13, Staunton, Va., 14, Charleston 15, Ashland, Ky., 16, Chillicothe, O., 20, Huntingdon, Pa., 21, Portsmouth 22).

**SUPPERA** (Hanson's; Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 11-16).

**THE BRIDE ELECT** (Oakland, Cal., Dec. 11, 12, San Jose 13, Stockton 14, Sacramento 15, Fresno 16, Los Angeles 18-20, San Diego 21).

**THE CIVIL WAR** (E. H. Ellis, mgr.): Chicago, Ill., Dec. 11-24, Cleveland, O., 25-30).

**THE HIGHWAYMAN** (Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 14).

**THE LITTLE HOST** (Columbus, N. Y., Dec. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31).

**THE FOUNDERS** (George W. Ledner, mgr.): Columbus, O., Dec. 12, 13, St. Louis, Mo., 18-23).

**THE SPIDER AND THE FLY** (Pittsburgh, Kan., Dec. 12, Wichita 13).

**THE TELEPHONE GIRL** (F. G. Ross, mgr.): Denver, Col., Dec. 11-16, Aspen 20, Colorado Springs 22, Beatrice, Neb., 23, Fremont 24).

**THREE LITTLE LAMBS** (Edwin Knowles, mgr.): Montreal, Can., Dec. 11-16, New York city 25, indefinite).

**WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN** (Thomas Q. Seabrook; Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 11-16).

**WILKINSON OPERA** (Worcester, Mass., Dec. 11-16).

**WILKINSON OPERA** (Erie, Pa., Dec. 11-16, Rochester, N. Y., 25-30).

**WILSON FRANKS** (Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 11-16).

#### VARIETY

**A SOCIAL MAID** (Baltimore, Md., Dec. 11-16).

**AMERICAN VALET** (Brooklyn, Mass., Dec. 11-13, Fall River 14-16, Providence, R. I., 18-23, Montreal, Can., 25-30).

**AMERICAN BURLESQUERS** (Fall River, Mass., Dec. 11-16).

**AMERICAN GAIETY GIRLS** (Tarrytown, N. Y., Dec. 14, Pittsfield, Mass., 15, Troy, N. Y., 18-20, Albany 21-23).

**AUSTRALIAN BURLESQUERS** (Bryant and Watson; New York city Dec. 4-16).

**BEHMAN SHOW** (Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 11-16).

**BIG SENSATION** (Cincinnati, O., Dec. 11-16).

**BOHEMIAN BURLESQUERS** (Hartford, Conn., Dec. 11-16).

**BON TON BURLESQUERS** (Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 11-16).

**BOWERY BURLESQUERS** (Chicago, Ill., Dec. 11-16).

**BOWERY BURLESQUERS** (Baltimore, Md., Dec. 11-16, Philadelphia 18-23).

**BUTTERFLY BURLESQUERS** (Fall River, Mass., Dec. 11-16).

**CITY SPORTS** (Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 14-16).

**CRACKER JACKS** (Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 4-16).

**DEVERE, SAM** (Harlem, N. Y., Dec. 11-16, Paterson, N. J., 18-23, Baltimore, Md., 25-30).

**EUROPEAN-AMERICAN STARS** (Fulgura; Columbus, O., Dec. 11-16).

**FADS AND FOLLIES** (W. L. Bissell; New York city Dec. 11-16, Lowell, Mass., 19-21, Manchester 22-24, GAY MASQUERADES (Gus Hill; St. Louis, Mo., 11-16, Chicago, Ill., 18-23, Milwaukee, Wis., 25-30).

**GILDED WORLD BURLESQUE** (Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 11-16).

**GRASS WIDOWS** (Providence, R. I., Dec. 11-16, New York city 18-23, Brooklyn, N. Y., 25-30).

**HART, JOSEPH** (Archib H. Ellis, mgr.): Baltimore, Md., 11-16).

**HYDEA COMEDIANS** (Cleveland, O., Dec. 11-16, New York city 18-23, Brooklyn, N. Y., 25-30).

**HURLY BURLY** (Weber and Fields; Toronto, Can., Dec. 11-16).

**IMPERIAL BURLESQUERS** (Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 11-13, Columbus, O., 14-16).

**INDIAN MAIDENS** (Lillian Washburn; Frank Abbott, mgr.; Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 11-16).

**IRWIN BROS.** (Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 4-16).

**JACK, SAM T.** (Detroit, Mich., Dec. 11-16).

**KILBURN, THE O. A. and Salena; Steubenville, O., Dec. 11-16).**

**KNOCKERBROOK BURLESQUERS** (Louis Robie, prop. and mgr.; Easton, Pa., Dec. 11-13, Altoona 14, 15, Johnstown 16, Pittsburg 18-23, Buffalo, N. Y., 25-30).

**LITTLE EGYPT BURLESQUE** (New York city Dec. 4-16).

**MCINTYRE AND HEATH** (Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 11-16, Brooklyn, N. Y., 18-20).

**MAJESTIC BURLESQUERS** (Newark, N. J., Dec. 11-16, Brooklyn, N. Y., 18-20).

**OCTOBER 13** (Jamaica; Altoona, Pa., Dec. 12, Johnstown 13, Wheeling, W. Va., 14-16).

**REEVES, AL.** (New York city Nov. 13-Dec. 23).

**RENTZ-SANTLEY** (Abbe Leavitt, mgr.): Boston, Mass., Dec. 11-16, New Haven, Conn., 18-20, Bridgeport 21-23, Philadelphia, Pa., 25-30).

**ROBEY AND GALEY** (Washington, D. C., Dec. 11-16, Philadelphia, Pa., 18-23, Jersey City, N. J., 25-30).

**ROOF, ALBA W.** (Webster City, Ia., Dec. 11, 12, Easton 13, Clinton 14, Belmont 15).

**ROSE HILL FOLLY** (Louisville, Ky., Dec. 18-23, Philadelphia, Pa., 25-30).

**ROYAL BURLESQUERS** (New York city Dec. 4-16).

**SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR** (Lehigh, Ind. T. Dec. 11-16).

**TAMMANY TIGERS** (Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 11-16, Brooklyn 18-23).

**THE BLACK** (Charles P. Trax, mgr.; Kingsley, N. Y., Dec. 12, Dodge City 13).

**THE COUNTOWN** (Ernest Willis, mgr.; Manitowish, Wis., Dec. 11, 12, Kalamazoo 13, 14, Bozeman 15, 16, Delavan 17, 18, Souders 22, Brandon 25, 26, TWENTIETH CENTURY MATHEWS; Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 11-16).

**UTOPIANS** (Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 11-16).

**VANITY FAIR** (Western: J. J. Collins, mgr.; Ft. Scott, Kan., Dec. 12, Clinton, Mo., 13, Nevada 14, Carrollton 15, Nebraska City 16, Sioux City 17, Ia., 18, Ft. Dodge 19, Waterloo 20, Oskaloosa 22, Mt. Pleasant 23, Peoria, Ill., 24, Galesburg 25, Keokuk, Ia., 26, Quincy, Ill., 27, Keaweenaw 28, Burlington 29, Iowa City 30).

**VANITY FAIR** (Eastern: Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 11-16, Jersey City, N. J., 18-23).

**WEBER AND FIELDS' STOCK** (New York city Sept. 7, indefinite).

**WILLIAMS AND WALKER** (S. L. Tuck, mgr.): Cleveland, O., Dec. 11-16).

**WINE, WOMEN AND SONG** (M. M. Thiese, mgr.): Providence, R. I., Dec. 11-16).

**WOLAN'S PAIRING BURLESQUERS** (Troy, N. Y., Dec. 11-16, Trenton, N. J., 18-23).

#### MINSTRELS

**BARLOW BROS.** (Meriden, Miss., Dec. 12, Vicksburg 13, Natchez 14).

**BEACH AND BOWERS** (Helena, Mont., Dec. 29, Livingston 22, Deadwood, S. D., 25).

**CLIFANE CHASE AND WESTON'S** (Bristol, R. I., Dec. 12, Newport 13, Fall River, Mass., 15, 16, Middleboro 19, Franklin 20, Woonsocket, R. I., 21, Webster, Mass., 22, Southbridge 23, Williamsville, Conn., 25, Putnam 26, Waltham, Mass., 27, 28, Chelsea 29, 30).

**DIAMOND BROS.** (Danbury, Conn., Dec. 12, Pecks kill, N. Y., 13, Poughkeepsie 14, Sing Sing 15, Newburg 16, Paterson, N. J., 18-20, Middletown, N. Y., 21, Port Jervis 22, Susquehanna, Pa., 23, Elmira, N. Y., 25, Utica 27).

**FIELDS, AL. G.** (St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 11-16, Decatur 19, Danville 20, Crawfordville, Ind., 21, FIELDS AND HANSON'S; Washington, Ga., Dec. 12, Madison 13).

**GEORGIA UP TO DATE MINSTRELS** (Anderson, S. D., Dec. 12, Graton 13, Aberdeen 14, Mallett 15, Redfield 16).

**GORTON'S** (Phoenix, Ariz., Dec. 15, 16).

**GUY BROS.** (Johnstown, N. Y., Dec. 12, Troy 13, Saratoga 14).

**HENRY, H.** (Stonham, Mass., Dec. 12, Wakefield 15, Maynard 14, West Gardner 15, Athol 16, Fitchburg 18).

**IRVING'S, RILEY** (Nashua, N. H., Dec. 12, Pepperell, Mass., 13, Graton 14, Ayer 15).

**J. L. VIGOR'S** (Oklahoma City, Ok. T., Dec. 12, Guthrie 13, Ardmore 14, Ardmore 15, 16, Gainesville, Tex., 16, Denison 18, Sulphur Spring 19, Mt. Pleasant 20, Texarkana 21, Hope, Ark., 22, Arkadelphia 23, Hot Springs 25, Little Rock 26, Newport 27).

**NASHVILLE STUDENTS** (Decatur, Ala., Dec. 12, 14, 15, Dalton, Ga., 16, Cleveland, Tenn., 18, Chattanooga 19, Knoxville 20, Morristown 21, Marion, N. C., 22, Hickory 23, Durham 25, Greensboro 26, Winston 27, Roanoke, Va., 28, Lynchburg 29, Fairbury 30).

**PRIMROSE AND DOCKSTEADT'S** (James H. Decker, mgr.): Providence, R. I., Dec. 18-23).

**RICHARDS AND PRINGLE** (San Francisco,



## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

## CHICAGO.

## Quo Vadis Postponed—A Permanent Burlesque Theatre—Random Remarks.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.

Willie Collier in his own play, Mr. Smooth, is at the Grand Opera House, and opened his second and last week there to-night. Every paper in Chicago has said nice things about star and play, and Willie is coming into the fame and fortune which is his by right of talent and ability. I have never enjoyed a series of heartier laughs in the history of the drama than I did the other night at the Grand, and I can recommend the play. Mr. Collier wrote it himself and in it he has drawn a typical bookmaker, which Thomas Evans makes a gem in its way. Sol Smith Russell follows next week in The Hon. John Grubbs and A Poor Relation, and the Hamiltons announce four of the best attractions now in New York—Mrs. Fiske, May Irwin, Mr. Mansfield, and Stuart Robson.

We are soon to have a music hall here on the plan of Weber and Fields. It will be under the management of John W. Dunne and Phil Ryley, who have signed contracts with Weber and Fields for their attractions, and they will have the New York company here every year for a few weeks. A number of strong people have been engaged for the burlesque stock organization, and Messrs. Dunne and Ryley are considering offers here involving three sites.

At McVie's last night our old friend, Tim Murphy, appeared in The Carpetbagger, by Opie Read and Frank Pixley, following West's Minstrels, who had a good week. A large audience applauded star and play, both making a hit. Mr. Murphy is supported by Al Lipman and other capable people. Unfortunately for us, the engagement was for but a single night. This evening Fred C. Whitney's big production of Stange's dramatization of the novel, "Quo Vadis" was postponed until to-morrow night to permit of further rehearsal. Joseph Haworth, Roselle Knott, Edmund D. Lyons, Arthur Forrest, and Edwin Varney are in the cast.

After a week of Odette Tyler in Phroso, the Bostonians appeared at the Columbia to-night in a new opera called The Strangers of Badegre, which was well received. Besides Mr. Barnabee and Mr. MacDonald the company includes Marcia Von Dresser and John Dunmore. During the engagement Robin Hood will be revived. The Girl from Maxim's follows Dec. 4. If I had Mr. Barnabee's spotless reputation I should have her arrested if she followed me.

Nat Goodwin had no fault to find with the pecuniary returns of his five weeks at Powers'. He left for St. Louis last night fully compensated for his visit, turning over the stage to Mrs. Carter, who opened to-night in Zaza. She will be here two weeks.

Augustus Thomas' Alabama is the bill this week at the Dearborn, following The Gold Mine, and Edwin Arden, the new leading man, makes a hit as Captain Davenport. The other stock, up at Hopkins', is giving A Fair Rebel.

Hayes and Lytton made a great hit here at the Great Western last week in A Wise Guy. Yesterday The Evil Eye followed to big business. Over the fence is underlined, with Rice and Cohen.

This is the twenty-ninth week of the Castle Square Opera company at the Studebaker, and it is to be devoted to repertoire. Iolanthe was given to-night and The Chimes of Normandy, The Beggar Student, and Martha will be heard. Next week the house will be closed to allow the New York company to rehearse Aida for Christmas week, and then we will send you our local organization until April.

The King of the Opioid Ring went from the Alhambra to the Academy of Music yesterday, to be succeeded by A Wise Guy next Sunday, and Kelly's Kids was transferred from the Academy to the Alhambra.

The Jeffries-Sharkey fight pictures have been drawing great crowds to the Lyric.

The Thomas concert was resumed at the Auditorium last Friday and Saturday before large audiences.

The Apollo Club gave Samson and Delilah at the Auditorium to-night and will give The Messiah at the same place on Christmas night.

George W. Monroe appeared yesterday over at the Bijou and will be followed next Sunday by Daughters of the Poor.

Adolph Philip, the well-known German comedian, supported by his Berlin company, will follow the fight pictures at the Lyric when the lovers of ring work tire of them.

Vladimir de Pachmann will give piano recitals this week, on Thursday and Saturday afternoons, at Central Music Hall.

Several of our well-known Chicago actors are arranging for their annual engagements at Santa Clara in the local department stores.

So much has been said in the daily records about the endurance of the six-day cycle records that I think a word or two should be uttered for the stock actors, who are obliged to learn a new part every week while playing fourteen performances and eating three meals a day, to say nothing of sleeping. It takes nerve to do that.

Over at the Criterion, where Knobs o' Tennessee did well last week, Porter J. White opened yesterday in Faust.

Ben M. Giroux sends me a house bill from Perry, Oklahoma, in which Lincoln J. Carter's play, Under the Dome, is underlined and announced as "the play which made Nat Goodwin famous." Nat saw it Thursday and pleaded "Not Guilty."

—BIPP HALL.

## BOSTON.

## A Conan Doyle Novel Staged—News and Notes of the Modern Athens.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BOSTON, Dec. 11.

E. H. Pothorn and Virginia Harned made their first appearance in Boston as joint stars at the Hollis to-night, and were received by a splendid audience in spite of the opposition of the grand opera season, which was supposed to attract society with an all-star night. The Song of the Sword was the play and made a hit, but everybody is looking forward to the last half of next week, when Mr. Sothern will offer Charles Henry Meltzer's translation of The Sunken Bell.

There was an interesting novelty at the West End to-day when the stock at the Bowdoin Square produced for the first time a dramatization of Conan Doyle's novel, "The Firm of Girdlestone," entitled Dark Deeds. The play was admirably staged by Jay Hunt, and the cast was as follows:

John Girdlestone	Albert Hosmer
Sara Girdlestone	Louis Brown
Thomas Dimdale	Huene Mitchell
Major Tobias Clutterbuck	E. L. Snider
Peter Von Hammer	Edwin R. Phillips
Capt. Hamilton Mize	James Levering
Mr. Gilray	D. L. Gayland
Dr. Dimdale	Charles Willard
Edward Farintosh	Will F. Phillips
John Hart	Charles Farwell
John Harrison	Walter Stuart
Parker	Fred Carter
Hobson	Charles H. Mallies
Perkins	Albert Curran
Tramp	R. L. Wilton
Sergeant Wiggins	E. F. Runyon
Servant	Samuel Elton
Kate Harston	Lorraine Drex
Mrs. Letitia Scully	Florence Hale
Chas. Thomas	Adella Sawyer
Susan	Charlotte Hunt
Rebecca Taylorforth	Pearl Seward
Jerome	Ella Sothern
A Barnard	Sara Burr
Nurse	Frances Dilke

The dramatization is a thoroughly effective one and scored a hit from the start. Of course, the startling scenes of the novel were all utilized. The capital combination of love and revenge gives a heart interest to the plot, and scenic opportunities are improved in the Waterloo station episode and some of the Spanish coast. The play was well acted throughout. The Jekyll-Hyde character of John Girdlestone being splendidly played by Albert Hosmer, who made his first appearance here in some time. E. L. Snider was also admirable as Major Clutterbuck. The play will run only one week here and will not be given elsewhere in Boston.

This is the final week of the grand opera season in

Boston. It is proving brilliant in every respect and is having a reception considerably different from that in Chicago, they tell me. The only disappointment of the opening week was the result of Van Dyck's illness, when Lohengrin had to be substituted for Tannhauser. Les Huguenots was the bill to-night. The rest of the week will be devoted to Romeo at Julietta, Carmen, The Flying Dutchman, Tannhauser, Faust, Die Walkure, and The Barber of Seville.

Arizona has pleased every one at the Tremont, and a most successful month ought to be the result. It is a delightful play charmingly acted. The Japanese matinee has formed a grand treat at this house and prove a revelation. Four more are scheduled this week as a result of the great success.

Rose Melville's first appearance here as a star was the Grand Opera House event of the night, and an interesting one, too. Her success in vaunderlille made her more important effort the object of much curiosity. The house was crowded and the play went with a rush from start to finish.

Eugenie Fontaine remains another week at the Columbia and makes a complete change in her specialty, adding new songs.

London Assurance is the play of the week at the Castle Square, and everybody knows that Lillian Lawrence should make an ideal Lady Gay Spangler and Tony Cummings a perfect Dolly Spangler. The Lady of Lyons packed the house all last week, so much so that when Bram Stoker went to see it he could do no better than stand up in the first balcony.

Chris and the Wonderful Lamp remains at the Museum. Jerome Sykes and Edna Wallace Hopper have proved worthy stars in extravaganza.

Sag Harbor continues to do a regular Shore Acres business at the Park, and seats are now on sale clear up into the new year. It is one of the biggest hits that James A. Herne has ever made here.

A Celebrated Case is the bill at the Grand this week with the cast that gave it at the Bowdoin Square last week. A novelty will follow in the production of Divided Lives, a new play by Herbert A. Kenny, a Boston newspaper man.

The annual benefit of the Theatrical Mechanics' Association at the Tremont last night was a success in every way. The volunteers were popular and the attendance was good.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry said farewell to Boston in a special bill consisting of Waterloo, Napoleon, and acts from Rodelph and The Merchant of Venice on Dec. 9.

John Blair is going to give another matinee at the Tremont Dec. 10, presenting Ties. Florence Kann will be the leading lady.

Thomas E. Shea writes that he has just secured The Voice of Nature, a strong play by Theodore Kremer, which he will give an early production.

Dr. J. P. Sutherland, just appointed dean of the Boston University Medical School, is the husband of Mrs. E. G. Sutherland, the playwright and critic of this city.

Charles F. Atkinson is engaging a strong cast for Little Red Riding Hood. Among the principals are Kittle Mitchell, Ida Mulla, Hailan Mostyn, David Abrahamson, Walter Jones, Norma Whalley, O'Brien and Havel, Madley and Carlisle, William Burrows, E. S. Barr, Mayne Gehrue, and Hattie Delano. It will be the responsibility of the company to stage where she made her great success in the first Boston production of The Mikado, in which Richard Mansfield was the best Ko Ko ever seen here.

With Flying Colors, the melodrama from the Adelphi, London, will have its first performance on this side of the Atlantic at the Castle Square on New Year's Day. The Adventure of Lady Ursula will be given there for the fortnight before.

L. At the Associated dramatic critics of the Journal, has just started a department in the evening edition of that paper which is coming in for uniform praise. It is filled with interesting anecdotes and reviews and is a great addition to the paper.

G. C. Crager has been visiting Boston during the past week.

James Gilbert has been engaged to direct the production of The Mikado by the Dover, N. H., Choral Society. He was one of the features of the after-dinner exercises for the Ancient last week, when his singing led to an engagement with the Oxford Club at Lynn.

Malcolm Douglas renewed many pleasant acquaintances when he was here directing the performances of the children who gave the Brownies so successfully for charity.

Lillian Lawrence's popularity with the season patrons at the Castle Square is so great that they are anxious to purchase a fine loving cup to be presented to her as a Christmas gift, a deserved tribute to an exceedingly versatile artist.

Emil Paur's reappearance in Boston to conduct some of the grand opera performances brought out all the Symphony clientele, and he had a great reception.

The new music hall building has been progressing finely and a decree has been entered in court dissolving the partnership of the late Mr. Paur.

Frank L. Perley has been at his summer home at Lynnfield Center for a brief rest. He is contemplating a trip South.

One of the most interested listeners at the opera last week was Clara Louise Kellogg Strakosch, who made her last appearance in Boston in that same house.

"Billy Barry and Billy De Gruise" were given silk umbrellas last week by their friends at the Grand Opera House.

Charles Bradley, who has been in town in advance of E. H. Sothern, is the author of a new play, in which Thomas Q. Sealbrooke will be seen at an early date, succeeding Who Killed Cock Robin.

William Seymour will make his return to the stage in support of Mary Sanders, whose productions he will direct.

Henry Jewett was in Boston during the past week trying to secure here for The Choir Invisible, so that he might resume his singing tour.

It is an exceedingly pleasing announcement that is made to the effect that Mrs. Fiske will be the opening attraction of the new year at the Tremont. Playgoers have been awaiting with interest her production of Becky Sharp, and she will have one of the most successful engagements of the entire season in Boston.

Madame Paderewski, the wife of the famous pianist, will be in Boston most of the time while her husband is touring the country. She is here as the guest of Mrs. Joseph Adamowski, better known as Antonette Szumowska, who is billed as Paderewski's only pupil.

Marcella Sembrich was the soloist with the Symphony Orchestra at its concert last week, and was received with great enthusiasm.

JAY BENTON.

## PHILADELPHIA.

## Theatre Rumors Again—Henry Irving and Other Attractions—Good Business.

(Special to The Mirror.)

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11.

There are more rumors of a new theatre here. Oscar Hammerstein and a representative of F. F. Proctor spent some time here during the past week. Four prominent sites are now in the market—the Baldwin property, the old Girard House, Eighth and Filbert Streets, and Broad and Arch Streets. Any theatre will be very costly to erect under our new building law.

My Lady's Lord, which received its first production on any stage in this city last week, was coldly received by both press and public.

The event of the season is the two week's engagement of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, which opened this evening at the Chestnut Street Opera House. Robespierre is the programme for this week, with next week's bill yet to be announced. The stars received an ovation from a crowded house. Denman Thompson in The Old Homestead will follow Dec. 25 for two weeks.

After announcing Why Smith Left Home for this week at the Chestnut Street Theatre, the management shifted lookings, and The Girl from Maxim's morning to until the Chicago engagement. The Sign of the Cross Dec. 25.

This is the last week but one of Viola Allen in The Christian at the Walnut Street Theatre, to continued large patronage. Chauncey Greet Dec. 25.

Thomas Q. Sealbrooke, with an excellent supporting company, opened to-night at the Broad Street Theatre in Who Killed Cock Robin. The star has excellent opportunities to entertain his many admirers, but it is reported that the new comedy will end its brief season on Saturday evening. The Empire Theatre company in Lord and Lady Algy will fill in the coming week, to be followed Dec. 25

by William H. Crane in A Rich Man's Son for two weeks.

Atkinson's Comedy company in a new version of Peck's Bad Boy by Charles F. Pidgin is the card for week at the Park Theatre. A well-selected company includes Dot Karroll, Jake Clifford, Sadie Hart, Michael Finn, Will McDermott, Leona Cardona Soule, A. C. Taylor, and W. I. Cowlishaw. The American Girl Dec. 18.

Manager William J. Gilmore has secured the genuine Jeffries-Sharkey contest pictures for the Auditorium, which opened this afternoon for two weeks. A Female Drummer Dec. 25.

It has been many years since Damon and Pythias has been presented in this city, and the business proves that the management of the Girard Avenue Theatre have made a wise selection in offering it this week. Walter Edwards enacts Damon and Max Von Mistel Pythias. The entire cast is good. Next week, Dary Crockett.

Foreman's Theatre Stock company presents the exciting melodrama, A Man of Honor, written by Mack Price, a member of the company. The play was well received. It has an interesting plot, and is handsomely staged and well acted. Next week, The Black Flag.

A Man of Mystery, a new melodrama by Mark E. Swan, is the attraction for the week at the National Theatre. It is full of thrilling sensations and opened to good business, Kidnapped in New York next week.

Aubrey Boucicault, by permission of William A. Brady, is the star this week in The Shaughraun at the Standard Theatre, supported by the Jermion Stock company, headed by Mortimer Snow and Charlotte Tittell. The usual vaudeville between the acts continues a feature. Business good. Next week, the stock company in The Wages of Sin.

The Rays in A Hot Old Time are a great card at the People's Theatre, attracting large business. Next week, George W. Monroe in Mrs. B. O'Shaughnessy. Dumont's Minstrels at the Eleventh Street Opera House have a new burlesque, Around the World in Twenty Minutes. Business large.

The Arch Street Theatre, with the Medvedoff Opera company, announce two performances of Faust, with Carmen for the rest of week. The operas are sung in German by a carefully selected company, but up to date have not received the encouragement or patronage they merit.

The programme this week at the Grand Opera House introduces Willard Clarke, who makes his debut in vaunderlille in A Widow Hunt; Streeter Zouaves, the Wilson Family, the Crane Brothers, Mlle. Bonita, Cedric Four, Barton and Brooks, Rice and Cady, De Vaux and De Vaux, Sullivan and Pasquella, and the St. Onge Brothers, bicycle experts. Business continues excellent. Next week, Anna Boyd, Pauline Hall, Marie James, Josephine Sabel, and Frederick Bond and company. For Christmas week, return of the Banda Rosa.

A monster bill of novelties is at Keith's Theatre this week, including Fay Templeton, who on account of illness disappointed last week; Felix Morris in Behind the Scenes, Barney Fagan and Henrietta Byron, James Thornton, Conway and Leland, Frank Cushman, Scanlon and Stevens, Brest-Riviere, French duettists; Three Livingstons, acrobats; John Barker, Chinese Johnny Williams, Boyce and Black, Sheehan and Kennedy, the Goodman, biograph. Patronage up to capacity. Classic Loftus opens here Dec. 25.

Manager William J. Gilmore has arranged with W. A. Brady for the production of Around New York in Eighty Minutes at the Auditorium at the conclusion of his New York engagement.

The Star Theatre, with continuous vaunderlille, will probably open Dec. 18.

At the Music: Boston Symphony Dec. 14 and Jan. 15. Paderewski Dec. 14 and Jan. 15. Burton Holmes' illustrated lectures Jan. 3, 10, 17, 22, 23. The season of Gran's Metropolitan Opera company will be inaugurated Dec. 23, a series of twenty performances, every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

Thus far this season every place of amusement in the Quaker City has made money, exceeding all expectations.

S. FENNERBER.

## WASHINGTON.

## A Chinese Romance Closes—Kate Davis' Illness—Plays and Players.

(Special to The Mirror.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.

The A Chinese Romance company has closed, and the company was enabled to get out of town late this afternoon. Last week's business was very light. What remained of the company's percentage of the week's receipts after heavy bills were paid is said to have amounted to only \$64. The sudden departure of the Chinese backer, Chu Fong, brought matters to a crisis. The company was under the management of B. S. Taylor, but Mr. Taylor left the city Tuesday.

It is said that the costumes and properties are deposited with a trust and insurance company. Roland Reed in His Father's Boy began his annual engagement at the Columbia Theatre to-night before a large audience. Ladore Rush divides honors with the star. Capable support is given by Sheridan Tupper, Brandon Hurst, Julian Reed, L. P. Hicks, James Douglas, Althea Lane, Mary Myers, and Lottie Alter.

The Empire Theatre Stock company in Lord and Lady Algy is the present week's attraction at the New National Theatre.

Through the Breakers attracted a very large audience to the Academy of Music. The play is capably acted by Fannie McIntyre, Antoinette Walker, Jose Bacon, Sol Aiken, James Berins, Charles Stewart, and J. Hay Cosar. Johnstone Bennett in A Female Drummer next week.

An Open Door, formerly called A Patriot Spy, an adaptation of J. Fenimore Cooper's "The Spy," by Lavinia H. Van Wenderover, opened at the Lafayette Square Opera House to a large audience, and was received with favor. A clever company is headed by Guy Bates Post, Willard S. Perry, William Hawley, and Elizabeth Baker. On account of the centennial of Washington's death there will be no performance Thursday night, the theatre being engaged by the George Washington Memorial Association.

Robert B. Mantell will follow.

Kate Davis, of a Chinese Romance, who suffered a stroke of paralysis last Monday night and was removed in a critical condition to the Providence Hospital, has so far recovered, so the officials at the hospital state, that unless a sudden change for the worse takes place, her chances for ultimate recovery are good. She has been unconscious part of the time and the power of speech has left her. Charles J. Campbell played Miss Davis' part of Changueh during last week. The statement that A Chinese Romance would close on account of Miss Davis' illness is denied. The company will rest next week and then resume its tour.

The Baltimore Symphony Orchestra will give its first concert at the New National Theatre Thursday afternoon. Mark Hambourg will be the soloist.

Walter Macnisch has been engaged as treasurer of Lockett and Dwyer's in Paradise company. Nate Stein, treasurer of the Columbia, who piloted the company through the Southern cities, has returned to his post here.

Roland Reed's company will rest the week before Christmas. Manager E. B. Jack will take a breathing spell in New York.

Our little citizeness, Alice Judson, lately seen here in the name part in Mile. Piff, has been engaged for the subterfuge role in Broadway to Tokio.

Chris Arth, Jr., orchestra leader at the Academy of Music, completed Saturday night his three thousandth night as director. In honor of the occasion a beautiful spread was laid.

JOHN T. WARDE.

## BALTIMORE.

## Bills in the Monumental City—Manager Kelly Honored—Notes.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BALTIMORE, Dec. 11.

Nothing funnier in the way of farce-comedy has been seen here this season than The Floorwalkers, which those popular comedians, Ward and Voeke, introduced to a large audience at Ford's Grand Opera House this evening. The play, which was written especially for the stars, abounds in originality and wholesome fun, and was presented in a very entertaining manner. The cast also includes Will West, George Sidney, W. B. Rock, J. W. Early, Frank Norman, Louis Powers, J. E. Cain, William Morris, Margaret Daly Voles, Hattie Bernard, Leslie Lyle, Belle Lorraine, Langtry Ashton, Florence Haskell, Gertrude Tyson, Hazel Burroughs, Lettie West, Maude Taylor, Valerie Montague, Isabel Cranston, Hazel Selkirk, Kitty Stevens, Annie Hill,

Sadie Weston, Evelyn Warren, and Lucy Daly. James K. Hackett will follow.

Why Smith Left Home is the week's attraction at the Academy of Music. Smith and his troupe provided a very amusing evening's entertainment, which was heartily enjoyed. The company, which is an excellent one, includes Maclyn Arbuckle, Fred W. Peters, Dan Mason, M. B. Snyder, Hans Robert, Brandon Douglas, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Hans Snyder, Gertrude Roosevelt, Dorothy Usher, Blanche Carle, and Mrs. Annie Yeomans. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in The Elder Miss Blossom will be the Christmas attraction at the Academy.

At the request of many of the patrons of the Lyceum Theatre, Manager John W. Albaugh, Jr., presented this evening Diplomacy. His excellent stock company has been seen in this play before, and it was his effort to-night to excel that first performance. I will not say that he succeeded, but it can be truthfully said that both performances were admirable. Scott Cooper has never been seen here to better advantage than in the role of Baron Stein. The Lyceum Theatre will be closed next week. The Christmas attraction will be an elaborate revival of The Rivals, while for New Year's we will have Mme. Sans Gene.

Carmen was delightfully sung to-night by the Alhambra Opera company at Music Hall. Clara Lane in the title role scored a genuine success. Grafton G. Baker made an excellent Don Jose, and J. K. Murray and Milton Aborn as Escamillo and El Remendado respectively did very good work. Other principals were Harry Williams, John Read, Eleanor Kent, and Florence Akeley. The chorus, as heretofore, was a strong feature of the performance. Silver souvenirs were given this evening. Marianna is announced for next week.

A Female Drummer is the bill at the Holiday Street Theatre. It is presented by a very good company headed by Johnstone Bennett. In the cast are Solie O'Neil, Harry Laddell, Oscar Pigman, Willis P. Swannam, Tony Williams, and James R. Smith. Uncle Jack Sprague is the underlined.

Members of Baltimore Lodge of Elks last Tuesday night made the performance of Through the Breakers at the Holiday Street Theatre the occasion of an enthusiastic reception to Daniel A. Kelly, manager of the company. Mr. Kelly was the moving spirit in founding the Baltimore lodge and was the first member initiated. It was in recognition of the work he had done for the order that the reception was planned. Between the third and fourth acts Mr. Kelly was called in front of the curtain and was presented with a handsome gold emblem made in the shape of an elk's head, with diamonds to represent the eyes. The presentation was made by Joseph B. Casey, the Emerald Rider.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place at Music Hall to-morrow night.

Manager Edgar Strachan has returned from a business trip to New York. Mr. Strachan is a firm believer in the future of the Music Hall, of which he is manager. His efforts have brought it into prominence as a place of amusement and have converted it from a practically dead investment to a paying one.

HAROLD RUTLEDGE.

## CINCINNATI.

## Sudden Curfew at the Theatres—Stock and Combination Bills.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CINCINNATI, Dec. 11.

Oiga Nethersole gave her wonderful performance of Sappho at the Grand to-night. The audience was both large and demonstrative. In her company were John Glendenning, Fred Thorne, Hamilton Revelle, Alexis Leighton, Nellie Thorne, Myron Calice, and others. Herrmann the magician will follow.

The Pike Stock company is seen this week in a revival of The Two Orphans. New sets of scenery have been painted and the regular company has been greatly augmented for the occasion. Holart Bosworth, Hershel Mayall, J. B. Everham, John Mosher, and Lizzie Hudson Collier, Lillian Vane, Agnes Maynard, and Chances Olney are all cast in good roles.

What Happened to Jones delighted two large houses at the Walnut yesterday. The company is headed by George W. Larsen and contains also Walter Lennox, Barney McDonough, Gilbert Gardner, Robert Brower, Anita Bridges, Dorothy Hammark, Emily Stowe, Ada Craven, and Josephine Shepherd.

Midnight in Chinatown was given at Henck's yesterday amid a wealth of scenery by an excellent combination, which included Louise Remington, Charles Gardner, Mac Barnes, Marie Lessing, James McElhern, and J. C. Moore.

Mrs. Rainforth, wife of Manager Rainforth, of the Grand, was taken quite ill last week, but has improved since.

An accident to the electric light plant last Thursday afternoon put the theatres in darkness and caused an abrupt dismissal of matinee audiences. Lamps were collected by the hundreds for use at the various evening performances, but fortunately the damage was repaired in time. Maude Adams was entertaining a tea party in her dressing-room when darkness came upon her, and she was obliged to continue by candlelight.

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra will give concerts at the Music Hall to-night and Tuesday.

W. L. O'Brien, of this city, is the author of the new play, Benedict Arnold, which recently had its initial performance in Minneapolis by the Neill company.

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

## ST. LOUIS.

## Nat Goodwin at the Olympic—At Other Theatres—Cleanings of the Week.

(Special to The Mirror.)

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 11.

N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott opened to-night at the Olympic Theatre in The Cowboy and the Lady before a good audience. During the week they will also appear in Nathan Hale and An American Citizen.

Kellar opened at the Century last evening before an interested audience of good size. He presents this season a number of novel illusions.

The Castle Square Opera company at Exposition Music Hall continue to draw big audiences. The casts presented have given general satisfaction, while the stage settings have been quite elaborate.

To-night The Bohemian Girl was presented, with Homer Lind as Count Arneben, Payne Clarke as Thaddeus, Francis J. Boyle as Devilshoof, Edward P. Temple as Florestine, Mary Link as the Queen of the Gypsies, Ada Mansfield as Buda, and Adelaide Norwood as Arline. Homer Lind and Payne Clark sustained the reputation they have already made, while Miss Norwood made a strong hit. To-morrow night Max Eugene will sing the part of Count Arneben. Miro Delamotta that of Thaddeus, Maude Lambert the Queen, and Maude Lillian Berri that of Arline.

Manager Garen has for this week at Havlin's On the Stroke of Twelve, with some very realistic stage effects and a strong cast. The prison scene was particularly effective. Two big audiences saw the presentation yesterday.</



## THE FOREIGN STAGE

## LONDON.

Three New Successful Productions—Matters of Minor Interest.  
(Special Correspondence of The Mirror.)

LONDON, Dec. 2.

Since last mailing time three important theatrical productions have been vouchsafed unto us. It gladdens me to be able to say that each of these productions appears to shape for a big success. To take them in order, the first was a melodrama of patriotic interest named after Rudyard Kipling's verses, which have brought more than £10,000 up to now to the most noble fund in aid of the widows and orphans of our Tommy Atkins and Jack Tars now fighting against the obstinate Oom Paul. That is to say, Shirley's new play is entitled *The Absent Minded Beggar*, and has for a sub-title *For Queen and Country*, the effective line so dear to every native—or nearly every native of this right little, tight little island. I say nearly every native, for, of course, in every nation, however great or however small, there will always be a smattering of traitors and such like fearful wild fowl. But hang on!—which is, of course, only what they deserve. Some question of the new patriotic play is now to be considered. Shirley has woven a very strong and exciting story, which starts at a banner making factory in Lambeth, a large and marshy suburb, which lies along the left or Surrey bank of the Thames from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall, which, it is said, the late unlamented Guy Fawkes once had a little lodging across the river to the Houses of Parliament in order to deposit sundry barrels of gunpowder prepared for his grand display of fireworks, which, as you will remember, turned out to be a fizzle.

In the aforesaid Lambeth factory is situated a strong love interest, in which the heroine is loved virtuously by a brave young Englishman named Gilbert Bay and viciously by an African named Van Buren. When you have noticed in this kind of drama, the dramatic personae always travel about in a *hic*—the conflict between vice and virtue as regards this heroine is increased in intensity and sandwiched with all sorts and conditions of exciting episodes. Here we begin to have poured upon us many examples of what the late Othello (whom Wilson Barrett will resuscitate for a few hours this afternoon at the Lyceum) used to call "moving accidents by flood and field and hairbreadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach." Also there is much shown of what the said Othello described, somewhat professionally, as the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." In sum, as Bard Browning was so fond of saying, Arthur Shirley has again done his work like a skilled workman. The players engaged by Manager Robert Arthur lend him excellent aid, among the best being H. B. Warner, son of Charles, as the British hero; William Clouston as the Boer villain; Fred Emney as a comic Jew, Lawrence D'Orsay in one of his usual masher parts, Annie Edmund as Mrs. Van Buren, Cicely Richards in a light comedy character called Patty Hathersett, and Lilian McCarthy as the flag fashioning heroine, Kathleen. The mise-en-scene used at the Princess, for the above named play is of the most effective and realistic character.

Play No. 2 was entitled *Gay Piccadilly*, and was the work of George R. Sims, librettist, and Clarence Corri, composer. It had been concocted for Manager William Bode to exploit Dan Leno. Ever since Richard Henry wrote *Monte Cristo, Jr.*, for poor Fred Leslie and Nellie Farren, the leading comedians and comedettes of burlesque and musical play have found it incumbent upon them to adopt as many quick changes as possible as can be conveniently crowded into the three hours' traffic of the stage. Of this kind is Sims' latest, but it has to be stated before going any further that in *Gay Piccadilly* is one of the maddest, merriest examples yet seen in our metropolis. The play in question made its first appearance in London on Monday at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington. As to its plot, it will be sufficient to say that Dan Leno represents a Tricotee or Cacolet kind of detective, who, to outwit a rival in his profession, disguises himself as Grace the cracketer, as a sandwich man, as a sooty and water-drenched captain of a volunteer fire brigade, as a most extraordinary corporal of the First Life Guards, as a still more extraordinary restaurant waiter, as a sporting coach driver, as a savage South African at Earl's Court, and finally as an American cowboy of a type so eccentric and multi-revered as to startle if not alarm all American beholders, and to utterly pulverize all British ditto. Our droll little Daniel is not only at his best in this play, but so funny in all his disguises as to cause beholders to suffer extreme pain by reason of over much laughter. Little Leno can only appear in this comical concoction a week, or so long as he will be wanted for Arthur Collins' next enormous Drury Lane pantomime, Jack and the Beanstalk, in which he will impersonate the character of Mrs. Kelly, the mother of Jack.

Play No. 3 is the new Savoy opera, *The Rose of Persia*, written by Captain Basil Hood, author principally of *The French Maid* and *Gentleman Joe*, and set to music by the Savoy's beloved melodiad, Sir Arthur Sullivan. The comic opera was enthusiastically received, which fate it undoubtedly deserved. For, although it is in many respects reminiscent both as regards story and music, yet it is certainly a bright, wholesome entertainment, which only needs the introduction of a little more rollick such as the Savoy's veteran librettist, Gilbert, would have infused into it. This, however, will doubtless supervene in due course, for the Savoy possesses not only the best company of its class in London, but also, lately the best singing low comedians. This is Walter Passmore, who in the *Rose of Persia* plays Hassan, a person who, in spite of being married to twenty-five wives at once, has hitherto led a contented life, until a certain sultana, out on an innocent razzle-dazzle with her attendants, happens to take up her quarters in his house. Presently, on being threatened with a few punishments from the sultana, including a little matter of decapitation, Hassan does himself with that popular Persian drug known as hang. While in an insensible condition he is carried to the sultana's palace, and on waking up is persecuted by order of the sultana that he is the real sultan himself. From this fact and from the mixed-up episodes that result, it will be seen that Hassan of Persia is a very near relative of Mr. Christopher Sly, tinker, who was induced to act similarly in a little comedy within a comedy written by a native of Stratford-on-Avon and entitled *The Taming of the Shrew*. I need not tell Huxton readers that the same idea has been used in other plays many a time before and after Shakespeare.

The name part of this opera is the aforesaid sultana, and is played by your young Californian compatriot, Ellen Beach Yaw. Miss Yaw has, as you know, some marvelous top notes and a marvelous way of producing the same, but to be strictly candid with you, this swanlike demoiselle does not in this case show any overwhelming promise as an actress. However, time will show what she will do in this regard. After Passmore those who do most justice to Hood's neatly turned epigrams and lyrics include H. A. Lytton, an admirable singing actor, as the sultan; your sweet voiced native, Robert Evett, as the juvenile lover, Yusuf; the beautiful and bright Louise Pounds as Yusuf's sweetheart, Heart's Desire; the ditto ditto Isabel Jay as Bimsh of Morning; and Rosina Brandram as Dancing Sunbeam, Hassan's first and most middle-aged wife.

De Wolf Hopper notifies me that he has just engaged your Adine Bouvier to play the Grand Duchess in *The Mystical Bird*, known on your side as *The Charlatan*, which he is to produce at the Comedy next Wednesday week. El Capitán finishes next Saturday its run of more than one hundred and fifty nights.

A revised version of old Dion Boucicault's *Rip Van Winkle* was successfully produced at our Kensington Theatre last Monday with Fred Storey as Rip, and a good Rip, too. The five hundredth performance of *A Runaway Girl* was celebrated at the theatre on Tuesday, and Manager George Edwards is now preparing a new Gaiety play written by J. T. Tanner and Harry Nicholls and composed by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. The Christian finishes its run at the Duke of York's on Saturday week, and will be followed by Jerome Klapka Jerome's *Miss Hobbs*, which you know.

The *Adelphi* play, *With Flying Colors*, finishes its run next Saturday, and on Monday week will be succeeded by Israel Zangwill's drama, *Children of*

the Ghetto, to be given by your American company, due here next Wednesday. We were all very sorry here to learn of poor Charles Coghlan's death.

The Licensing Committee of our London County Council have again been making things warm for theatrical, musical, and variety managers this week, canceling Sunday concerts here and drink licenses there, and in fact playing havoc generally. We are to hear from the L. C. C. again next week, and then—

But hold! We are observed! GAWAIN.

## PARIS.

Hermant's Le Faubourg—Sarcey's Library—  
News of the Week.

(Special Correspondence of The Mirror.)

PARIS, Nov. 25.

At the Vaudeville Abel Hermant's drama, *Le Faubourg*, has been produced. In previous works M. Hermant has played society and the nobility with the lash of satire, and the uproar created by his *La Mente* is well remembered. The lash is applied again in the present work. The Prince d'Entragues, its hero, has become disgusted with the narrow formalism of the Faubourg, and forsakes his titled associates for the free, careless life of the Bohemian quarter. Here he lives happily for some time, when on an unlucky day he is forced to return to the fashionable world to attend his brother's wedding. At this ceremony the prince meets Marguit, a girl who captivates him not alone by her beauty but also by her ideas, that coincide with his own. Her life has been an unusual one. Like Henry James' Maisie, her parents are divorced, and the girl has lived by turns with her father and mother. She has seen and learned much of the mockery of existence in the *bon monde*, and when the prince requests her hand in marriage she accepts him. Perhaps it is because their dispositions are too like, but their union proves a dire failure. Scarcely are they wed when Marguit falls in love with another man, a youthful enthusiast who has interested her. She takes no pains to conceal from her husband the fact that her affections have been transferred elsewhere, and even begs to be allowed to leave him. There is unhappiness for both, but the prince, still hoping to win his wife's love again, does not consent to a separation until the last act, when he gives up the struggle. The play is saturated with bitterness, from which there is no relief. The strength of some of its scenes is undeniable, and the characters are drawn with unerring skill. Possibly the shafts of sarcasm struck too deeply, or possibly the gloomy character of the play affected the audience, but at all events there was little enthusiasm at the premiere, and Manager Poel will probably have to produce another play in rehearsal. The acting of *Le Faubourg* was satisfactory throughout.

The Ambigu's run of hard luck continues. After the failure of *Mme. Zola* Bon Caden, *Les Blanchisseuses de Paris* was put on for a few performances, and now we have the old reliable *Cartouche* again. After the trash that we have had at the Ambigu lately, D'Ennery's play is welcome. It is genuine melodrama, romantic and exciting, and is doing quite well on its revival. A merry, clever farce has been done at the Bodinière under the title of *Capot et Pipart* of Cie. Leon Sazie and Georges Grison, the authors, have apparently studied their predecessors in the same path to good purpose. Their work is frequently reminiscent of other plays. Capot and Pipart compose the firm of the title. They are engaged in the manufacture of chocolate, and, while pretending to the world and to each other the utmost respectability, are conducting *sub rosa* flirtations. Capot's *case* is *Eglantine*, an actress, and Pipart's Sylvia, one of his employees. On a certain day both partners have arranged for rendezvous with their charmers at the home which the firm shares in common. Madame Capot has been packed off to visit relatives, and the servant has been suitably disposed of. But the "best laid plans," etc. A railway accident causes Madame Capot to return unexpectedly, and the servant also reappears too soon. Added to this, a salesman for the firm, who had been a "friend" of both *Eglantine* and Sylvia, arrives suddenly. The rest of the play is a game of hide and seek. Each of the partners tries to hide his mistress from the other, and both seek to conceal their partners in duplicity from the unwelcome arrivals. After much scurrying about and opening and shutting of doors, the tangle is straightened out to the satisfaction of every one. The players enacted this farce with much spirit and there was much hearty laughter. Preceding Capot and Pipart of Cie was *Poisson d'Aval*, a pleasing dialogue, by Henri Poin. Julien Goujon and Frederic Le Roy's operetta, *Eros*, was produced at the Lyric recently. It had a fairly cordial reception.

It is now said that the attacks on Claretie were instigated by the anti-Semites, M. Claretie being an avowed Dreyfusard. Whatever their source the attacks have subsided, and M. Claretie has come out with flying colors. The sale of the library of the late Francisque Sarcey is taking place at the Hotel Drouot. Most of the volumes are bringing high prices, one book having been sold for 2,000 francs. *Le Vieux Marcheur* has been withdrawn from the Varietes to make way for *La Belle Helene*, and Jeanne Granier is filling an engagement in Spain. The Eldorado has a hit in its new revue, entitled *L'Incident est Clos*, War Minister De Gaillet's dictum about the Dreyfus case. A farce by Pierre Decourcelle, Edmond Lepelletier, and M. Xanrof, is being rehearsed at the Ambigu. A funny incident happened when the one hundredth time of *Les Gaieties de l'Ecloutron* was announced at the Antioche. The authors, MM. Courte-line and Noret, rushed into print with the statement that there had been only ninety-six performances of their play. Imagine that in New York! T. S. R.

## AUSTRALIA.

J. C. Williamson's Plans—Dreyfus Play  
Makes Trouble—News.

(Special Correspondence of The Mirror.)

SYDNEY, NOV. 10.

J. C. Williamson has bidden farewell to Melbourne, and in future will reside in Sydney. The scene of the closing night of his season at the Princess was a memorable one, and Mr. Williamson was led into making a speech which occasioned much enthusiasm. He will have two companies in Sydney at Christmas, one with a pantomime at the Royal, and the other at Her Majesty's. When the partnership with Mr. Munro terminates at the end of the year, Mr. Williamson will endeavor to arrange a complete touring system for the whole of Australasia. This will probably lead to several of the halls in provincial towns, where there are no playhouses, being considerably enlarged, and better traveling facilities being provided by the railway authorities. The production of *Dreyfus*, by Walter Bentley and George Egmond, at the Sydney Criterion gave considerable offense to the French residents of the city, and the French Consul had to request its withdrawal, which was done after it had held the boards a few nights. The play was a failure and could not have remained in the bills more than a fortnight, colonial interest in the affair having ceased.

The Bronghs, who are occupying the Princess Theatre until the expiration of Williamson's and Musgrove's lease, have done very well, and do not regret their determination to remain in the colonies, the latest attraction being Tom Costello, Howard and St. Clair, the Englishes, and Spry and Austin. At the Melbourne Bijou the principal numbers are by Paul P. Dunn, G. W. Hunter, Sivroni, and the Valdanes.

The Sydney Opera House has been opened, with some success, as a vaudeville theatre.

JOHN PLUMMER.

I'm the fellow that plays the Dutchman.

## ROBERT ROGERS--LOUISE MACKINTOSH

The Columbus, O., Press-Post's clever critic, W. B. Woodbury, has this to say:

It was enough to warm the cockles of the heart of a sphinx, that glorious reception to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Louise Mackintosh, former Stock company favorites, now with "The Purple Lady," Rosenfeld's clever farce which brought down the house at the Great Southern last night. It was an uproarious piece and an excellent company, but the audience had eyes and ears for no one but Mr. and Mrs. Rogers. They were the cynosure of all eyes and the objects of most of the applause. The theatre was filled, and the greater part of the audience was there to give the glad hand to the former stock company players. It was an auspicious occasion, everybody seemed happy, the play went smoothly and, those before the footlights laughed heartily and were entertained immensely.

"It was a glorious reception," Mr. Rogers said to me in his dressing room between the acts, and his wife echoed

the sentiment. "When they asked me for a speech," he continued, "my eyes were overflowing with tears and my voice choked beyond the power of utterance. The well-come did my heart good."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Rogers are pleased with their roles and with "The Purple Lady." Of course Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were above reproach and furnished much of the comedy.

They were made the recipients of a mammoth bunch of roses, and the applause was so deafening that for a few moments it was impossible for the people upon the stage to hear themselves think and the din threatened to break up the performance. After the first act the popular play people were called before the curtain and received an ovation.

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## THE PATHOS OF PLAYWRITING.

We had always been considered an intelligent young person, in fact, it had been predicted that we would develop into a brilliant and useful citizen. But alas! to the horror of our many friends, we forsook the path which leads upward and onward, and began to write a play. Yes, it is true. Lured on by newspaper accounts of the dazzling sums earned by various plays, and which in our honest trusting manner we fully credited, we fell, shunned and regarded as a cross between an imbecile and a poet by all our practical money-getting acquaintances.

We had decided to commence at the top of the ladder, the only starting place which we could discern compatible with our semi-artistic temperament and self-respect. Now let it not be supposed for one moment that we wished "to elevate the stage," as the dyspeptic gentlemen of the press express it. Far from it. We had simply set out bravely to write a logical, well-constructed play, possessing at the same time the additional and extremely rare merit of being suitable for presentation before an intelligent audience.

Four long weary years sped by, during which we applied ourself assiduously to the materializing of our desire, and finally, after much heart sickening labor, the long looked-for time arrived, and our play was completed. It had been a long, hard, uphill fight, but we had concentrated all our energies upon this one play, and were so confident of success that we spent much of our leisure time in estimating the royalty which we would derive from it, and the many changes that success would occasion, both pecuniary and social.

The royalty we figured out as follows: Such a play as ours should take in at the box-office at least \$8,000 a week. Ten per cent., the small-est royalty that we would accept, of \$8,000 was \$800. Forty weeks at \$800 a week was \$32,000. Our play would be such a success that we could safely count upon there being at least two companies upon the road playing it, which would make our entire royalty twice \$32,000, or \$64,000. Figures don't lie, if they are counted correctly, and no matter how incredible the sum might appear, there it was in black and white.

Our plans were all settled. We would marry the lady that originated the leading role, our imagination refusing to conjure her up as anything but a beautiful, unmarred creature of a kindred soul to our own, and then, after roaming with her through foreign lands, we would return and devote the balance of our life to building up a great reputation as a playwright, and incidentally acquiring a large fortune at the same time. This, remember, all occurred before we had forarded the result of our genius to the hiring of the theatrical manipulator—his play-reader. Since then our views have simply been revolutionized, and we are confident that our survival is due solely to an abnormally large philosophical lump, and our inborn and unshakable confidence in ourselves. At present we have knowledge and experience to sell at reduced rates. We have a few pointers that we will give away.

First: That the people employed to read plays are either an extremely long or an extremely lazy lot. Anybody that has ever submitted a play to them, and, considering who and what most of them are, it is indeed submission, we feel sure will corroborate us.

Second: That no two of them ever agree.

Third: That it don't do to *ass* them. They have you down and give you but little show at best. If you sees them they will not give you any.

## GIRARD FAMILY THEATRE

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Buffalo, N. Y.

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MANAGER LESSEE Elroy Stock Co. Hot Springs (Ark.) Grand Opera House

## ESTHER C. MOORE

MEFFERT STOCK CO.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

## Sherman, Richard

Leading light comedy—Dad in Harness.

Fourth: Avoid originality as you would a plague. It confuses the person that examines your play and gives him the impression that you are an idiot.

Fifth: Reside as near to New York as you can. The express charges upon your manuscript, going back and forth all the time, would keep you in cigars and Manhattan quite a while.

Sixth: That the person who starts in to write plays for a living is—expression fails us.

Seventh: Don't write over the heads of the managers. It will not do to say that you cannot help it. You must.

Eighth: Make your play as versatile as possible, so that it will be equally suitable for a comedian, romantic actor, leading woman, character actor or acrobatic. It will enable you to send it to a much greater number of people.

Ninth: Never send your manuscript to any one without first obtaining their permission. You will never behold it again if you do.

Tenth: Don't, we warn you, imagine that because your play is superior to many that are being forced along, or because the demand for good plays is always greater than the supply, that it will help you any. Your "untried play" would be damned upon general principles just the same, if the demand was ten times greater than it is.

Ah, the tales that we could tell! The above are merely a few truths that we have had thrust upon us. We have been up against the races, faro, acting and three-card monte, but the gentle art of getting an untried play produced is a "peach."

But we do not despair, nor wish others to do so. We firmly believe that a person with ability, good digestion and plenty of nerve, will surely succeed if he lives long enough. We enable all, who ourselves still have faith in our play. Unfortunately, however, faith, like love and a lobster salad, is all right as a side dish, but you cannot exist upon it alone. HENRY CAMPBELL.

## OBITUARY.

Oscar Ellason, the magician, professionally known as Dante, is reported by cable to have died in Australia recently. Though only twenty-eight years of age, Mr. Ellason had been unusually successful. He was born in Salt Lake City, and made his first attempt at public prestidigitation at an amateur entertainment. His success was so pronounced that he entered the professional ranks, making his first appearance at New Orleans, where he scored an immense hit. After this he toured the United States and Mexico, and then played an engagement in Havana. Returning to this country, he called for Australia, under the management of Mr. R. Curtis, on June 2, 1898, and remained in the Antipodes until the time of his death. He caused a sensation in the Antipodes and toured throughout Australia and New Zealand. He was a past master in the art of leguend-magic, and is thought by many to have been the greatest prestidigitator this country ever has seen.

Sophie Chisem, for thirty-nine years the faithful negro maid at the Academy of Music in this city, died on Dec. 4 at Roosevelt Hospital of pneumonia. She was born in slavery in Virginia in 1829.

Charles Van Keraus, for a number of years property man and scene painter at the Academy of Music, Richmond, Va., died of apoplexy in that city Dec. 4.

William C. Smith (Richard Raymond) died in Cincinnati on Dec. 6. He was a brother of Mae Branson, at one time prominent in comic opera.

D. R. Sweetser, formerly manager of the Sweetser Opera House, Marion, Ind., died at that place Nov. 25.

Daniel Sully in The Parish Priest.



# THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

[ESTABLISHED JAN. 4, 1879.]

The Organ of the American Theatrical Profession

1432 BROADWAY, COR. FORTIETH STREET

HARRISON GREY FISKE,

EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Twenty-five cents an agate line. Quarter-Page, \$40; Half Page, \$75; One Page, \$140.  
Professional Cards, \$1 a line for three months.  
Two line ("display") professional cards, \$3 for three months; \$5 for six months; \$8 for one year.  
Managers' Directory Cards, \$1 a line for three months.  
Heading Notices (marked "A" or "B"), 50 cents a line.  
Charges for inserting portraits furnished on application.  
"Preferred" positions subject to extra charge. Space on last page exempt from this condition.  
Last page closed at noon on Friday. Changes in standing advertisements must be in hand by Friday noon.  
The Mirror office is open to receive advertisements every Monday until 7 P. M.

## SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, \$4; six months, \$2; three months, \$1.25. Payable in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.  
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Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

NEW YORK - - - DECEMBER 16, 1899.

Largest Dramatic Circulation in the World.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Christmas MIRROR, combined with the regular number of this journal for that week, will be published next Tuesday, Dec. 19, and bear date Saturday, Dec. 23. As the number of THE MIRROR for the following week will be published on Dec. 26, the day after Christmas, and the number for the next week on Jan. 2, the day after New Year, it will be necessary for correspondents to forward their letters for those weeks at least twenty-four hours in advance of the usual time, as THE MIRROR for both weeks must go to press ahead of the usual time.

## IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

The combined Christmas and regular MIRROR will be published next Tuesday, Dec. 19, and bear date of Saturday, Dec. 23. Advertisements for the Christmas section of this double number cannot now be received, but advertisements for the regular section can be taken until 10 o'clock a.m. on Saturday, Dec. 16.

THE MIRROR for the two following weeks—the weeks of Christmas and New Year—will also go to press earlier than usual, on account of the intervening holidays. Therefore advertisements for THE MIRROR to be published on Dec. 26 cannot be received later than noon of Saturday, Dec. 23, and advertisements for THE MIRROR to be published on Jan. 2 cannot be received later than noon of Saturday, Dec. 30.

## THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR.

The next regular number of THE MIRROR will be combined with the Christmas number of this journal, and the publication will be a holiday souvenir worthy of MIRROR traditions in every way.

The forms of the Christmas section of this great double number are now closed. Advertisements, however, for the regular section, will be received until 10 o'clock a.m. on Saturday, Dec. 16.

The necessity for going to press earlier than is usual with the regular MIRROR is imperative, owing to the very large edition of the double number to be published. Advertisers who have not yet sent in their orders should make note of the limit of time for receiving advertisements here set.

## "THE SALT OF THE THEATRE."

A BOSTON newspaper recently published the views of a number of actors on the question, "What is the Mission of the Stage?" Six actors, representing as many distinct departments of dramatic work, wrote on the subject. In the main they held one opinion—that the theatre above all else is a place of entertainment, yet that it cannot entertain without being artistic, or be artistic without being also true to life. And by this was meant that the drama must appeal to the normal sentiments and emotions that characterize life in its many phases. As one of the actors in the symposium in substance explained, "Being true to life, the drama cannot fail to be moral and to teach ethical lessons, just as life itself is moral and teaches ethical lessons."

In commenting upon this symposium, the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle declares that if the entire profession of actors could be polled, from the highest to the lowest, the concrete of professional opinion would be as worthy as that of the six actors who answered the question put by the Boston newspaper; yet the Democrat and Chronicle is of the opinion that the same questions should be put to theatrical managers the composite answer would be to the effect that the theatre is a commercial enterprise and must be conducted on a purely commercial basis, and that if the theatregoers were polled, their composite answer would be that the mission of the theatre is to provoke laughter. In conclusion the Democrat and Chronicle says:

The actors are then the salt of the theatre. They alone save it from utter corruption and worse than uselessness by cherishing and upholding to the best of their ability and opportunities the traditions, the dignity, the ideals of dramatic art. And this is not strange nor unusual. Every art owes all that it has of value, worth and dignity, not to the dealers and speculators in it, not to the money changers in its temple, not to its patrons, not to its critics, but to its honest, earnest, "visionary," "impractical," working artists.

This on the whole must be accepted as a just estimate of actors, managers and public. It is true that the great body of actors not only respect the traditions of their art, but strive to maintain them as best they may, and that the advances in dramatic art are always due to the efforts and ambitions of individual artists. And it is not necessary to explain that the dramatic traditions cluster about the best things that the theatre has known, or that artistic ambition has always to do with worthy things. The anti-madversion upon managers as managers pure and simple is true as to the past history of the theatre, but it is peculiarly and more generally true as to the present conduct of the theatre. Management has, in fact, been reduced to a condition in which the elements of barter and trade dominate, with all of their characteristics, including the ancient one of cozening, which, perhaps, was invented by the forebears of so many persons of the sort that is now so prominent in the "handling" of the dramatic arts.

As to the public of theatregoers, it is today—or it ought to be to-day—a better public than ever, because of the better and more enlightened conditions of humanity. Certainly the mass is leavened still by those persons the censure of one of which "must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others." The vulgar there are still, in multitude, of course, and they are noisy, potent, and profitable. They outnumber the other kind by a majority so overwhelming that the other kind are lost to sight in what the management of to-day complacently regards as the "push;" and yet the minority is strong enough to recognize art and to encourage it whenever, through the simple force of artists, it is put forward.

It is said that some years ago drunkenness was so general among the Russian peasantry that in one province of that country cheap theatres were established under government auspices as a means of reform; and that such was the success of the experiment that it is to be tried again, this time throughout the country, in towns having a population of 3,000 or more. Those persons that thoughtlessly and ignorantly condemn the theatre—happily they grow fewer year by year—ought to make a note of this and ruminate upon it.

THE irrepressible and infinitely-varied BERNHARDT wishes to appear as her own lawyer at Paris in a case of which she is defendant, but the court has denied her that privilege, which would be valuable enough as an advertisement even to reconcile her to an adverse finding. And yet SARAH may excusably felicitate herself on the fact that had the court been less arbitrary she might have exploded that ancient saying that he who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client.

## PERSONAL.



BLAIR.—John Blair's second special play production, to be shown at Carnegie Lyceum on Dec. 20, will be Paul Hervieu's *L'Esu Tennesse*, adapted by George Peabody Eustis and Paul Kester, and rechristened *Ties*.

HALL.—Josephine Hall may go to London to appear in her present role in *The Girl from Maxim's*.

BYRON.—Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Byron last week happily celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage at Byron Villa, Long Branch, N. J.

MERRON.—Eleanor Merron, author of *The Dairy Farm*, was entertained by Sorosis on Dec. 4 at a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria. Miss Merron was the special guest of Grace Barton Allen, whose mother, Elizabeth Akers Allen, wrote the song, "Rock Me to Sleep," which is sung in Miss Merron's play.

MORRIS.—Felix Morris has been made an honorary member of the Albany, N. Y., Press Club. He has presented the club with a very fine picture of himself.

ALBAUGH.—John W. Albaugh, Sr., retired from the stage after his performance as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice* with the Lyceum company, Baltimore, last week.

DE KOVEN.—Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven will reside in Washington this winter.

BOUVIER.—Adine Bouvier, it is said in London, will soon join De Wolf Hopper's company, taking her original role in *The Mystical Miss (The Charlatan)*.

PADEREWSKI.—Ignace Paderewski, "the magnetic Pole," arrived in this city on Dec. 6 from Europe. He was accompanied by Madame Paderewski, who proceeded to Boston to visit friends. The pianist will play at Carnegie Hall this (Tuesday) afternoon.

MORTON.—Dorothy Morton decided at the last moment that she wouldn't appear at the matinee of *A Greek Slave* at the Herald Square last Wednesday, so the audience was dismissed. Miss Morton says that her contract calls for only one matinee a week.

SCHWEIGHOFER.—Felix Schweighofer, the German comedian, scheduled to open at the Irving Place Theatre on Dec. 25, was asphyxiated by coal gas in Berlin last week, and cabled that he could not get here until Jan. 12. Director Conreid cabled, however, that he would be held to contract, and the comedian will sail to-day (Tuesday) from Bremen.

CRANE.—William H. Crane is going to play David Harum in the dramatization of the novel of that name. It will be produced this season by Mr. Crane's present company.

BURROUGHS.—Marie Burroughs, who has been quite ill in this city, expects to leave town soon for a restful trip that may hasten her recuperation.

CARLYLE.—Virginia Carlyle will give a monologue arrangement of the ancient Indian play, *Sakuntala*, at Sherry's on Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Revolution.

HERNE.—Mrs. James A. Herne has returned to Boston from New York, and will spend the winter with her husband and two daughters, who are playing in Sag Harbor.

ANDERSON.—P. Aug. Anderson has been engaged by Manager Robert E. Johnston to play Quilp with Mary Sanders in *Little Nell* and the *Marchioness*. Mr. Anderson was the Quilp in Lotta's production of Brougham's version of the story years ago.

WINTER.—Maude Winter, it is expected, will star next season in a rural comedy-drama now being written for her by Howard P. Taylor.

JACK.—John Jack has been specially engaged to play Grandfather Trent in *Little Nell* and the *Marchioness*, with Mary Sanders.

ALVAREZ.—Albert Raymond Alvarez, the French tenor, arrived from Europe on Sunday, to join the Maurice Grau Opera company.

TEMPEST.—Marie Tempest is reported to have resigned from the cast of *San Toy* in London, as a result of the wrangle about the costumes.

## HELL UPON EARTH.

When the very best lines in the play are cut out;  
When the critics inquire what the thing's all about;  
When the critics cry "Failure beyond any doubt!"—  
That's the Dramatist's Hell upon Earth.

When the scene he relied on falls perfectly flat;  
When the part he essays is more lengthy than fat;  
When the folks in the boxes turn from him to chat—  
That's the Play-Actor's Hell upon Earth.

When the play he has bought at a fabulous price,  
Believing the plot far more naughty than nice,  
Proves tame, in the popular notion of vice—  
That's the Manager's Hell upon Earth.

But none of these Hells upon Earth can compare  
With the Hell of the Johnnie who learns with despair  
That the actress he loves is more fickle than fair—  
That's the Hell of all Jells upon Earth.

RANDOLPH HARTLEY.

## ACTORS' FUND MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of the Actors' Fund was held last Thursday, with President Louis Aldrich in the chair, and a goodly number of the officers present. Very satisfactory reports of the recent benefit performances at Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Boston and New York were read, and it was found that the aggregate net sum realized was, in round numbers, \$8,400.

The Directors concluded that it may be expedient to give a vaudeville benefit performance in this city in February and another regular benefit later in the season.

An effort will be made by the Fund to obtain pecuniary assistance from the local governments of the principal cities of the country. This is deemed but just, since the Fund assists many persons who are residents of cities other than New York. At present New York and St. Louis are the only cities that give aid to the Fund.

## RICHELIEU ON HORSEBACK.

Edmund Breeze, of James O'Neill's company, had a lively horseback ride during the recent engagement of the organization in Baltimore. He stepped to the stage door for a breath of air, and, seeing the horse that was to be used in the performance standing there he bethought him to ride up and down the alley until the time for his entrance. No sooner was he in the saddle than the horse bolted for the stable. The good citizens who saw him, attired in his picturesque costume, wildly tearing through the streets, shuddered and called to mind the phantom horsemen of history. Mr. Breeze, when the stable was reached, leaped into a cab and reached the theatre just in time to go on. Some persons in the audience noticed that Richelieu was a bit short of breath as he delivered his opening speech.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

[No replies by mail. No attention paid to anonymous, impertinent or irrelevant queries. No private addresses furnished. Letters addressed to members of the profession in care of THE MIRROR will be forwarded.]

F. M. New York: The actress mentioned, we believe, has retired from the stage.

G. M. Z. Buffalo: Write to Brentano, Union Square, New York.

E. G. T. Minneapolis: Address in care of The Era, London, England.

J. A. B. Milwaukee: The winter quarters of Buffalo Bill's Wild West are at Bridgeport, Conn.

K. F. R. Syracuse, N. Y.: Stuart Robson and William H. Crane starred for a long time in The Henrietta.

M. Atlanta, Ga.: We have not been informed that the manager mentioned has ever "cultivated his voice."

X. X. X. New York: A letter directed to the actress mentioned, in care of THE MIRROR, will be forwarded to her.

W. A. S. Evanston, Ill.: Address General Music Supply Company, 42 Union Square, East, New York city.

R. T. Chicago: The actress mentioned had been, for several seasons before the present, a member of Hoyt and McKee's companies.

H. M. C.: The whereabouts of the company mentioned have not been reported for some weeks.

J. A. S. Schenectady, N. Y.: 1. The late Charles Coghlan was a brother to Rose Coghlan. 2. A letter addressed in care of THE MIRROR would be advertised.

A. H. Cincinnati, O.: Lole Fuller is credited as the inventor of the mirror dance. She has used mirrors in her dances in this country.

C. S. R. Cincinnati: 1. Boyd Putnam played John Van Buren in The Charity Ball with the Lyceum Theatre touring company during the season of 1891-92. 2. Robert Elliott played Lieutenant von Bernstein in Rupert of Hentzau with James K. Hackett last season.

MINNIE BLAKESTONE DOUGLASS, Omaha: "Kindly inform me whether I can protect scenic effects and stage settings, the same as the play for which they are created. Does the copyright of a play include and protect everything in the manuscript, such as business, settings, etc.?" This is not an easy question to answer. Probably the copyright of a play does not go as far as you indicate. Undoubtedly any scenic effect that vitally relates to the action of a play may be protected by copyright, and any scenic or mechanical device or setting that would be patentable may be protected by an ordinary patent separately from the play in which it is used. Your question is so broad that it involves more than can be covered by an answer of this sort. You had better reduce it to specific details, if it relates to a play in which you are interested, and consult a lawyer after full explanation of the rights you wish to protect.

## PLAYS COPYRIGHTED.

Entered at the Office of the Librarian of Congress from Nov. 3 to 16, 1899.

AGNES BERNAUER. By Otto Ludwig.  
THE DAIRY FARM. By Eleanor Merron.  
GOOD THINGS. By Harry H. Landes.  
THE HERO OF THE OREGON. By Violet Ray.  
A HOT RECEPTION. By Ella L. Herring.  
THE KING OF ROGUES. By Archibald Cowper and Henry J. Spiers.  
A MAN OF CHANCE. By Sidney Wilmer.  
THE MOCKING BIRD. By L. Francis Bishop.  
RUFUS. By George H. Howard.  
A TRIP TO PARIS. By Charles A. Mason.  
THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER. By George H. Howard.  
THE WYOMING MAIL. By George E. Sprout.  
THE AMER. By Frederic Ranken, Kirke La Shelle, and Victor Herbert.  
THE ANGEL AND THE PRODIGAL. By W. V. Breyer.  
BREAKING UP HOUSEKEEPING. By John T. Hanson.



## THE USHER.



The greater part of the Christmas MIRROR, which will appear on Tuesday of next week, is in press. Its manifold attractions will entitle it to rank beside the best of its predecessors in the holiday line.

The lithographed cover is the most artistic THE MIRROR has thus far placed before its readers. It has been designed and drawn on the stone by Ernest Haskell. Among the artists who have illustrated the pages of the Christmas issue this year—to name but a few—are Henry Mayer, Aspell, Higby, Walter Burridge, Frank E. Gates, Gray Parker, W. E. Parker, and Mostyn Kelly. Sixty writers, including many whose names are noted in the profession, have diversified the literary department. In the direction of portraiture the number will be a veritable picture gallery.

In addition to the voluminous holiday material, the regular weekly issue will be incorporated, thus combining to make a unique and complete production, and insuring an enormous sale for the combined editions.

Notwithstanding this double feature the price of the Christmas number—which has been 50 cents hitherto—will be reduced to 25 cents. The date for closing the last advertising pages is announced elsewhere.

The sale of Augustin Daly's library and objects of art, which is scheduled to take place in February or March, will be the most important sale of a dramatic collection that has occurred in years.

The books and relics have not been catalogued yet, but they are known to comprise a treasury of rare editions and extra-illustrated works.

It seems a pity that the Daly collection cannot be held intact—purchased by The Players, for example. But Mr. Daly was an extravagant book-lover and the value of his library would probably be beyond the means of any existing institution that is interested in procuring stage literature.

Arizona, which began its Boston engagement at the Tremont last week, has duplicated in that critical city the brilliant success that has attended its production elsewhere. Mr. Thomas' play, by all accounts, possesses artistic merits that are as marked as those of Alabama, while its dramatic qualities are far stronger.

Here is a play that has been triumphant both in a pecuniary and artistic sense everywhere that it has been acted, and that without the much coveted New York indorsement.

The reason why Arizona—which in the natural course of things ought to have been produced in this city long before this, and for whose career here a long run is confidently predicted by every one that has seen it—has been banished from the metropolis up to date forms an interesting commentary on the prevailing theatrical conditions. Sooner or later the play will force an entrance into New York, of course, but its prolonged period of exile would not have been possible were the natural avenues of theatrical supply and demand open.

The Philadelphia papers seem to be rather uncertain as to how to classify My Lady's Lord. Mr. Esmond's new play, produced there last week. One paper says: "Some might call it a farce, some a burlesque without music, others a fairy story, while others might give it a mix." Another journal speaks of it as a mixture of burlesque and romance. Still another remarks that "If My Lady's Lord should ever come to be taken seriously it would be unceremoniously damned."

The author himself describes his work as "a whimsical romance." Philadelphia playgoers do not appear to have seen its drift. How could they be expected to when the critics themselves are more or less at sea as to whether the work is a playwright's joke or an intentional extravaganza?

It will be interesting to observe whether the New York public gets any clearer insight into the meaning of the piece when it is offered to their consideration two weeks hence.

The New York newspapers—especially that group which is closely identified with the exploitation of certain managerial interests—tell their readers frequently of the fairy-like receipts of a bunch of stars "presented" under the auspices in question, but they rarely give attention to the genuinely prosperous receipts of stars outside the charmed circle.

Little has been said this season, for instance, concerning the remarkable business that has followed Viola Allen in The Christian, and yet this attraction has steadily

broken the records of all theatres where it has been seen, although the prices have never been advanced higher than \$1.50.

Miss Allen began her season in The Christian in Chicago on Sept. 16 last and played there for five weeks. The gross receipts for that period were \$62,123. The week of Oct. 21 she acted in Detroit to \$12,175; the week of Oct. 28 in St. Louis to \$16,165; in Cleveland the week of Nov. 4 to \$11,617; in Pittsburgh the week of Nov. 11 to \$11,437; in Philadelphia the week of Nov. 18, \$12,362. This makes a total in eleven weeks of \$125,882.

It would seem that these phenomenal figures were sufficiently unusual in themselves to warrant a note by those journals that make a specialty of printing the receipts of the attractions that move within the sacred confines of the Ring, but they are ignored consistently.

## THE "SUN" AND THE FUND.

The dramatic editor of the New York Sun, and advocate of the Theatrical Trust, has resumed his favorite practice of inventing and publishing articles concerning the Actors' Fund. It is not because Mr. Fyles has a grievance against the profession's great charity that he assails it from time to time, but because Harrison Grey Fiske, the editor of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, is a trustee of the Fund. The animus of his course will be explained later in this article.

In the Sun of November 24—a week after the recent successful benefit for the Fund at the Broadway Theatre—Fyles printed a tissue of characteristic misstatement respecting that entertainment and the circumstances preliminary to it. This article had for headlines: "A Possible Settlement of the Row in the Actors' Fund," "Henry Irving Permitted by Charles Frohman to Appear at the Recent Charity Matinee." It began as follows:

The appearance of Henry Irving at the recent matinee of the Actors' Fund meant that the row which has racked that charity may give way to peace. Last year the annual entertainment was a fiasco. Managers Hayman, Klaw, Erlanger, Nixon, Zimmerman, and both the Frohmans withdrew from the Fund, which had been re-elected liberally. Harrison Grey Fiske had been re-elected a trustee, and they showed their resentment by refusing to donate the use of a theatre. None of the actors managed or employed by them would volunteer.

Appropriately the first sentence in Fyles' connection is absolutely untrue. No "row" has "racked" the Actors' Fund. Henry Irving's appearance at the recent benefit had no connection whatever with the election or withdrawal of anybody on the Board of Trustees. He was asked to volunteer before he left England for this country, and he consented to appear with his usual generosity.

When Fyles refers to "the annual entertainment" last year it can be set down to his habitual ignorance of the facts. Four benefits were given for the Fund last season. The first, at the Broadway Theatre in a heavy storm (the one to which Fyles probably alludes), after deducting all expenses yielded \$14,623; the second, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, netted \$2,205. A performance was also given in Philadelphia and a vaudeville entertainment in this city. Nearly \$6,000 was received by the Fund from all benefit sources. With this comfortable result in view Fyles' assertion that "the annual entertainment was a fiasco" is ludicrous.

Before the Fund's annual election in the Spring of 1898 its members' nominating committee placed in nomination for re-election, among others, Charles Frohman and Al. Hayman as trustees, and Daniel Frohman as Secretary. They also nominated Harrison Grey Fiske for re-election as a trustee. The committee sent a representative to him to ask if he would accept the nomination, and if he would promise to serve for the two years' term in case of his election. This pledge was given. It was requested because the committee had heard rumors that Messrs. Hayman and Frohman would withdraw in the event of Mr. Fiske's election, owing to the feeling engendered by Mr. Fiske's opposition to the Theatrical Trust or Syndicate in which they were and are interested. In such prints as the Sun and the Mail and Express—mouthpieces of the Syndicate—the threats of withdrawal were duly published before the Fund's annual meeting in June. At that meeting, however, Mr. Fiske was re-elected without opposition, while Messrs. Hayman and the Frohmans were also elected. Their resignations were accepted by the trustees and the vacancies filled. From that day to this the Fund's operations have proceeded as usual without untoward incident or even the suspicion of what Fyles calls a "row."

Klaw, Erlanger, Nixon, and Zimmerman did not "withdraw from the Fund," as Fyles asserts. They were neither officers, trustees, nor life members. The "liberal support" of Klaw and Erlanger during the sixteen years of the Fund's existence had amounted to precisely \$14—paid semi-occasionally for annual dues.

The assertion of Fyles that "none of the numerous actors employed by them [i. e., the seceding managers] would volunteer" for benefits last season is also untrue. Several such actors volunteered and appeared in the entertainment given here and in Philadelphia. Equally unfounded is the statement that the seceding managers were asked to donate a theatre for a Fund benefit.

Fyles in the Sun of Nov. 24 proceeds as follows:

When Andrew A. McCormick set about preparing for last week's matinee he counted only on Julia Arthur and Mrs. Fiske among the stars playing in town. Richard Mansfield, Julia Marlowe, William Gillette, Annie Russell, E. H. Sothern, and Alice Nielsen were here, but not one of them would take any part in the matinee while Fiske was in the Board.

In a letter written by Mr. McCormick, which appears below, the falsity of Fyles' statements as here quoted is fully established. The identity of any or all of the present trustees, of course, had no bearing whatever upon the benefit.

Fyles next went on to say:

The outlook was not good for raising much money. Then Mr. Irving was approached. It was hoped that he would save the day. He was asked to appear in Waterloo, a short piece requiring little scenery and a small cast. That would, owing to the future over Irving, insure a crowded house. Sir Henry replied that he would gladly volunteer, if the consent of Charles Frohman could be obtained, but not otherwise. He had no right or wish to displace his American manager. Then Mr. Frohman was visited, but not helpfully, it is said. But to Mr. McCormick's agreeable surprise the multibillionaire manager answered "Certainly." That is one version of the affair. Another has it that overtures were first made by

the officers of the Board to all the managers attacked by Fiske, promising that he should be dropped from the Fund at the next annual meeting, as he was some years ago. Any way, Mr. Frohman consented to Mr. Irving's participation, and the result was that more than \$4,500 was taken in at the matinee.

"Mr." Irving was not approached at this imaginary juncture "to save the day." He had been asked, as already explained, before he came to America, and he was the first to respond. He was not asked to appear in Waterloo. The choice of the selection was left, of course, to him. Sir Henry did not give his consent conditionally upon the approval of Charles Frohman, or of any one else. Mr. Frohman was not visited on this mission by Mr. McCormick. No "overtures" of any sort were made then or at any other time by the officers of the Board to the managers comprising the Theatrical Trust or Syndicate, as it is variously designated.

Fyles' industrious fabrications conclude as follows:

John Drew, though a vice-president, had declined to volunteer at the previous matinee, and so had Mr. Crane, but both joined in this one. The understanding is that the exclusion of Fiske will be followed by a return to the Fund by those men who formerly sustained it and through whose efforts the memorable fair in Madison Square Garden was successful. It is said that they will get into another fair next Spring in case Fiske is turned out in the meantime.

Mr. Drew volunteered for last year's Broadway benefit; the reason for his non-appearance then is explained in Mr. McCormick's letter. Mr. Crane not only volunteered but appeared with his company at the successful Fifth Avenue benefit last Spring. He was not in New York on the date of the Broadway Theatre performance.

The "understanding" about Mr. Fiske that Fyles refers to is Fyles' own, sole, personal "understanding." In the letter from Louis Aldrich, President of the Actors' Fund, which is quoted elsewhere, the naked proportions of this particular misstatement are vividly revealed.

As for another fair, that project was discussed at the last annual meeting, looked into some time ago by a committee appointed for that purpose, and dismissed as inexpedient and impracticable, for the near future at least.

So much for Fyles' article, which has now been republished in full and refuted in detail. It forms a curious exhibit of mendacity.

The Benefit Committee of the Actors' Fund this year is composed of Andrew A. McCormick, chairman; Augustus Pitou, Edwin Knowles, Antonio Pastor, Eugene Tompkins, William H. Crane, Jacob Litt, A. M. Palmer, William A. Brady, Charles H. Hoyt, Harrison Grey Fiske, and Nat C. Goodwin. At a meeting of this committee, held some weeks ago, a series of benefits was planned, including the performance at the Broadway Theatre, which was given especially into the charge of the chairman, Mr. McCormick, who devoted both time and energy to the affair, with the substantial result that is known. A copy of Fyles' slanderous article in the Sun was called to Mr. McCormick's attention by Mr. Fiske, who received the following answer:

NEW YORK, NOV. 27, 1899.

MY DEAR MR. FISKE:

Replying to your favor of the 25th inst.: The benefit at the Broadway was determined on at the first meeting of the Benefit Committee after I was appointed chairman thereof. Immediately after the meeting adjourned I wrote to Sir Henry Irving. I figured that he would be playing in New York on the date proposed for the benefit at the Broadway. I was prompted to write to him knowing him to be the President of the Actors' Association of England, and I thought I stood a good chance of securing him for the benefit here, which would mean success.

In due time I received a reply from Sir Henry, stating that he would appear for the benefit and that he would see me on his arrival and let me know what he would do.

Previously to the receipt of Sir Henry's letter, however, several star attractions had been approached and, among others, the following had been secured: Mrs. Fiske and W. H. Crane. Other attractions had been approached but nothing definite had been obtained from them up to the receipt of Sir Henry's letter.

Not one of the artists mentioned in the Sun [viz., Richard Mansfield, Julia Marlowe, William Gillette, Annie Russell, E. H. Sothern, and Alice Nielsen], other than Miss Nielsen, was asked to appear. In a personal interview with her, Miss Nielsen regretted that she was then under the care of her doctor and she could not possibly jeopardize her own performances by taking upon herself additional work. She gladly consented to the appearance of any or all of the people in her company, and expressed great sorrow that she could not personally appear.

I do not know of any "overtures" made by any officer of the Fund to the managers mentioned in the Sun or to any other person that you should be "dropped" from the Fund at the next annual meeting.

The benefit given at the Broadway Theatre last season was under the management of W. A. Brady. I knew that Mr. Drew, at a Board meeting, volunteered to appear at that benefit. Before the date of the performance, however, and after his name was announced, he withdrew from the list of artists. I was informed that this was at his own request and the reason therefor was because he had nothing new in which to appear.

Very truly yours,

ANDREW A. MCCORMICK.

Mr. McCormick, who had full charge of the arrangements for the benefit at the Broadway, speaks with authority, and his letter categorically refutes the assertions of Fyles in the article under consideration.

A similar letter to that sent to Mr. McCormick was sent also to Louis Aldrich, President of the Fund, together with a copy of Fyles' article. To this the following reply has been received:

BOSTON, MASS., NOV. 28, 1899.

MY DEAR MR. FISKE:

The letter, with the newspaper clipping, received. Replying to your questions I would say: The Actors' Fund New York benefit of Nov. 16 was in charge of Mr. A. A. McCormick, who, as chairman of the Benefit Committee, obtained the consent of attractions.

I was informed that he received Sir Henry Irving's promise to appear before the latter left England.

When asked to personally interview Messrs. John Drew and Daniel Frohman I did so. Mr. Drew at once consented to act, and Mr. Frohman treated the matter in his usual generous manner, giving me full authority to get any attractions he controlled. Neither of the gentlemen made any conditions, nor spoke of such a thing, only expressing a desire to do all in their power to aid the Actors' Fund.

As to the fair next May, you are aware the idea was broached by a member of the Board, and as President a committee was appointed by me to consider the subject. Said committee duly reported it as "not feasible or expedient."

We, who were in the Actors' Fund Fair of '90, know that it could not be duplicated except after at least nine or ten months of preparation. So we are certain that there will be no "Actors' Fund Fair" in the Spring.

You have been on the Board of Trustees continuously for about fifteen years—first as the Secretary of the Fund. Radical changes were made at the annual meeting of 1889 by the members voting, but you continued a trustee.

At the next annual meeting, to be held in May, 1900, the association by the vote of its members

present alone can determine who shall hold office for the year thereafter.

You informed me several months ago that you did not wish to remain a trustee after your present term. Having faithfully served for so many years you thought you were entitled to be relieved of further responsibility.

I believe this fully answers the misstatements referred to. Very truly yours,

LOUIS ALDRICH.

A copy of Fyles' article was sent also to Sir Henry Irving, with a letter of inquiry. To this Sir Henry replied as follows:

BOSTON, NOV. 30, 1899.

DEAR MR. FISKE:

I fear I know nothing whatever of the circumstances to which you refer.

It was a delight to me to be asked to give my aid to the Actors' Fund, for which I first appeared some sixteen years ago and in whose success I am of course deeply interested.

With cordial greetings,

Sincerely yours,

HENRY IRVING.

Enough has been said on this subject to show the motive of Fyles' entire article regarding the Broadway Theatre benefit. In this it resembles several other articles about the Fund that have emanated from his pen during the past eighteen months.

It may not be an altogether appetizing suggestion to invite the readers of this journal to ascertain the motives of Fyles' persistent thrusts at the Fund, but such a proceeding seems to be proper and necessary.

Fyles is ambitious to be a playwright. He has made several attempts in that direction, his "works" to date including A Ward of France, produced by Klaw and Erlanger; The Girl I Left Behind Me (in collaboration with David Belasco), produced by Charles Frohman; The Governor of Kentucky and Cumberland '61, a melodrama. It is reported that he has written another play that has been accepted for production by Klaw and Erlanger. For this THE MIRROR cannot couch, although symptoms in Fyles' dramatic column in the Sun seem to point to it. With the exception of The Girl I Left Behind Me, to which Mr. Belasco's name was also attached, Fyles' play may be compared to the opal of Alphonso XII. The fate of The Governor of Kentucky, which Mr. Crane tried, is not forgotten. Nor is A Ward of France forgotten, either. Cumberland '61 was an ephemeral melodrama.

Now Fyles, up to Nov. 27, 1897, professed considerable friendship for THE MIRROR. In the Sun he frequently commended its character, noted its achievements and approved its policy. Fyles often in those days asked THE MIRROR to publish little paragraphs about his playwriting activities, and invariably expressed gratitude for services rendered and a lively appreciation of favors to come. But when, in 1897, THE MIRROR began its crusade against the Theatrical Trust or Syndicate in the interest of the freedom of the drama and the self-respect of its votaries, there came a change in the attitude of Fyles which, when THE MIRROR on the date mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph—made passing reference to the non-success of Fyles' play, A Ward of France, was transformed into active, malicious hostility. Since that time Fyles has lost no opportunity to display his malevolence.

This course, together with his constant use of the Sun as an adjunct to the purposes of the Theatrical Trust or Syndicate, has occasioned more or less comment of a nature not precisely flattering to Fyles. We do not say that he receives compensation from the Klaw-Erlanger-Hayman-Frohman-Nixon-Zimmerman coterie other than through the payment of money for his plays from time to time; but if he is a representative of the Trust or Syndicate he cannot be said to do his work either effectively or intelligently.

It may be said with some truth that Fyles is not worth the space THE MIRROR has here devoted to him; but in light of his efforts to injure a great charity, no fair-minded man or woman and no friend of the stage can justly deny that he richly deserves to be pilloried.

## THE CAPPANI CONCERT.

At Mendelssohn Hall on last Friday evening the distinguished vocal teacher, Madame Cappiani, presented a number of popular musicians—several of them her own pupils—in concert. The audience was large, and, though critical, was enthusiastic in applauding nearly every number of the programme.

The artists who appeared were Signor G. Del Puente, Hubert Arnold, Laura Bellini, Helen Dudley Campbell, Dorothy Rogers Noyes, Mathilde Hallam McLeaves, and Albert Quesnel. Upon the appearance of the famous baritone, Signor Del Puente, there was great enthusiasm, and after he had sung "Eri tu" from Ballo in Maschera the applause was as cordial as it was well deserved. Hubert Arnold's violin solos were magnificently played. His quality of tone and expression were remarkable, and after each number he was again and again recalled.

Other numbers on the programme that were especially enjoyed were "Ah! fors'è lui," sung by Dorothy Rogers Noyes; "Figlio mio," sung by Helen Dudley Campbell, and "Freibild," from Die Meistersinger, sung by Albert Quesnel.

## THE JOHN BLAIR SERIES.

The second play of John Blair's series of modern dramas will be presented at the Carnegie Lyceum on the evenings of Dec. 20 and 21. The play chosen for the occasions is Paul Iverin's Les Tonnelles, that was produced at the Théâtre Français about four years ago with La Barge, Langier, Budos, Gandy, Blanche Pierson, and Martie Brandes in the cast. The success of the play in Paris was so pronounced that Olga Nethersole endeavored at once to secure the English rights in order to include it in her repertoire on her American tour. The English version to be used by Mr. Blair is the work of George Peabody Eustis and Paul Kester. The translators have christened their work "Fies." In the coming performance Mr. Blair will play the role originated by Budos and Florence Kahn will essay the character impersonated by Madame Brandes in the first production.

## MAN'S ENEMY SUCCEEDS.

Gus Hill's latest production, Man's Enemy, met with an enthusiastic reception upon the occasion of its production last night at Albany, according to reports from that city. The play is interpreted by an unusually strong company, which is headed by Theodore Babcock, assisted by Dorothy Rossmore, Blanche Douglas, Gella Clay, Agnes Carlton, Duncan Preston, Thad Shinn, T. C. Hamilton, John Martin, H. Hirschberg, Sidney Spandauer, Lewis Morrell and others quite widely known.

## THEATRE BURNED AT CLINTON, MASS.

An overturned lantern set fire to the Clinton, Mass., opera house on the afternoon of Dec. 4, and the structure and many costly furnishings were totally destroyed. The loss to F. H. and P. F. Cannon, proprietors of the theatre, is estimated at \$75,000.

Xmas and New Year's week, Lockport, N. Y. ♦♦♦

Daniel Sully in the Marsh Priest ♦♦♦



## CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Week Ending December 16.

**New York.**

METROPOLE (Third Ave. and 42nd St.), WILLIAM BARRY in "THE RISING GENERATION."

OLYMPIA (Third Ave. bet. 125th and 130th Sts.), THE LITTLE FAIRY BURELSTON.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE (125th St. bet. Seventh Ave. and Eighth Ave.), "THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

HARLEM MUSIC HALL (125th St. bet. Seventh Ave. and Eighth Ave.), VAUDEVILLE.

MINERS (125th St. bet. Lexington Ave. and Third Ave.), "THE PALACE."

THE PALACE (Third Ave. bet. 125th and 130th Sts.), "THE PALACE."

CARNegie HALL (Seventh Ave. and 52nd St.), PATRICKS—Dec. 12.

THE NEW YORK (Broadway and 42nd St.), BIOGRAPH twice daily of the JEFFREY-SHARKEY COMET.

CHICKEN (Broadway and 42nd St.), JULIA MARLOWE in "BARBARA FREITHEIL"—3 to 6 P.M.

THE VICTORIA (Seventh Ave. and 42nd St.), THE ROGERS BROTHERS in "WALL STREET"—3 to 6 P.M.

AMERICAN (Fourth Ave. bet. 42nd and 43rd Sts.), H. TROVATORE, BOWEN and JULIET, CARMEN and AIDA.

MURRAY HILL (Lexington Ave. bet. 42nd and 43rd Sts.), HENRY V. DONNELLY in "THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND ME."

BROADWAY (Broadway and 42nd St.), BEN HUR—15 to 22 Times.

EMPIRE (Broadway and 42nd St.), JOHN DREW in "THE TYRANT OF TEARS"—10 to 11 P.M.

METROPOLIS OPERA HOUSE (Broadway, 38th and 40th Sts.), "THE TYRANT OF TEARS"—10 to 11 P.M.

THE CASINO (Broadway and 38th St.), ALICE NIELSEN in "THE TYRANT OF TEARS"—10 to 11 P.M.

KNICKERBOCKER (Broadway and 38th St.), THE KENDALS in "THE TYRANT OF TEARS"—10 to 11 P.M.

HERALD SQUARE (Broadway and 38th St.), A GREEK SLAVE—10 to 11 P.M.

GARRICK (38th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves.), WILLIAM GILLETTE in "SHERLOCK HOLMES"—10 to 11 P.M.

KOSTER & BEAL'S (145-149 West 52nd St.), ROUND NEW YORK in 30 MINUTES—10 to 11 P.M.

SCHLEY (112 West 52nd St.), NOW BUILDING.

MANHATTAN (125th St. bet. Lexington Ave. and Third Ave.), ANNA HEID in "PAPA'S BROTHERS"—10 to 11 P.M.

THIRD AVENUE (Third Ave. and 31st St.), SHANNON OF THE SIXTH.

BLISS (125th St. bet. Lexington Ave. and Third Ave.), MAY IRWIN in "SISTER MARY"—10 to 11 P.M.

WALLACK'S (Broadway and 38th St.), FRANK DANIELS in "THE TYRANT OF TEARS"—10 to 11 P.M.

DALY'S (Broadway and 38th St.), THE MANEUVERS OF JANE—10 to 11 P.M.

WEBER & FIELDS (Broadway and 38th St.), THE TYRANT OF TEARS—10 to 11 P.M.

CORNICIO (Broadway and 38th St.), HOTT DOTT—10 to 11 P.M.

FIFTH AVENUE (Broadway and 38th St.), MRS. FISKE in "THE TYRANT OF TEARS"—10 to 11 P.M.

THE GARDENS (Madison Ave. and 27th St.), RICHARD MADISON SQUARED GARDEN (Madison Ave. and 27th St.), CYCLE RACES—Dec. 16.

MINER'S (125th St. bet. Lexington Ave. and Third Ave.), CLARK BROTHERS' ROYAL BULLDOG—10 to 11 P.M.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (Madison Ave. and 27th St.), WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS—10 to 11 P.M.

LYCEUM (Fourth Ave. bet. 2nd and 3rd Sts.), ANNIE RUSSELL in "MISS HOBBS"—10 to 11 P.M.

EDEN (38th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves.), FRANCES IN WAX—10 to 11 P.M.

PROCTON'S (38th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves.), CON TROUSERS VAUDEVILLE—10 to 11 P.M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Fourth Ave. and 38th St.), SPOOKS—10 to 11 P.M.

IRVING PLACE (Southwest cor. 13th St.), DRAMA AND COMEDY IN GERMAN.

FOURTEENTH ST. (14th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves.), THE DAIRY FARM—10 to 11 P.M.

KEITH'S (East 14th St. bet. Broadway and Lexington Ave.), CONTINUED VAUDEVILLE—10 to 11 P.M.

ACADEMY (Irving Place and 14th St.), "WAY DOWN EAST"—10 to 11 P.M.

FOURTH AVENUE (Fourth Ave. and 38th St.), HARRY WILLIAMS' COMET—10 to 11 P.M.

STAN (Broadway and 13th St.), WILLIAM H. WEST'S MINSTRELS.

GERMANIA (147 East 9th St.), THE GERMAN COMPANY IN GERMAN REPERTORY.

LONDON (38th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves.), THE NEW YORK, JR. PEOPLE'S (38th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves.), THE HERBEE DRAMA.

MINER'S (125th St. bet. Lexington Ave. and Third Ave.), BRYANT AND WATSON'S AUSTRALIAN BURLINGERS.

THALLIA (38th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves.), THE HERBEE DRAMA.

WINDSOR (43-45 Broadway), THE HERBEE DRAMA.

## AT THE THEATRES.

## Madison Square—Wheels Within Wheels.

Comedy in three acts, by R. C. Carton, produced Dec. 11.

Lord Eric Chantrell ..... John B. Mason  
Sir Philip Cartwright, M.P. .... Grant Stewart  
Egerton Vartrey ..... Philip Cunningham  
Karen ..... Edward Lester  
Byron ..... Charles Giblyn  
Walter ..... C. W. Butler  
The Hon. Mrs. Oswald Bulmer ..... Hilda Spang  
Miss Cartwright ..... Eva Vincent  
Lady Cartwright ..... Grace Elliott  
James Blagden ..... Robert Hilliard

At the Madison Square Theatre, last evening, three three-act English comedy, "Wheels Within Wheels," by R. C. Carton, was produced for the first time in this country, before a crowded house. The comedy was first presented in London at the Court Theatre on May 23 of the present year. The London critics at that time hinted that the author had taken a leaf from the book of Henry Arthur Jones, with special reference to "The Liars," because the plot hinged on the same character—a weak and foolish woman saved from ruin and disgrace by the sense and shrewdness of a disinterested friend.

The story of "Wheels Within Wheels" concerns the efforts of the Hon. Mrs. Bulmer, a widow, to break an impending engagement between her sister-in-law, Lady Cartwright, and Egerton Vartrey, a fascinating bachelor. The play opens in the bachelor apartments of Egerton Vartrey, who is about to leave for a short trip to Scotland. Soon after his departure Lord Eric Chantrell arrives and is asked by Eaves—Vartrey's man servant, to occupy the quarters during his master's absence. Complications then begin. During Lord Eric's temporary absence from the room, Mrs. Bulmer enters, intent on securing from Vartrey's cabinet an apparently compromising letter which Lady Cartwright had written to him, while engaged in forcing the cabinet. Lord Eric returns and confronts the astonished lady burglar. She conceals the real reason for abstracting the letter, avowing it to have been stolen from her, and so charms Lord Eric with her frankness and unconventionalality as to disarm all suspicion. While the two are chatting and gossiping they are interrupted by the arrival of James Blagden. Troubled at the intrusion, Lord Eric hides Mrs. Bulmer behind the curtains of the dining room, perfectly ignorant of the fact that Blagden regards himself almost as the fiancé of the fascinating widow. From her place of concealment she hears all sorts of indiscreet remarks from the coarse and brutal Blagden, including his scheme of winning herself in marriage, toward which end he wishes to enlist the good offices of Lord Eric with her brother, Sir Philip Cartwright. After his departure she takes her own leave, having preserved her incognito from Lord Eric throughout the entire act.

Act second occurs a fortnight after in the Mayfair drawing-room of Sir Philip, a selfish and rather pompous politician, whose empty-headed young wife it is that his sister, Mrs. Bulmer, is endeavoring to save from the unscrupulous Vartrey. Complications are further developed. An elopement is planned and executed by Lady Cartwright and Vartrey, and to save her brother's wife from disgrace the astute sister-in-law determines to intercept the couple. She finds them at Beckington Inn, where act third takes place. Already

the weak Lady Cartwright has repented of her rash step, and welcomes her sister-in-law, who clears up her doubts regarding her husband's suspicious of his wife's hasty departure by announcing that she has left a note to Sir Philip with the news that she herself, Mrs. Bulmer, has eloped with Vartrey. The young wife later reappears, posing as the savior of Mrs. Bulmer, whom she rescued from Vartrey. The play develops to a happy end, the clever widow accepting the impulsive proposal of Lord Eric Chantrell, to the discomfiture of the bully and coward, James Blagden.

In a perusal of this story the resemblance of "Wheels Within Wheels" to "The Liars" is apparent. But the story is the least important part of the play. Besides its lack of originality, it is practically actionless. It is upon its dialogue and character drawing that the play can claim merit. And it is in this work that Mr. Carton is an adept. His characters are all painted with lifelike fidelity, and he does not hesitate to show the bad qualities as well as the good ones. Indeed, in the candor of some of the dialogue Mr. Carton rather approached the limit, and while the frankness is not offensive, scenes are not called by any other name. The dialogue throughout is of the "smart" order, fortunately not epigrammatic, however. It is delightfully written, brilliant and sparkling. To sum it up, Mr. Carton has produced a crystal comedy of modern manners, with which only one fault—the free discussion of subjects universally avoided in public—can be found.

The Hon. Mrs. Bulmer is another Lady Aiger, without the horse, sporting characteristics. It is doubtful if the role could have had a better exponent than Hilda Spang, who closely approached perfection in it. She was the ideal well-bred woman of the world, "frank, honest, cheery, and yet gentle," to use Lord Eric's description, which fitted her to a T. The finished qualities of her acting, the refinement and grace of her manners, and her personal attractiveness, rendered her performance an exquisite one.

James Blagden, coarse and brutal, yet passing for a gentleman, was played by Robert Hilliard, who was applauded lavishly. Mr. Hilliard succeeded in making Blagden the offensive man that he was, yet it may be questioned if his work was not a trifle exaggerated. Nevertheless, it was a praiseworthy portrayal, and Mr. Hilliard has done nothing better.

John B. Mason was admirable as Lord Eric. No one can play modern men of breeding better than he, and his quiet, natural action is always effective. Philip Cunningham, an English actor, made his debut here as Egerton Vartrey. He is a good looking, gentlemanly man, and a pleasing actor. His Vartrey was acceptable, but rather too likable for the Don Juan he was supposed to be. Grant Stewart was excellent as Sir Philip Cartwright, and C. W. Butler, Edward Lester, and Charles Giblyn did well in minor roles.

Grace Elliott was rather out of her element as Lady Cartwright, and the part lacked color and character in her hands. She must be credited, though, with a commendable effort in a role unsuited to her. Eva Vincent gave a capable performance as Miss Cartwright.

The stage-management was good, and pretty settings and gowns added to the favorable impression the comedy produced.

## Murray Hill—The Girl I Left Behind Me.

The performance of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" at the Murray Hill Theatre last evening was in all respects satisfactory. The principal characters were well played and the scenic effects were adequate.

Ralph Stuart, as Lieutenant Hawksworth was natural and convincing. William Redmond was a dignified General Kennion, and Walter Allen was so thoroughly admirable as Major Burleigh that one would choose to see him often in roles of the kind. Thomas Coleman was a capital villain as Lieutenant Parlow, and Charles D. Waldron, Herbert O'Connor, and Edwin Nicander were worthy of praise.

Hannah May Ingham impersonated Kate Kenison with grace and feeling. Dorothy Donnelly gave a capital performance as Fawn, the Indian girl, and Grace Huntington as Lucy, Georgia Welles as Ann, and Virginia Donner as Jennie were very satisfactory indeed. Next week, Carmen.

## Third Avenue—Shannon of the Sixth.

Edward E. Kidder's picturesque melodrama, "Shannon of the Sixth," was well presented last night at the Third Avenue Theatre by W. H. Power and his company. The star in the title role was an admirable hero, and his acting won a great deal of applause. C. M. Charles was a forcible Captain Arlington, and Anthony Andre gave an artistic, dignified and convincing portrayal of the Brahmin priest, Ram Koorah.

Ethel Woodman as Dora Kimber was winsome and attractive. The Surada of Jewell Varney was one of the most intense and convincing impersonations of the performance.

The other characters were for the most part in good hands, although some of the players who essayed the comedy roles were apparently more pleasing to themselves than to the audience. A quartette, composed of D. H. Evans, E. V. Baker, J. F. Hayes, and A. H. Hurley, sang a number of selections during the fourth act that were greatly enjoyed and heartily applauded. Next week, "Wicked London."

## Star—West's Minstrels.

William H. West's Big Minstrel Jubilee organization began its engagement at the Star Theatre on Monday night before an audience that filled the house almost completely. The entertainment provided by the company was distinctly up-to-date and was thoroughly enjoyable.

Richard J. Jose sang several ballads in his old-time sympathetic manner, and was compelled to respond to many encores. Charles G. Weber and John P. Rogers were also heartily applauded for their serious songs. Of the comedians, Carol Johnson, Tom Lewis, and Fred Warren were the most successful in winning laughs.

The specialty called "Signal Lights" was novel and highly entertaining, and the spectacular reproduction of the storming of San Juan Hill was thrilling in the extreme. Other enjoyable features of the bill were the Luken Brothers, acrobats; the Marville Trio, Lewis Parshley, xylophone soloist, and David Meier, bag puncher.

## Grand—Sporting Life.

At the Grand Opera House last evening a crowded house applauded the exciting scenes of "Sporting Life," waxing especially enthusiastic over the prize fight and the horse race. Manager Jacob Litt's company is in many respects unchanged from that of the original production at the Academy of Music last season. Elita Proctor Otis is still a very effective Olive de Cartaret. Joseph Kilgour as the Earl of Woodstock gives an able performance. Among the others in the cast are Frank Busbeck, Fraser Coulter, Joseph Wheelock, Sr., William Elmer, Charles F. Gottbold, Marion Elmore, and Frances Stevens. The same elaborate scenery was used, and a large force of supernumeraries was employed. Shore Acres will open next Monday, for two weeks.

## American—Il Trovatore.

The Castle Square Opera company, at the American Theatre, began a "repertoire week" last night, with the performance of "Il Trovatore." The opera was presented with the same cast and in the same satisfactory manner as it was earlier in the season. The performance for the rest of the week is as follows: To-night (Tuesday), "Il Trovatore" will be repeated, with a complete change of cast; Wednesday matinee and Wednesday night, "Romeo and Juliet"; Thursday and Friday nights, "Carmen"; Saturday matinee and Saturday night, "Aida." The orchestra has been enlarged for the week, and the full company will appear in the revivals.

## Metropolis—The Rising Generation.

William Barry is the attraction for the week at the Metropolis, appearing in "The Rising Gen-

eration. Mr. Barry is assisted by his sister, Lydia, and George Felix, who introduce their clever specialty, "The Vaudeville Craze."

## At Other Playhouses.

GARDEN.—Richard Mansfield appears this week in a revival of "Beau Brummel." On Dec. 21 he will revive "Prince Karl," on Dec. 22 "A Parisian Romance," and at the matinee on Dec. 23 he will appear in "Prince Karl," and in the evening in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." On Christmas night "The First Violin" will be produced.

FIFTH AVENUE.—Mrs. Fiske on Monday night appeared in "Becky Sharp" for the 101st time at the Fifth Avenue, and varied the usual practice of giving souvenirs on a 100th performance by making the 101st a souvenir event. The souvenir on this occasion was a handsome brochure entitled "The Becky Sharp Picture Book." It contained an appreciation of Mrs. Fiske in this play by Edward Fales Coward, a detailed story of the play, and many fine illustrations. These included several pictures of Mrs. Fiske as Becky, with pictures of characters in and scenes from the play from photographs, a reproduction of the original title page of "Vanity Fair," drawn by Thackeray, as well as other of Thackeray's drawings of characters in his book. This is the last fortnight of Mrs. Fiske at the Fifth Avenue, the bookings of the theatre and her own plans making impossible her further stay in New York. Mrs. Fiske's time at the Fifth Avenue has been repeatedly extended beyond the original engagement. Her patronage has been remarkable for the long term that Becky Sharp has run, and from all indications she might have remained here all season, had it been possible to further lengthen her stay.

CASINO.—Alice Nielsen is in her last month here.

WALLACK'S.—Frank Daniels continues in "The Amer."

EMPIRE.—John Drew continues in "The Tyranny of Tears" until Dec. 23. On Dec. 25 the Empire Theatre company will be seen in "My Lady's Lord."

CRITERION.—Souvenirs of the fiftieth performance of "Barbara Freitche" were given here on Monday night.

FOURTEENTH STREET.—The Dairy Farm will close its engagement next week.

MANHATTAN.—Anna Heid continues in "Papa's Brother."

BLISS.—May Irwin goes on merrily in "Sister Mary."

LYCEUM.—Annie Russell is still appearing in "Miss Hobbs."

GARRICK.—William Gillette has entered upon his second month in "Sherlock Holmes."

DALY'S.—The Manuevers of Jane is the bill.

HERALD SQUARE.—A Greek Slave is in its third week.

KNICKERBOCKER.—The Kendals may be seen at this house this and next week. On Christmas Day Nat C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott will appear in "The Cowboy and the Lady."

## ENGAGEMENTS.

Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, for the new Casino musical comedy to follow "Little Red Riding Hood." Max Freeman will stage the production.

J. M. J. Kane, who was general press agent and manager of car No. 1 for John Robinson's Circus during the past season, as business-manager in advance of Oliver Scott's Big Minstrel Carnival.

Marie Berg, for "The Golden Chrysanthemum."

Aubrey Beattie, for "Kit Nubbles, with May Sanders in "Little Nell and the Marchioness."

Mary Mackenzie, to play Mrs. Quilp with May Sanders in "Little Nell and the Marchioness."

George B. Miller, for "The City of New York," to play the heavy role.

Among the engagements by Robert E. Johnston to support Mary Sanders in "Little Nell and the Marchioness" are P. Augustus Anderson, William Seymour, Charles Stanley, Aubrey Beattie, Mary McKennie, Mollie Revell, Lillie Eldridge, and Harry Lacy.

Ann Warrington, for "London Life."

Will E. Booth, for "Yoritomo, the Mikado, in "The Golden Chrysanthemum."

Frank McGlynn, with Henry Miller.

John J. Pierson, now with "When London Sleeps," to originate the title-role in J. H. Wallack's new production, "The King of Rogues."

L. D. Bondell, with Mary Sanders in "Little Nell and the Marchioness."

With Elsie de Tourney in "Mary Stuart": Emma Brown, Clara Doyle, Mabel Hawthorne, Freeman De Wolfe, Edwin Scribner, Richard Moncrief, William Davis, and Cornelius Clarke.

Dollie Wolbert and Louis J. Russell, having resigned from Mitchell's Players, with Charles E. Bloomer.

Lem A. Warner, having retired from "The Hearts of the Blue Ridge," for "On the Suwanee River."

Charles McLure, for "Hotel Topsy Turvy."

Clarence Fleming by Dr. G. W. Purdy, as business-manager for "Fanny Rice."

Kittie Nelson, with Gus Hill, to play the sou-brette role in "McFadden's Row of Flats."

Mollie Ravel, with Mary Sanders.

Beattie Rogow, for "Quo Vadis."

William Walcott, with Joseph Murphy.

Orlin Klye, Edwin Emery, and Winifred Bonnewitz, with Sis Hopkins.

Lottie Wade, Herbert Jones and Joseph Farrean, with "London Life."

Eva Westcott, for "An American Girl."

John Jack, by R. E. Johnson, with Mary Sanders in "Little Nell and the Marchioness."

Samuel Blair has engaged for the production of "The Bowery After Dark," which opens Christmas day at the Star Theatre: Victory Haldeman, Willis Granger, Belle Gold, Annie Lewis, Frank J. Frayne, R. E. Graves, W. J. Shea, Tom Kelly, John Daly, Louise Ripley, Louise Dempsey, Flora May, J. P. Tucker, Joe Johnson, George N. Conardine, R. E. West, Fred R. Jones, and Carlyle Duval.

H. J. Holliday as stage-manager and to play a character role with Mary Sanders.

## THE ELKS.

Utica, N. Y., lodge, No. 33, held its memorial services in the Opera House, Dec. 3, before a large audience. The meeting was opened by E. R. A. J. Flertine. Reno R. Billington, of New York lodge, No. 1, delivered the eulogy. A quartette sang, and instrumental music was furnished by Berger's Orchestra.

The Broadway Theatre, Denver, was filled Dec. 2 for the Memorial services of Lodge No. 17. A fine orchestra opened the programme with Chopin's "Marche Funebre," followed by the opening ceremonies by the lodge and its officers. A quartette composed of Brothers Havens and Martin and Messrs. Crompton and Owen occupied two places on the programme. Claude Rayer, baritone, rendered "A Dream of Paradise." Hon. I. N. Stevens delivered the General Eulogy. Brother J. H. Reddin delivered the eulogy of the five brothers who have passed away during 1899.

New Lexington, O., lodge, No. 509, dedicated their elegant new quarters on Thanksgiving Day. Mattoon, Ill., lodge, No. 495, took possession of its new rooms Dec. 6.

Racine, Wis., lodge, No. 252, held memorial services in their rooms on Dec. 3. An interesting programme was offered before a large audience.

## THE STROLLERS IN MUSICAL COMEDY.

Before a great assemblage of society luminaries and such, The Strollers presented last evening in the theatre of the Waldorf-Astoria an original three-act musical comedy, "The Lady from Chicago," book by Edward Fales Coward, Louis Fitzgerald, Jr., J. Cheever Goodwin, Rupert Hughes, Robert C. Sands, and James Barnes; lyrics by J. Cheever Goodwin; music by Richard Henry Warren, Henry K. Hadley, William F. Peters, and Melville Elia. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Zigger ..... Carrie Perkins  
Xenophon Ypsilanti Zigger ..... William T. Wood  
Isogene Michigam Zigger ..... Frances Millett Hoyt  
Peachy Zigger ..... Grace Hoyt  
Auditorium Lakefront Zigger ..... Otho Cushing  
Mr. Livingston ..... Edward Fales Coward  
Gwendolyn Carstairs ..... Elizabeth Donaldson  
Juanita de Velourhous ..... Emily Key Hoffman  
Lou de la Tremouille ..... Louis K. Metcalfe  
Comte Gardaula de Montequion-Poussac ..... Ralph Olmstead Ives  
Percy Papersport ..... Walter Fairman Dyett  
Gryll Lightwate ..... William R. Belchamly  
Rastus ..... William E. Doyle, Jr.  
Georgiana Pasmala Augusta Thompson ..... Louis Fitzgerald, Jr.  
Carolina Washington ..... Herbert N. Rawlinson  
Tim ..... Joseph G. Lamb  
Louty ..... Charles Lewis Safford

The play began with a scene showing a private car on the Chicago Limited, wherein were shown Mr. Zigger, of Chicago, the millionaire president of the Peanut Trust, Mrs. Zigger, their son and two daughters, who were coming hither to revolutionize New York society. On the train they fell in with one Livingston, of this town, who readily volunteered to introduce them in our best circles. Upon their arrival here, however, Livingston engaged a select corps of at-liberty societies to impersonate society folk, and enlisted a lot of cheerful clubmen to help out the joyous deception. Mrs. Zigger chartered gorgeous apartments at the Waldorf-Astoria, and there Livingston presented to her his representative New Yorkers. Then they took the Chicago lady around the town, and she saw a very great deal whereof she wotted not that society folk knew. To reciprocate their courtesies, Mrs. Zigger gave a grand ball at the Waldorf-Astoria and—well, that was about all there was of the plot.

It is quite the thing in England for six or seven persons to collaborate in projecting a musical comedy, and they sometimes do very well; yet here were no less than ten persons, and they did not so well. The admirable basal idea was employed with only fair skill, and the major part of the good music and diverting lyrics was lost somehow in the shuffle. There was every advantage of excellent scenery by John Young, capital clothes and mountings, and a list of patronesses that would make Burke's Peerage look like a laundry list, and yet the spirit of comedy satle a not with them. The Strollers used to give some highly creditable performances in older days, when they were an annex to Columbia College, but they seemed last evening to have lost the pace. One member explained apologetically that the players, though crude at first, would be all right by Wednesday, and perhaps they will.

Of course, there were some shining exceptions. Carrie Perkins, drafted from professional ranks, gave a delightfully satirical sketch of a Chicago paragon as Mrs. Zigger; Edward Fales Coward was capital amusing and thorough as the affable Livingston; Otho Cushing contributed a really clever sketch of a sporty Chicago youth; William T. Wood acquitted himself very well as old Zigger; the Misses Hoyt were pretty and dainty as the Misses Zigger, and Arthur G. Lamb put in a neat portrait of a waiter. For the rest it was best, perhaps, to await the foregoing prediction for Wednesday.

The Duke of Manchester sent a letter saying that because of his sister's illness he couldn't appear as advertised, and Mr. Coward announced this deplorable fact to a murmur of genuine sorrow from the loggotted and monocolled gathering. We may hope only that the stage has not lost irreparably by this sad mischance.

The performance will be repeated every evening this week, excepting Thursday, with matinees Friday and Saturday, and it is to be hoped that the execrable arrangements in front may be remedied during the week. The hall was not opened until the announced time for the curtain to rise, a great crush outside resulting; the programmes were exhausted long before the chairs were filled; and most every one was put in the wrong seat and had to climb out with great loss of comfort, not to mention damage to finery, of which much was in evidence.

The Strollers' building fund and several charities will benefit by the performances, and an unusual treat is offered at both matinee and evening Friday and Saturday, when Mackenzie Gordon is going to sing.

## THE ZANGWILL PLAY IN LONDON.

Lieber and Company last night received a cablegram from Manager Tyler, who went across to be present at the opening of "The Children of the Ghetto" in London at the Adelphi Theatre, to the effect that the play has scored a success. It was warmly received by a large audience, and Wilton Lackaye and others prominent in the company were repeatedly called before the curtain.

## CORSE PAYTON BUYS A THEATRE.

On Saturday Corse Payton purchased from the Williamburg Savings Bank the Lee Avenue Academy. He will have it rebuilt at a cost of \$25,000 or more, if necessary, to make it one of the handsomest theatres in Greater New York, and it will open early next season as The Corse Payton Theatre. Mr. Payton will not now divulge the policy on which the house will be run.

## CUES.

Nelly Russell's apartment in this city was entered and robbed last week. A restaurant cashier was arrested on suspicion.

Lillian Marion Knott, formerly in Camille D'Arville's company, has been sentenced to the workhouse in Minneapolis for forty days, charged with petit larceny.

Pauline Joram was married to Baron William de Bush, the scientist, in London Eng., on Dec. 6.

Edward Anderson Emery and Florence Wheatley Simpson, of The Christian, were married at Sioux City, Ia., on Dec. 6.

Frank E. Sherry, a manager, of Elmira, N. Y., and Catherine Louise Benethon, a non-professional, of Reading, Pa., were married at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Dec. 4.

Thomas Lennon, of the Lennon Stock company, is reported to be critically ill with spinal meningitis at Oakland City, Ind.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wesley, in this city, on Dec. 4. Mr. Wesley, who is with Finnigan's Ball, heard the news at Sycamore, Ill., and banqueted the company there in honor of the event.

Edward Mulkey has resigned from The Little Hussar to join A Chinese Romance.

## SAID TO THE MIRROR.

EDWARD G. HINERBAUGH.—"Please contradict the report that Elsie de Tourney closed at Beloit, Wis., recently. The performance at Beloit was merely a trial. Mlle. de Tourney's regular company, under my management, is now rehearsing, and will open the season on Dec. 19."

CHRIS BRUNO.—"Mable Russell is not imitating Mayme Gehrne in our specialty at Koster and Bial's. The act was put together by me last season while I was with A Dangerous Maid, and was done by Marie George, and myself until Miss Gehrne joined the company, when I taught it to her."

BARNEY GILMORE.—"Business has been splendid everywhere. At the Star Theatre, New York, last week it far exceeded my expectations. E. J. McLaughlin continues as my manager."

I'm the fellow that plays the Dutchman.



## THE STOCK COMPANIES.

Robert Wayne, leading man of the Hopkins Stock Company, Chicago, secured a pronounced hit last week as Jefferson in Aristocracy.

May Hosmer, of the Hopkins Stock Company, Chicago, is this week giving a charming impersonation of Clairette in A Fair Rebel. She will follow next week as Lady Leah in East Lynne. Aside from her acting, Miss Hosmer has another specialty—fondness of high-bred dogs. She has two that took prizes at the Milwaukee bench show a few weeks ago.

The Dearborn Stock Company is presenting Alabama this week, with Edwin Arden as Captain Davenport.

The Valentine Stock Company presented The Waming of the Shrew at the Grand Theatre, Winnipeg, Nov. 27, to large and appreciative audiences. It proved their great success thus far. Jessie Bonstelle, as Katherine, gave an intelligent interpretation. E. R. Mawson made a capital Petruchio, and Jack Webster, as Lucentio, was the ideal lover. The other members of the company were capable. The diversified plays presented by this company are greatly to their credit. The gowns of the ladies are features of the productions.

Joseph W. Walsh has succeeded Ed Dudley as stage-manager of the Hopkins Stock Company in Memphis, Tenn. Margaret Terry has resigned, to join the Dearborn Stock Company, Chicago. The work of Frederick Montague, the leading man, has won much praise, particularly his Reuben Warner in The Lost Paradise. Joseph W. Walsh is not only a capable stage director, but plays the heavy leads acceptably.

Harry W. Rich has been engaged for comedy and character roles with the Cummings Stock Company, Toronto.

At the Théâtre Français, Montreal, Dec. 4, Lady Windemere's Fan was produced with great success. Lucius Henderson made a splendid Lord Windemere, and Thomas J. McGrane deserves much praise for his Lord Darlington. Frank Nelson outdid himself as Lord Augustus Lorton. Drew A. Morton, Frederick Webber, Joseph Cleworth and Harry Karger left little to be desired. Helen Byron's Lady Windemere was one of the best acts she has done. The hit of the week among the women was made by Lillian Buckingham. Helen Holland, Edith Vaughan and Lillian Schenck were also in the bill. For this week Bootie's Baby is the bill. Manager Phillips and his bride are expected home at the end of the week.

Charles N. Lum has resigned as stage-manager and assistant director of the Moffett Stock Company, Louisville, and has gone to his home at Columbus, O., for the holidays, after which he will return to New York.

## THE P. W. L. BAZAR.

The fourth annual bazar of the Professional Woman's League opened in the small ball room of the Waldorf Astoria last evening, and will continue throughout the evening. There was a good sized crowd present and every one praised the beautiful decorations of the many booths. The fair is in active charge of Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, chairman of the Benefit Committee.

The booths and those in charge of them are as follows: Dolls—Wee-Vivian Bernard, chairman; Mrs. Charles Childs, Louise Sterling, Mrs. Hazen, and Miss Crabtree. Art—Ida Cowles Faubel, chairman; Elita Proctor, Oris, Cora Tanner, Beatrice Moreland, Hattie Neffen, and Anna Lyons. Candy—Mrs. George Frederick Hinton. Pillows, Bags and Cushions—Madame Tugnot, and Mrs. Vantine. Flowers—Mrs. Ann Ailing, Rosaline Wheeler, Beauty—Marguerite St. John Wood, Belle K. McKenzie, and others. Japanese—Mrs. S. N. Quincy and Sara H. Palmer. Aprons—Hattie Skella. Men's Furnishings—Mrs. Frederick G. Ross and Suzanne Leonard. Stationery—Mrs. W. G. Ferguson and Elma Smith. China—Mrs. F. P. Hoover. Fortune Telling—Nina Freeth and the Countess Habena. Photographs—Alice Farnbrother Webber. Agnes Arden will act as cashier, assisted by Secretary Alice Brown and Ada Gilman.

There are several voting contests, among the articles to be thus disposed of being a diamond brooch, a diamond pendant, and a silver cigarette case. About one hundred dolls are on sale, all representing prominent actresses.

## JOHN WEBSTER'S DISAPPEARANCE.

As first reported in last week's Mirror, a man resembling John Webster was seen to leap into Niagara Falls on Nov. 29. Mr. Webster has not been seen since, although a traveler, who knew not of the disappearance at the time, believes that he saw the missing actor last Wednesday in Washington.

The body of the Falls suicide has not been found. Mrs. Webster (Nellie McHenry) paid all salaries of the disbanded company in this city last week.

Various sensational stories about the disappearance of Mr. Webster and the affairs of his company have been published during the week. As to the affairs of the company, these stories were untrue. They were to the effect that the company's expenses were heavy, and its debts and obligations large, whereas the company was small and inexpensive, and its obligations proportionately small. At the time of the disbanded little or nothing was owed by the management.

## A NEW OPERA COMPANY.

At the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, last week the American Standard Opera Company inaugurated its season with a revival of Erminie. The company is under the management of J. F. Riley and J. J. Jaxon, who have also leased the theatre, and have spent a considerable sum in improving the house. The performance of Erminie was very satisfactory, hits being scored by Fatmah Dlard, as Erminie; Edward Webb, as Ravannes; William Broderick, as Cadeaux; Ella Chapman, as Javotte; and William Stephens, as Eugene. Others were well taken by Will H. Hatter, James A. Donnelly, Cora Deane, Edwin H. Carroll, John A. Jewey, Gordon Hamilton, William Dixon, Dick Jones, Madeline Lowrie, Blanche Chapman and Blanche Davis. Good patronage greeted the venture, and the season will be continued indefinitely. Prices are 75, 50 and 25 cents.

## NOTES OF NEW THEATRES.

The New McConnell Auditorium, at Upper Sandusky, O., was opened Nov. 29 by W. H. Powers in Shannon of the Sixth. The building is constructed of fire-proof brick, and the theatre is on the ground floor. It seats 1,000; has four boxes, parquet, balcony, dress circle, and gallery, a large stage, and is lighted by gas and electricity.

The New Auditorium, at Waco, Tex., was dedicated Thanksgiving Day by the James-Kiddler-Hanford company. The theatre has a seating capacity of 3,500, with sixteen proscenium boxes and twenty-nine mezzanine boxes, and a stage large enough to accommodate any attraction. The interior decoration is terra-cotta, canary and old gold. The house has steam heat and electricity, and all the appointments for a metropolitan theatre.

The new theatre now being built at Bellaire, O., will be ready for opening in February. The house will be under the management of Edward L. Moore, formerly manager of the old Elysian Theatre at Bellaire. The seating capacity will be 1,200.

## THE DECISION IN THE LOFTUS CASE.

The technical points in the case of Weber and Fields vs. Miss Loftus are of unusual interest, and THE MIRROR gives them in detail. Weber and Fields brought proceedings for an injunction against Miss Loftus to restrain her from appearing at any other place of amusement than at their music hall. They alleged in their complaint that they had a contract with Miss Loftus for the entire season, with an option for the next season, and were to pay her \$500 a week, and that, in violation of said contract, she had left them and was performing at Proctor's theatres. The application for the injunction was argued before Judge Scott several weeks ago. Emanuel M. Friend represented Weber and Fields, and Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer appeared for Miss Loftus. Judge Dittenhoefer opposed the motion on the following, among other, grounds:

First, That Weber and Fields suffered no damage whatever from the loss of Miss Loftus, as their music hall was crowded nightly, and could not be filled to a greater extent if Miss Loftus were there, and that as her loss caused no injury to Weber and Fields, no injunction should be granted.

Second, That Miss Loftus was not engaged, according to the written contract, to perform her specialties, in which she is unique and unrivaled, but to play a part in a burlesque which was to be produced, and as she has not yet made a reputation in that line, she is not unique in it, and her place could have been filled; and that under the rule an injunction will not be granted excepting it be to restrain an actor of extraordinary ability, unique in character and whose place cannot be filled.

Third, That Weber and Fields had assigned to her an insignificant part, to appear in which would irretrievably injure her reputation. That, though the contract gave Weber and Fields the right to assign her to such parts as they saw fit, that, under the law, meant only suitable parts; they could not, under such a clause, assign her to play in a chorus, and that that constituted a breach of the contract on the part of Weber and Fields.

Fourth, That under the contract she was obliged to appear on Sunday nights; that performance on Sunday night is a violation of the statute, and made the contract void; that the Court could not separate the valid portion of the contract from the invalid, for the reason that the salary or compensation was not apportioned to each performance, but a lump sum of \$500 was given for the entire week, including the Sunday performance.

Judge Scott, after considering the question for several weeks, handed down a decision denying the motion for the injunction, holding that Miss Loftus is not a unique artist in the parts in which she was assigned, and that Weber and Fields suffered no damages. Coming to that conclusion, it was unnecessary for the court to pass upon the other questions.

## THE FIRE FOOL AGAIN.

At the Murray Hill Theatre on Saturday afternoon, during the performance of The Charity Ball, a woman in the gallery fainted, causing a slight disturbance, and at the same time a fire alarm was heard passing in the street. This was sufficient provocation for the "fire fool" to rise up from his seat and yell. In a moment the audience was wildly scrambling for the exits. Henry V. Donnelly, the manager, came forward to the footlights and called a halt. He brought with him the fireman of the theatre. "You perceive," shouted Mr. Donnelly, "that this man is not busy. If the house were on fire he would be very busy indeed." Thereupon the stampedeers went back to their seats and the play went on.

## THE ELKS' BENEFIT.

The benefit of New York lodge No. 1, B. P. O. E., occurred at the Herald Square Theatre on Sunday evening, with a large audience in attendance. Among those that appeared were Agnes Herndon and Albert Andrus, in a scene from La Belle Marie; Josephine Sabel, Tony Farrell and Jennie Leland, James Thurston, Mark Sullivan, Gilson and Perry, Vess Osman, the Empire Comedy Four, Sallie Stewer, Odell Williams, Maxwell and Simpson, Melville and Stetson, Smith O'Brien, and the American and Imperial Bands.

## COMING STUDENTS' MATINEE.

The third matinee this season of the students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts will be given at the Empire Theatre on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 14. Four new one-act plays will be presented—several of them for the first time in New York. They are Jerry and a Sunbeam, by Cosmo Hamilton; A Love Potion, by Osmond Shillingford; A Lot to Test, a pantomime, by Edwin Star Belknap and Harvey Worthington Loomis, and At the Barricade, by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland.

## THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

The third regular monthly service of the Actors' Church Alliance will be held next Sunday evening, Dec. 17, at 8 p. m. at the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, West Fifty-seventh Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. The Rev. Henry Lubeck, D.D., will preach on "Expression and Inspiration." All members of the Alliance and of the dramatic profession and all friends of the theatre are cordially invited to attend.

## MUSIC NOTES.

Madame Schumann-Heink, Signor Campanari, and Vladimir de Pachmann, were the soloists at Sunday night's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. Walter Damrosch conducted.

The New York String Quartette—Bernard Sinshelmer, John Spengler, Jacob, and Modest Altschuler—assisted by Constantin von Sternberg, pianist, gave a most enjoyable concert on Dec. 7 at Presbyterian Hall, under management of Victor Thrane.

Wanda Koppel gave her first song recital on Dec. 7 at Mendelssohn Hall, assisted by the Kalltenborn String Quartette.

David Blapham gave a song recital at Mendelssohn Hall on Dec. 7.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Mark Hambourg as soloist, gave an interesting concert on Dec. 8 at Carnegie Hall, the feature being Frank Van Der Stucken's symphonic prelude for Helme's William Ratcliffe—a composition of truly unusual worth.

Francis Rogers, baritone, made a successful local debut at Mendelssohn Hall on Dec. 6.

Arthur Whiting's second piano recital was given at Mendelssohn Hall on Dec. 6.

Josef Weiss gave his third piano recital at Knabe Hall on Dec. 5.

Franc V. Le Mone, who is wintering in London, gave at his apartments in Nottingham Street, West, an enjoyable musicale on Nov. 17. With the exception of Ambassador and Mrs. Choate, Madame Carlo Roma, and a few others, all the guests were very popular. Billing several concert engagements each week.

A concert tour is being arranged for Beatrice Goldie, soprano, and E. A. Couturier, concert virtuoso, opening about Jan. 1, and taking in principal cities of the South and East.

Rudolph Aronson's new waltz entitled "Sister Mary," and dedicated to May Irwin, will be performed for the first time on Wednesday evening by the Bijou Theatre orchestra.

Frida Stender, aged eighteen years, and a pupil of Madame Eugenie Pappenheim, made a very successful debut with the Castle Square Opera company last week as Seibel in Faust. The young artist presented a fine stage appearance, acted well and showed an excellent, well-trained voice. Both her solo numbers were enthusiastically received on both evenings of the performances at which she appeared.

I'm the fellow that plays the Dutchman

Daniel Sully in The Parish Priest.

## PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

While playing in On the Stroke of Twelve at Heck's Theatre, Cincinnati, on Dec. 2, Frank Borrali accidentally shot himself in the hand with a revolver. He left the company and returned to his home.

Owing to an epidemic of smallpox or chicken pox at Albert Lea, Minn., the Board of Health of that place has ordered all theatres and churches to close until Dec. 20.

Home Whalen, Secretary of the Trades and Labor Assembly of Canton, Ill., informs THE MIRROR that that body has placed the New Canton Opera House on the unfair list.

Myrtle Monroe Nash, an actress, and Donald D. Baker, a non-professional, of Ottumwa, Iowa, were married at Danbury, Conn., Nov. 19.

The City Council of Pottsville, Pa., has fixed the circus parade license at \$50.

Collin Kemper was in town last week making arrangements for next season's revival of King John by the James-Kiddler-Hanford Company.

Sarah Truax will be seen in this city in March in a series of special matinees, appearing as Juliet, Rosalind, Parthenia, Portia and Beatrice.

The Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, who published book entitled, "Johnnie, by E. O. Laughlin, more than a year ago, propose to enter vigorous protest against the use of this title by Joseph Arthur for his new play, recently announced.

Gertrude Dean-Magill has scored quite a success in The King of the Opium Ring, and has been re-engaged.

Charlotte Winnett, in In Old Kentucky, achieved a great success in San Francisco recently.

George W. Winnett is doing advance work for St. George Hussey, and reports big business on the Pacific Coast tour.

During the performance of Welch Brothers' Uncle Tom's Cabin Company at Houtzdale, Pa., Dec. 7, the gallery of the opera house began to settle. The audience became panic-stricken, and in the rush that ensued several persons were injured, though no one was killed.

Francis Newhall recently underwent a severe surgical operation at Providence, R. I.

The Williamantic, Conn., Daily Chronicle, of Dec. 4, contains an article on the valuable collection of autographs gathered by C. C. Palmer, correspondent of THE MIRROR at that place.

Gus Hill left for Baltimore last Friday, and will be absent from the city a few days, looking over his McFadden's Row of Flats and Through the Breakers companies, which are meeting with great success. Mrs. Hill (Estelle Wellington) played the soubrette role in the "Flats" last week, owing to the sudden manner in which Nettie De Coursey left the company on Dec. 3. Miss Wellington left New York on Dec. 4 at noon, and played the same evening in Baltimore without rehearsal to the entire satisfaction of a very large audience.

Bert R. Miller's melodrama, The Train Robbers, under management of William F. Wamaber, will go on tour to-day (Tuesday), playing the Middle States.

Adelaide Phillips has withdrawn from the cast of Three Little Lambs.

Johnnie Pringle's company, in A White Elephant, will rest in Fremont, Neb., during the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Pringle will spend Christmas at their home in Logan, Utah.

De Wolf Hopper's one hundred and fiftieth performance of El Capitán in London was given at the Comedy Theatre Dec. 5.

Charles W. Young has been transferred by Thomas H. Davis from the Hustler company to the Sidewalks of New York.

Leslie and Audley made their first appearance in Chicago, Nov. 19, with Over the Fence, and scored a hit. They received many floral tokens, and a reception was given at Miss Audley's home, where she entertained her friends.

The New York Theatre will be closed next week. Primrose and Dockstader's minstrels will begin a fortnight's engagement there on Dec. 25, to be followed by the new extravaganza, Broadway to Tokio.

Edwin Mordant has revised and re-staged Wicked London. He continues as leading man and stage director.

Edward P. Hilton, now in Chicago, is slowly improving from a serious illness. He will not put The Gay Matinee Girl out this season unless his improvement is more rapid.

The Andrews Opera company report good business in the South.

Wicked London, Frank Harvey's great melodrama, has more than exceeded the expectations of Managers Sanford and Merry, who think they have a winner.

Murry Woods is directing the rehearsals of James Wallack's forthcoming production, The King of Rogues.

Lawrence B. McGill, manager of the Keystone Dramatic company, and Gertrude Shipman, of the same company, were married at Maysville, Ky., Nov. 18.

Edwin A. Davis and Mrs. Davis (Pearl Berry) have left San Francisco, where Mrs. Davis fully recovered her health, and are now in Portland, Ore., engaged in a manufacturing business, having temporarily retired from the stage.

The remains of the late Charles Coghlan were placed in a receiving vault at Galveston, Tex., on Nov. 30. They will be removed later to New York for cremation, in accordance with the wish of the actor. Mrs. Coghlan left Galveston on Nov. 30 to join her daughter, Gertrude, who is reported to be seriously ill.

Ethel H. Jackson, leading in The Runaway Girl company, and daughter of Mrs. Hart Jackson, has resigned, owing to her inability to endure the fatigues of travel.

Frank Daniels' receipts at Wallack's last week were the largest he has ever played to in a first week in New York. The total receipts of The Amerer for seven performances amounted to \$9,063.25.

Mrs. de Tupper Blackstone, who is now suing for her share of the Blackstone estate, was the original Libby Bear in the late W. J. Florence's production of The Mighty Dollar. She was known in the profession as Lillian Osborn.

Madame Giulia Valda mourns the loss of her father, who died in Boston two weeks ago.

Mrs. Netta Gulon Bell has been seriously ill, but is now convalescent.

"Aunt" Louisa Eldridge has received a cheque for \$100 from J. Pierpont Morgan for the stage children's festival. Mrs. Vanderbilt, George Gould, Richard Mansfield, and many others have sent cheques for large amounts.

Rose Hayes, a chorus girl at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, was married on Dec. 6 to Samuel D. Simmons, master machinist at the Alhambra Theatre in that city. It is said that Mrs. Simmons will retire from the stage.

A new finale is to be introduced in the third act of The Singing Girl at the Casino. Alice Nielsen's new song in the first receives half a dozen encores at each performance.

The souvenirs of the one hundredth performance of The Singing Girl, to be distributed Dec. 22, will be handsome glass powder boxes, with silver tops, ornamented with a photograph of Alice Nielsen.

Why Smith Left Home was played for the first time in Africa, at Cape Town, last week Monday night.

Wagenhals and Kemper are negotiating with Manager Pilon for an annual engagement at the

Grand Opera House of the James Kiddler-Hanford company, with the understanding that one of Shakespeare's plays shall be revived each season.

The East Lynne company, organized last week by the Packard Exchange, is headed by Vera De Nole and Frank Beresford, and includes in its roster Ethel Brandon, Howard Truesdell, Carlton Wells, Alice Haslam, George W. Murray, Edwin Brooks, and Robert Riddell.

Jay L. Packard rejoined the Blue Jeans company this week to play his old part, Lefty Hoome.

Cameron Clemens and his company recently produced a new play entitled In the Land of the Cassinis at the Opera House, Patterson, N. J. The play is by Milton Leffman, the well-known author and actor, and is said to be one of his best creations.

The Donelson-Kelly Kent company recently added The Hand of Fate to their series of plays and are playing it with success.

Harry Corson Clarke enjoyed a very successful week recently at Los Angeles, and is now repeating his success in the smaller cities of California. Mr. Clarke, who suffered all last summer from nervous dyspepsia, has gained twenty-five pounds since he began his tour at San Francisco. He is now recommending the work cure to his fellow sufferers.

Both the New York and Chicago branches of the Castle Square Opera company will rest during the week of Dec. 18. During this time the scene painters will prepare for the later productions. On Dec. 25 the New York company will re-open in The Beggar Student and the Chicago company will appear in a double bill consisting of Cavalier Rusticana and Pinafore.

Henry Scarborough, the English tenor, and Mrs. Scarborough (Julia Payne), daughter of Mathilda Scott-Payne, arrived in this city yesterday for a few weeks' visit.

Kikugiro Wadamori, who is identified with theatricals, owns the Marconi wireless telegraph system for Japan, and also liquid air as a power and explosive for the same country. R. E. Johnston is associated with him in these interests.

Arthur M. Keller, manager of the Keller Comedy Company, and Alma Viva Curran were married at McGregor, Tex., on Nov. 19.

The Amaranth Society of Brooklyn will present A Fair of Spectacles at the Academy of Music, that city, to-morrow (Wednesday).

## MATTERS OF FACT.

Blondell and Fennemy want a good juvenile man and an ingenue for The Katzenjammer Kids company. Both must be good singers.

Triple Heart is the title of a play which will take to the road Jan. 1, under the management of A. E. McCollum. The cast of Ohio for March or later is wanted.

Owing to the closing of the My Son Ben season, Louis E. Friedenberg is open to offers.

New Year's Day is open at Burtis' Opera House, Auburn, N. Y., for a good attraction.

"Benedick" care this office, who is thoroughly versed in the theatrical business, and has had a traveling experience of fourteen years, will lease or manage a theatre in a city of not less than 40,000 population.

William Clifton, whose comedy work with The Real Widow Brown was a feature, invites offers for the rest of the season.

A weekly pay roll of \$75,000, and extensive mining interests make Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., a good town. It is on a branch of the L. and N. Railroad. Its only theatre, the Bijou Opera House, is managed by A. O. F. Nicholson.

C. Constantine, who had been seriously ill, is back at his dancing school, continuing his interrupted course of instruction. His school is now located at 125 West Fortieth Street.

Sunday night is always good at the People's Theatre, Evansville, Ind., where Thomas J. Groves is in charge. Desirable dates may still be had.

Byrne Brothers' Eight Bells broke the record of the Bijou Theatre, Pittsburgh. Thanksgiving week, playing at \$5,000.00. The receipts for Thanksgiving Day were \$5,000.00. Business with this popular success this season has been better than ever.

George H. Babb telegraphed from Williamsport, Pa., last week: "Charles Cowles in A Country Merchant a great hit here. I have booked a return date this season."

John Griffith in The Three Musketeers, under management of Andrew Mackay, is said to be very successful this season. Mr. Griffith will make an elaborate production of Robespierre after the holidays.

Fannie Denham Rouse, that fine character actress, having completely regained her health, will consider offers for metropolitan productions.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence has sold his play, For Her Sake, to E. H. Mayo, and reopened his school of acting.

W. B. Watson, manager of Watson's Opera House, Lynn, Mass., and also of the American Beauties, writes that both enterprises have been phenomenally successful this season.

Elizabeth Vigoreux, a talented California actress and authoress, will begin a tour in her own play, supported by a distinguished company of players, after the holidays.

The Keystone Dramatic company, one of the best equipped repertoire organizations on the road, carries a carload of scenery and effects, an acting company of sixteen people, and a fine line of special printing. A record breaking business has been done everywhere.

The new Cummings Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass., has proved the need of a modern theatre in one of New England's most enterprising cities. During the few weeks it has been opened to the public, business, especially with the higher class attractions, has been uniformly large. Manager George E. Sanderson announces desirable open time for the weeks immediately following the holidays.

The Huntley-Jackson Stock company in the third year of success announces open time brought about by a change of route.

Belle Gold will not play the soubrette part with Fun in a Boarding School. She has signed with Samuel Blair's production, The Bowery After Dark.

The Casino reviews, each with a record of a long New York run, will be sold outright or let on royalty by George W. Lederer. The attractions are fully equipped with scenic accessories and costumes, and are ready for instant launching.

Lillian Dix does not go with Fanny Rice as reported. She has not yet signed for the balance of the season.

The new Lyric Theatre, Allentown, Pa., has Christmas Day open, owing to the changing of the route of the attraction originally booked.

Uttmann and Tonell, of 1327 Broadway, want to hear from dramatic and vaudeville people who are disengaged.

Peltier and Walter, managers of the new Empire Theatre at Flint, Mich., announce the completion of that house and are now looking a limited number of popular price attractions. First-class farce-comedies are assured good money. A good attraction is wanted for Christmas and New Year's Day.

Harry S. White wants to lease a theatre in a thriving town. His address is 2437 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PROFESSION.

New York, Dec. 9, 1899.

To the Editor of The Dramatic Mirror:

Sir—Many members of the dramatic profession are wondering whether the undersigned, Secretary of the Actors' Church Alliance, is the same Walter Bentley who years ago starred in this country in The Silver King and other dramas. Let me say once and for all, no!

To begin with, there is a great difference physically between the Silver King actor and I—both actor and I—am a Scotchman, while the actor is an Englishman. My name is assumed, "Walter Bentley," if you please. But when a member of the New York dramatic profession I dropped the Walter Bentley of the other gentleman and was known as Edward Bentley, my middle initial, which I could not change, although when on the stage one must assume a family name, still we have been even even more than once.

Besides the well known Edward Bentley, there are others of the same name. I am, however, the only one of the name who is a member of the A. C. A.





## THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS.

## Tony Pastor's.

The bill includes Cushman, Holcombe and Curtis, in *The New Teacher*; Beatrice Moreland in *Lucy's A Husband*; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, in their skit, *Mrs. Wilkins' Boy*; Irene Franklin, comedienne; Foy and Clark, in *The Man Across the Street*; Harry Thomson, comedian; Martinetti Brothers, acrobats and pantomimists; Forrester and Floyd, in *That Photograph*; DeForest and Boyd, eccentrics; Caron and Altz, Irish comedians; Lynn Sisters, song-writers; Jack and Myrtle Mack, comedy duo; the vitagraph, and Tony Pastor in his latest parodies.

## Keith's Union Square.

The *Girl With the Auburn Hair* continues her engagement. The others are the Craggs, acrobats (second week), Frank Buonan and Rose Adelle, in *The Door Key*; Marzella's Cockatoo; the Three Guitars; European comedians; Falke and Semon, musical comedians; A. O. Duncan, ventriloquist; Mills and Loretto, comedy duo; Anna Kenwick, comedienne; Cosmopolitan Trio; the Morellos, acrobatic comedy duo; Martinetti and Sutherland, sketchists, and the biograph.

## Proctor's.

Gertrude Mansfield and Caryl Wilbur are the stars of the bill, presenting *Color Blind*. The others are Watson, Hutchings and Edwards, farceurs; Doherty's Poodles, Harlan and Paley's moving song pictures; Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Neville, travesty duo; Abaco Brothers, acrobatic comedians; Vernon, ventriloquist; kalatechnoscope; Gilbert, equilibrist; Florence Moore, prima donna; Pelot, clown juggler; Raymond Trio, musical experts; May Cook, cornetist, and Bob Alden and "Strap" Hill, ragtime exemplars.

## Palace.

Alcide Capitaine, the perfect woman, heads a bill which includes John C. Fox, Katie Allen and company, in *The Irish Dentist* (first time in New York); De Haven and Male, juvenile prodigies; Raymond Moore, ballad singer; Paley's kalatechnoscope; Freeze Brothers, novelty act; West and Williams, comedy duo; Frank Burt, equilibrist; Musical Ravens, instrumentalists; Cadieux, on the slack wire; Lillian Norvell, contralto, and the stereopticon.

## Weber and Fields'.

Whirl-I-Gig and Barbara Fidgety, the new burlesque, make up the bill, with the big star cast, headed by Lillian Russell and Mabel Fenton.

## Miner's 125th Street.

The bill includes Harry Lacy, Turner's Pickaninies, Pauline Moran, Linton and McIntyre, Happy Fanny Fields, Pierce and Egbert, Bessie Gilbert, J. C. Medway, Red's Acrobatic Bull-Terriers and the vitagraph.

## THE BURLESQUE HOUSES.

DEWEY.—Harry W. Williams' Own Company is here this week. Ezra Kendall heads the company, which includes Waterbury Brothers and Tenny, Charles E. Grapevine and Anna Chance, the three Polos, Clarice Vance, the O'Brien Trio, McCabe and Sabine, Mile, Vera, Hanson and Nelson, and Williams and Tucker, who are specially engaged.

MINER'S BOWERY.—Bryant and Watson's Australian Burlesquers offer the bill seen last week at the Eighth Avenue.

LONDON.—Miss New York, Jr., returns to town with a burlesque and olio showing Mamie Remington, Cosmopolitan Trio; Cunningham; and Smith, the Electros; the O'Learys, and Gilson and Perry. Minco's Jolly Grass Widows follow.

MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE.—Clark Brothers' Royal Burlesquers repeat the bill shown at the Bowery last week.

OLYMPIC.—The Little Egypt Company have gone up town for the week.

COMIQUE.—The burlesque, Hotty Dotty, is continued.

## LAST WEEK'S BILLS.

KEITH'S UNION SQUARE.—Before speaking of the acts which were programmed more prominently than his, the writer wishes to say a few words about Spencer Kelly, the baritone, who made his first appearance in vaudeville in this city, and scored an artistic as well as a popular success. The average baritone or tenor singer in vaudeville is a very tiresome person, who insists upon singing three songs in a distressingly conventional way, while the audience yawns and wishes they had not come. With Mr. Kelly the case was entirely different. From the very first note of his first song he held the pleased attention of the entire house, and the unanimous and hearty applause which followed each verse of every song he sang showed that the spectators appreciated the fact that they were listening to an artist of uncommon merit. Mr. Kelly possesses a voice of rare sweetness, power and range, which has been carefully cultivated. It has a sympathetic quality which goes straight to the heart, and any one with a grain of sentiment could not help enjoying the selections Mr. Kelly sang with so much force and feeling. "The Girl With the Auburn Hair" continued her mysterious career and held the attention of the audience throughout her specialty, which was fully described last week. Felix Morris and his supporting company appeared in Dion Boucicault's one-act play *Kerry*. It is one of the best things Mr. Morris has ever done, and in it he again demonstrated his remarkable versatility by a wonderfully faithful characterization of an old Irish servant. His dialect was almost flawless, and his pantomime was superb. Kerry is an old man who has been in the service of a family for forty years. He is in all the family secrets, and exercises a sort of loving tyranny over the household. Early in the play it is shown that the master of the house is supposed to have been drowned at sea, and his widow is just recovering from an attack of brain fever brought on by grief. Later on the master turns up and Kerry is put to his wits' end to devise a means of informing the wife of her husband's safety without

giving her too sudden a shock. After much maneuvering it is all arranged satisfactorily, but during the suspense the audience is treated to some of the most delightful acting by Mr. Morris that New York has seen in many a day. It is too bad that the "great" critics, who slobber over or carp at the new productions in the legitimate houses, do not visit the continuous theatres once in a while and see the really artistic work that is being done by Mr. Morris and others for the delectation of the patrons of vaudeville. Joe Welch kept the audience convulsed for over twenty minutes with his inimitable impersonation of the Polish Jew. He has a great deal of new material, and some of his gags brought laughs such as are seldom heard in Keith's. Blockson and Burns appeared in black face, and went through their eccentric comedy act with great success. Every one of their tricks is funny, and their finish is amusing in the extreme. T. W. Eckert and Emma Berg presented their operetta, *Little Pee-Wee*, by Lamé and Petrie, which was reviewed in this column a few weeks ago. It made an excellent impression, and the clever team was repeatedly encored. The other headliners were the great Cragg Family of acrobats, who were able to resume, as the boy had recovered from his recent accident; Barney Fagan and Henrietta Byron, whose work is always pleasing, and Clayto and Clarice, two youngsters, who are very precocious. Farrell and Stark, Morrison and Markey, Boyce and Black, the biograph and the stereopticon were the other features of a good all-round bill. Crowded houses were the rule throughout the week.

TONY PASTOR'S.—The Russell Brothers, John and James, played their last engagement in America for several months at least, and made the hit they have been making for years and years. They finished their engagement on Friday evening, when they were tendered a big ovation by their numerous friends. At the conclusion of their specialty they were recalled again and again, and finally James was forced to make a speech, which he did very gracefully. Walter LeRoy and Florence Clayton presented a new sketch called *Hogan of the Hanson*, written for them by the indefatigable and inexhaustible George M. Cohan. It is one of the very best bits of work ever turned out by this clever author, but its great success was due mainly to the cleverness of its interpreters. Mr. LeRoy has a thorough command of the real Irish brogue, as well as a keen sense of humor and great control of his facial muscles. He got a big laugh with every line he uttered, and some of the lines were so funny and so well delivered that the audience fairly yelled. Miss Clayton proved an admirable foil, and their combined hit was of large proportions. Cohan's favorite idea, the introduction of a character who does not speak, and which can be played by a stage hand, was used with very amusing results. The plot is slender, but it suffices to hang the funny story of the farce on, and that is all that is necessary in vaudeville. LeRoy and Clayton may hereafter be classed as headliners in any bill. Harry C. Stanley, assisted by Doris Wilson, made a big hit in the sketch *Before the Ball*, in which Mr. Stanley plays two distinct characters with great success. Miss Wilson is a winsome little woman, and she sings very sweetly. Harry Edson's intelligent dog "Doc" astonished everybody with his tricks. C. W. Littlefield's imitations made their usual impression, and he was liberally encored. Lillie Western appeared in a becoming long dress, which is a great improvement over the time-worn velvet costumes she has been using, and made her accustomed hit with her xylophone, of which she is past mistress. Hurd, the conjurer, did some amusing tricks in very clever fashion. J. Knox Gavin and Jennie Platt, Dawley and Fontelle, The Hexglows, Layman, Hagne and Herbert, and the vitagraph were also in the bill. Tony Pastor made his reappearance after his Western trip and received a royal welcome from his legion of admirers. His new songs and parodies met with emphatic approval.

PROCTOR'S.—Marie Tavy headed the bill, and pleased her admirers with her excellent selections. Lizzie Evans and Harry Mills were seen once more in *Two Girls and One Man*, which is a very funny farce. Frank Latone made his American re-appearance and scored a hit in his musical comedy specialty. Cawthorne and Forrester were well received, and won many laughs with their skit, in which Miss Forrester's coon songs are a special feature. Carter De Haven and Bonnie Male were liberally applauded for their precocity. The Wilson Family, Paley's kalatechnoscope, Baker and Hayes; St. Onge Brothers, the Musical Ravens, Cadieux, Frank Burt, and Bessie Hunter were also in the bill, which drew excellent houses.

PALACE.—Ezra Kendall kept large audiences in great humor at every performance with his quaint remarks, which are original and very humorous. Waterbury Brothers and Tenny combined fun and music in a way to win plaudits. Hall and Staley burlesqued in a musical way and made a hit. Vernon, the ventriloquist, who played a return engagement, repeated his great success, and was among the features of the bill. His work is original and diverting, and he is a very clever entertainer. Harry Howard's ponies did a number of very smart tricks. Clarice Vance was encored for her smart rendition of several new coon songs. Flatow and Dunn, Mason and Francis, Barrett and Leonard, Paley's kalatechnoscope and the stereopticon were the other numbers.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S.—Some new and attractive feature is added to "Round New York in Eighty Minutes" each week. Last week those excellent exponents of the manly art, J. Jeffries and T. Sharkey, covered themselves with white powder and additional glory and appeared in several poses, some of a gladiatorial and others of a fistic nature. They stood within a living picture frame and were silhouetted against a background of black cloth, which showed their marvelous biceps, triceps and other muscles to perfection. The crowd howled its approval, and the two gentlemen were brought before the curtain several times after the final pose, which showed the solar-plexus and knock-out blows being delivered at once. "Jesse" Dandy's parodies continued to be one of the best features of the production, and he was warmly encored. Etta Butler appeared in the olio and gave her series of imitations with much success. Beagley and Stewart, Bedini and Arthur, Bruno and Russell, William Sellers, Dick Bernard, Bobby Gaylor, Marguerita Sylva, the Angeles Sisters and others continued to help in the fun-making. Large houses were the rule throughout the week.

WEBER AND FIELDS' BROADWAY MUSIC HALL.—Barbara Fidgety, which was produced on Thurs-

day evening last, is reviewed elsewhere. It was preceded by Whirl-I-Gig, in which Lillian Russell, who did not appear in the new burlesque, made her accustomed success. The olio included Pearl Andrews, and All and Beni.

HARLEM MUSIC HALL.—The Broadway Burlesquers played to excellent business throughout the week. Emma Carus made a big hit with her magnificent voice and stunning figure, and McAvoy and May, Gilbert and Goldie, Frobel and Ruge, Lew Wells, Dave Lewis and the Carter Sisters were well received.

MINER'S 125TH STREET.—Mr. and Mrs. Tony Farrell presented for the first time in this city their new comedietta, *An American Duke*, written for them by Charles Horwitz. Both are fitted with excellent parts, and judging by the laughter and applause which greeted their efforts, they have a winner in the new sketch. Filson and Errol kept the house in roars with *A Tip on the Derby*. Others who made big hits were Cushman, Holcombe and Curtis, Howe and Scott, Maxwell and Dudley, Ernest Alberti, Farnum and Seymour, and George Halder.

## The Burlesque Houses.

DEWEY.—Weber and Fields' Hurly Burly Extravaganza Company presented the great success of last season with an excellent cast, including Cook and Sonora, the Casino Comedy Four, and other clever people. In the olio were Alcide Capitaine, the wonderful gymnast; Blans and Blins, the musical comedians, and Flood Brothers. Big houses were the rule throughout the week.

MINER'S BOWERY.—Clark Brothers' Royal Burlesquers returned to town last week and played to crowded houses.

LONDON.—The Little Egypt Company offered two burlesques and olio, introducing, besides the highly celebrated Little Egypt, Virginia Seymour, Mitchell and Love, Emery and Marlow, Arnold and Gilmore, Armstrong and Porter, and Eddie Leonard. Business was enormous.

MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE.—Bryant and Watson's Australian Burlesquers, headed by Harry C. Bryant, and Nelson, Glinesvelli and Demonio, presented a hectic sort of bill to big success.

OLYMPIC.—Al Reeves' Company gave the entertainment seen a few weeks before at the London.

## HODDY DOTTY PRODUCED.

Leo C. Teller formally opened the Theatre Comique last week, with his new stock company, in a burlesque with the quaint title, *Hoddy Dotty*. William Jerome was responsible for the book and "lyrics," and Frank David furnished some of the music and all of the stage business. While the new burlesque is not of a very pretentious character, it is nevertheless amusing. Mr. Jerome has ransacked his memory, and has borrowed from all the old nigger farces and afterpieces that were ever done, and has injected the best lines and bits of business in those good old-times, with excellent results. Most of the jokes have become familiar through long acquaintance, but many of them brought laughs. Even when Carrie Scott remarked in an innocent, off-hand way that she did not think of the future, as the next day was her birthday and she was pondering on the present, the audience did not wince.

The plot is made of pure India rubber, and it stretched beautifully over the two acts and four scenes, so that the various specialties owned by the members of the company could be introduced. At a critical point in the development of the story, the action was suspended for twenty minutes, so that Smith and Cook could show their suppleness and their ability to indulge in airy pirouettes. Later on just as the plot was thickening nicely, Maude Nugent brushed it aside and sang "Tootsey-Whootsey" and other songs of her own composition with very good results. She also attempted some imitations. Sam J. Ryan appeared as Corse Paytrain, a hardened actor-man, and in it made one of the big hits. His make-up, actions and delivery were all that could be desired. Carrie Scott's songs, in which she was assisted by "Little Monk," were en-cored, and Carrie's pleasant smile kept the audience in good humor all the time she was on the stage. The doll scene from Weber and Fields' *Pousse Cafe*, reproduced by permission, made a big hit, with Lottie Fremont as the doll. Herbert Ashley used a good dialect in a Hebrew part, and sang some parodies. Joe Donner, Robert Garmella, George Mack, the boy tenor; May Shirik, Nellie Donner, Hattie Wells, Nonie Reynolds and a bunch of bright-looking chorus girls helped in the fun-making.

Manager Teller is to be congratulated on the success of his first attempt to add to the gaiety of Broadway. If he keeps on as well as he has begun, and improves the entertainment by degrees, his venture will undoubtedly prove successful and the Theatre Comique will become one of the most popular resorts in New York.

## HASHIN BRANCHES OUT.

Arrangements were concluded on Friday last between Eugene Tompkins, manager and owner of the Boston Theatre, and the Messrs. Hashin, by which vaudeville on an extensive scale will be given at the Boston Theatre, commencing at an early date and to continue for an indefinite period. The deal calls for the greatest array of vaudeville stars and features each week that has yet been seen in any American theatre. The weekly salary list will more than double that of any other house devoted to vaudeville, and the immense size of the Boston Theatre and its similarity in size and policy to Hashin's Philadelphia theatre will make it possible to introduce great innovations in the way of productions and "big acts" and it will be possible to play long engagements between the two theatres. The booking will be done by Wilson, Smith and Robert Gran, and these busy agents will now have a footing in Boston for the placing of the best that vaudeville affords. This makes the sixteenth theatre for which the firm are exclusive booking agents.

## GEORGE H. HUBER ROBBED.

George H. Huber, proprietor of Huber's Museum, on Fourteenth Street, this city, was held up by a gang of robbers on a road near Yonkers on Dec. 4. Mr. Huber was driving along leisurely at about 11 o'clock in the morning when he came up with several men, who looked like Italian laborers. As he was about to pass one of the men seized the horse's bridle and the others pulled Mr. Huber from his wagon. His knee was badly sprained, but he gave his assailants a lively tussle before they overpowered him. They took his gold watch and about \$250 in cash, but overlooked his big diamond stud and about \$300, which Mr. Huber had in an inside vest pocket. Mr. Huber was found by a passer-by, who took him home. He will probably be laid up for several weeks with his injured knee. Several Italians were arrested on suspicion of being the robbers.

## C. B. CLINE ILL.

Carver B. Cline, who was business manager of Koster and Bial's during its halcyon days, is seriously ill with locomotor ataxia at the Flower Hospital, in this city. The physicians say that he has a fair chance of recovery. The countless friends of Mr. Cline, in and out of the profession, will regret to hear of his illness, as his popularity is universal.

## WILFRED CLARKE IN VAUDEVILLE.

Wilfred Clarke, late of Augustin Daly's company, has decided to enter vaudeville. He is presenting a short revision of *Everybody's Friend*, in which he plays Major Wellington De Boots, and also has in preparation *The Toodles*. What happened at the Flat, and Newspaper Talk. He opened yesterday at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia.

## A C. EVER VOCAL DUO.



T. WILMET ECKERT AND EMMA BERG.

Above is a picture of T. Wilmet Eckert and Emma Berg, two clever artists, who are now in their third season in vaudeville. Ever since their debut in this branch of the profession their services have been in constant demand, and they never fail to give perfect entertainment wherever they appear. Just at present they are making a highly successful tour of the Keith circuit, presenting their latest hit, a Japanese operetta called *Pee Wee*, written especially for them by Arthur J. Lamb, with music by H. W. Petrie. The scene is laid in a pretty Japanese garden, and the artists carry their own setting, which is complete in every detail. The characters are Pee Wee, a demure little Japanese maiden, and Ki-Yi, a lord of high degree. The vocal numbers are in Petrie's best vein, and are extremely catchy, and the dialogue is very amusing. Taken all in all, it is a very pleasing entertainment, and is unlike anything in vaudeville at the present time. This week the team is in Boston at Keith's handsome theatre. They are booked solid up to March, 1900, in the leading vaudeville houses.

Mr. Eckert was for ten years at the Tivoli in San Francisco, where he sang leading tenor roles. He has a strong, well-cultivated tenor voice of great power and sweetness, and has a repertoire of over one hundred operas, including seventy grand operas. Miss Berg is a very pretty young woman. She was for some time soprano with the Young American Opera Company. Her voice is exceptionally sweet, and she is besides a clever actress.

Both Mr. Eckert and Miss Berg hail from California, which has produced so many artists who have won fame and fortune in the musical and operatic professions.

## BARBARA FIDGETY AT WEBER AND FIELDS'.

A "care-chaser" in three scenes. Dialogue by Edgar Smith; lyrics by Harry B. Smith; music by John Stromberg. Produced December 7.

Captain Grumbler	Charles J. Ross
Colonel Jagley	Peter F. Bailey
Jack Jagley	David Warfield
Tim Greenz	Joseph M. Weber
Fred Giblets	Lou M. Fields
Mr. Fidgety	John T. Kelly
Arthur Fidgety	Pearl Andrews
Doctor Gurd	George W. Thomas
Brickwall Johnson	John Miller
A Boy	M. Ali
A Girl	Minnie Poore
Barbara Fidgety	Mabel Fenton
Sue Vorce	Irene Perry
Laura Vorce	Allie Gilbert
Sally Jagley	Nettie Lyford
Mrs. Shouter	Mabel Nichols
Mammy Glue	Lulu Nichols
Dr. Hal Bird	Helen Dunbar
Edgar Weeks	Frankie Bailey
Sergeant Smith	Bonnie Maginn

Weber and Fields have had a great many successes at their cozy little music hall on Broadway, but it is safe to say that Barbara Fidgety, produced on Thursday evening last, eclipses them all as a laugh producer. As its name indicates, it is a burlesque on Clyde Fitch's play, *Barbara Frichtie*, now being played by Julia Marlowe at the Criterion.

The programme classes it as a "care-chaser," and that is what it certainly proved to be. From the rise of the curtain to the very end, the audience was kept howling and screaming. Ordinary laughs, smiles and giggles could not express the enjoyment of the spectators, who just let themselves loose and yelled at the funny lines and situations. Everything in the original which seemed to offer material for travesty was cleverly used by Edgar Smith, who deserves the credit for one of the best bits of burlesque ever seen in New York.

The war idea in the original play was replaced by an election contest between the Republicans and Democrats over the Mayoralty of the town of Frederick, Md. The first scene was laid, as in the play, in a street in Frederick. Barbara's chums are seen chatting on her front porch, while from the parlor come the notes of a piano, on which Barbara is practicing "The Maiden's Prayer." Jack Jagley, who is in love with Barbara, insists upon getting into the house, and after a stormy interview he is thrown out by the athletic heroine, who makes her appearance bathed in the mellow rays of a calcium. She meets her lover, Captain Grumbler, and their tête-à-tête is interrupted by the appearance of Barbara's father and his next door neighbor, Colonel Jagley. Barbara is ordered into the house, but the Captain returns later and she interviews him from the balcony, promising to meet him at the Methodist minister's house the next morning. The second scene shows the parlor of the minister's house. It is election day, and the rival factions are fighting in the streets. Barbara arrives and is met by the Captain, who tells her that they cannot be married just then, as he has to hurry to the polls to look after his election. The last scene is laid in the hall of the Fidgety mansion. There is a wide staircase running up to a balcony, from which the various rooms are reached. In this scene matters are brought to a comic climax and the burlesque winds up with a medley of war songs, in which all hands take part.

It is not necessary to say, in regard to Barbara Fidgety, that when it is shortened and spruced up and made more brisk it will be all right. There is not a line or bit of business in the whole piece that could well be spared. It is all good. The fun began when Weber and Fields, dressed as Union soldiers, made their entrance and began an argument about how they could go into a neighboring saloon and buy one glass of beer with their last nickel without sacrificing their dignity. This bit is positively the best thing they have ever done, and it made a great hit. Mabel Fenton made her re-appearance with the company after a rest of several months at Ross Fenton farm in New Jersey, and received a welcome such as is accorded only to the strongest metropolitan favorites. Fully a minute elapsed after her entrance before she was allowed to speak. She burlesqued Miss Marlowe very cleverly, and gave a faithful copy of her mannerisms. Peter F. Bailey was his usual happy self, and rolled his lines out in a rich Southern dialect that was thoroughly appreciated. His song, "The Colonel," in which he was assisted by the chorus, was repeatedly en-



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GEO. W.

Day's Weeks for Months of Year:

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Jan. 1, Keith's, Phila.  
" 8, Best in.  
" 15, Proctor's, Albany.  
" 22, Keith's, N. Y. C.  
Feb. 5, H. & S., Harlem.  
" 12, H. & S., Brooklyn.  
Mar. 5, Garden, Cleveland.  
" 12, Columbia, Cincinnati.  
Mar. 18, Columbia, St. Louis.  
" 25, Olympic, Chicago.  
Apr. 2, Hopkins, Chicago.  
" 9, Haymarket, Chicago.  
" 16, Opera House, Chicago.  
" 23, Woodland, Detroit.  
" 30, Shea's, Buffalo.  
May 7, Shea's, Toronto.

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PLAYING DATES.

Dewey Theatre, New York, this week.

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IN THE DOOR KEY.

Buoman and Adelle in their domestic farce, A Door Key, created much amusement. - *Progr. Era, Dec. 5.*  
Frank Buoman and Rose Adelle appear in a humorous skit in which Mr. Buoman appears as an entirely original species of burglar. The singing of this team is also a very pleasing feature. - *Progr. Era, News, Dec. 5.*

Frank Buoman and Rose Adelle rely rather upon droll mannerisms and epigrammatic sayings than suggestiveness to make the skit in which they appear a success. This cleanliness, together with really clever acting, or rather, naturalness, make the time pass pleasantly. - *Progr. Era, Bulletin, Dec. 5.*

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## ALICE MONTAGUE and WEST J. ROYER

Entirely new act. This week, Cook's Opera House, Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1900. Address Agents, or N. Y. Agents.



cured. John T. Kelly, as Mr. Fidgety, father of the heroine, made his first appearance in a catch-as-catch-can contest with the language spoken South of Washington, and came off with flying colors. David Warfield again gave evidence of his versatility by his impersonation of the crazy lover of Barbara. He had not many lines, but he spoke them all with good effect. L. L. L. Ross shared honors with his wife in the role of Captain Grumbler. He gave a capital burlesque of the leading man, who prides himself on his "reserve force" and his "jag" business in the last scene, was capital. Irene Perry, as Sue Voyce, made a very tidy little hit. She delivered her lines with a demure simplicity that was very amusing. Mabel Nichols, as the minister's wife, and Lulu Nichols, as Mammy Gine, the Fidgety's colored servant, were excellent. Pearl Andrews, in a natty Confederate uniform, made the most of her opportunities as Barbara's brother. Nettie Lyford and Alice Gilbert were interesting as two simpering Southern maidens. Those sterling favorites of the "merry-merry," Frankie Bailey and Bonnie Maginn, were prominent and pleasing as usual. The costumes are very pretty, and the scenery, by John Young, was elaborate and handsome.

That "good fun lasts forever" was proven by the hearty laughs which greeted the trick stairway used in the third scene. When Weber, Fields and Ross slid from the top to the bottom of the steps in the way made familiar in the days of the old-time minstrels, the audience laughed for three minutes, and then they watched with the keenest interest for the next victim. Even ponderous Peter F. Dailey had to do his little toboggan act, and when he fell it looked as though the stairs could not be used again. A very pretty musical number was introduced at the end of the second scene. The entire chorus, half in blue and half in gray, sang a serenade, which will compare with anything in the same line ever written by Mr. Stromberg. The stage-management was as usual beyond criticism, and Julian Mitchell has added another leaf to his already large laurel wreath. The audience remained after the final curtain and called for speeches from all the favorites. Mabel Fenton came first, of course, and as she looked at the immense floral tokens which were numerous and costly enough to turn the head of a world-famed prima donna, she tried to say a few words, but great big tears glistened in her eyes and she had to turn aside to hide her emotion, while Peter F. Dailey filled in the gap with a few jolly remarks. It was altogether a very happy occasion, and Weber and Fields have added another big link to the chain of popularity which binds lovers of good fun to the Broadway music hall.

#### A DISASTROUS HIGH NOTE.

Arnold Reis, a tenor, who is a member of the Verdi Trio, ruptured a blood vessel on Thursday last while rehearsing on the roof of the New York Theatre. With his companion, singers Mile. Del Coster and August Wagner, he called up W. L. Lykens, who had arranged a rehearsal in order that the management might judge their vocal abilities. They sang a selection from Il Trovatore and Reis made a special effort to reach a certain high note. He struck it, but immediately afterward fell to the stage. A physician, who was called, diagnosed his case as paralysis, resulting from the rupture of a blood vessel. He was taken to his home, 1629 Lexington Avenue, where he is lying in a serious condition.

#### AN INTERNATIONAL DISPUTE.

John Tiller and Company, the dancing teachers and agents of London, are at odds with the Sire Brothers over the girls, who were sent over here by the Tiller to dance in The Man in the Moon. The dispute is over money alleged to be due. The Sires claim that the girls have received the greater part of what is due them, but the Tillers' representative holds an opposite view and has been trying to attach the receipts of the Columbia Theatre, Boston, but so far without success.

#### BRADY OUT OF KOSTER AND BIAL'S.

William A. Brady is no longer the managing director of Koster and Bial's. He retired on Saturday evening, after a talk with Simon Dessau, who holds a big share of the Biel Syndicate stock. Brady has bought 'Round New York in Eighty Minutes, and will send it on the road in January. It is likely that the old straight vaudeville policy will be resumed early in the new year.

#### VAUDEVILLE JOTTINGS.

Julian Ross was at the Grand Opera House, Syracuse, last week, and has been engaged to top the bill this week at Pockstader's, Wilmington, Del. He has Miner's 125th Street, Tony Pastor's, Columbia, St. Louis, the Kohl and Castle houses, Proctor circuit, and Hyde and Behman's to follow.

Carlin and Brown, the German comedians, with Gus Hill's Vanity Fair Co., will put on a new act, called The Red Patch, by George F. Daily, which they will introduce next season.

Annie Hart is at present kept very busy playing clubs in and around New York. Her Western engagements commence at the Columbia Theatre, St. Louis, week of Jan. 21. She will play the Kohl, Castle and Hopkins' circuits.

Burton and Brooks played the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, last week, and met with big success.

Harry Thompson underwent an operation at the Post Graduate Hospital last week, and had a bone removed from his nose. It will not interfere with his Hebrew impersonations, as the doctor's succeeded in getting the bone out without injuring the dialect muscles in the least.

Frank Terrill and H. A. Simon have joined hands to do a musical act. Mr. Terrill is late of Brain and Terrill. Both Terrill and Simon are with the Joshua Simpkins Co.

Joseph Hart and Carrie De Mar will play a special two weeks' engagement at Keith's Union Square, beginning Dec. 18, presenting The Quiet Mr. Gay and Dr. Chaucer's Visit. Mr. Hart's new act, A Close Call, is in active preparation, and will be presented within a few weeks.

Thomas J. Ryan and Mary Richfield have been meeting with the greatest possible success on the Orpheum circuit. They finish at the Omaha house on Dec. 30 and return East to open at Hyde and Behman's on Jan. 8. Their new act, A Headless Man, is one of the most amusing farces in vaudeville.

Justice Gaynor, of the Supreme Court, on Dec. 8, granted a divorce to Josephine Devere, of 35 Suydam Street, Brooklyn, from Sam Devere, the comedian. Devere allowed the case to go by default, putting in no defense.

William Sioman, general agent for Diamond Brothers' Big Bonnie White Minstrels, joined the Danbury, Conn., Lodge of Elks on the afternoon of Tuesday, Dec. 5. The lodge held a special session to initiate Mr. Sioman.

George E. Gilligan has scored a big hit in vaudeville with his novel burlesque monologue, Black Patti, written for him by Charles Horwitz. He is also singing Horwitz and Horwitz' "Always."

The Randalles write Ten Minutes from Dublin, Ireland, to the effect that they have made a big hit on the other side, and are booked up to Jan. 1, 1901, in England, after which they go on the Continent, opening at the Winter Garden, Berlin, for two months.

The Harry W. Seaton Extravaganza Co. closed at New Albany, Ind., on Nov. 28. Ed Emmott, principal comedian and sourette of the co., are stopping with J. H. Weir, manager of the Willard Theatre in that place.

Clinton and Johnson, song illustrators, are kept busy with local entertainments. They open on the Eastern circuit Jan. 8.

George H. Harris writes that the Williams and Walker Co. was booked for the Grand Opera House, Washington, D. C., away back last Summer. He also states that the co. is breaking all records.

Lydia Yeomans-Titus was the star of a bill which included many notables at a benefit to James A. Cook, business-manager of the Empire, Liverpool, on Nov. 25. Mr. Cook's testimonial was tendered him on account of his promotion to the position of manager of the new Hippodrome in London.

The Creighton-Orpheum, in Omaha, celebrated its first anniversary Dec. 3. This theatre, one of the chain of the Orpheum circuit, has proven a success from the day it opened, and it is evident that vaudeville in Omaha has come to stay. Manager Rosenbath, who has been in charge since the opening of the house,

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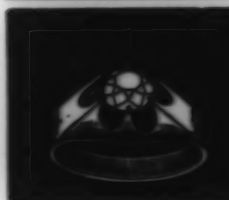
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THE LADY OF LYONS.—The appearance of Lillian Lawrence as Pauline gave great pleasure to all who have been familiar with her record as a member of the Castle Square Theatre company, for she proved her eminent ability to meet the tests of this standard drama in the most satisfactory way. Her appearance in the garden scene called out a spontaneous demonstration from the audience, which was fully justified by the artistic effect she produced in the charming Empire gown and its accessories. Her acting in all of her scenes was characterized by her usual fine taste and intelligence, and throughout the play she gave full prominence to the beauty of her lines and the dramatic business of the part.—*Boston Herald*, Dec. 8.

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And pause awhile :  
Muse of the living age,  
With words of greeting, welcoming smile  
For those whose wondrous arts beguile  
With laughter, tears and tragic masque—  
The children of the stage !



## A CHRISTMAS DINNER.



ARGUMENT:—The Earl of Warwick is leading juvenile with the Comedy Company, playing under the name of Guy Warwick. He has fallen in love with an American girl, Miss Huntley, who is playing the opposite part, but he has a dim idea that he ought to uphold traditions and marry an heiress. Miss Huntley thinks she recognizes symptoms of regard for her, but is displeased with the slowness of English methods of love making. So she tries a little ruse.

The Place is behind the scenes at the Comedy Theatre. The Time is between the matinee and evening performance on Christmas Day. The rest of the company have gone out for dinner. The Earl discovers Miss Huntley alone in the green-room.

HE.—You? All alone? What luck! Let's see—  
Won't you come out and dine with me?  
SHE.—Thanks awfully, you know; but I  
Have sprained my foot and could just cry!  
HE.—Which one? Let me  
Untie the shoe? Poor little foot! Dear me!  
SHE.—Ouch! Thanks so much!  
Your hands have quite a woman's touch.  
HE.—(Bowling.) From you—such praise—  
SHE.—Tut-tut! That's what we call bouquets  
Here in New York. And now, Me Lord,  
Go gather round the festal board!  
HE.—And leave you here with anguish rife?  
What's that you say? "Not on your life?"  
SHE.—(Laughing.) Why, I'm all right!  
Who'd think that it was Christmas night?  
Ah, me!  
HE.—Let's see!  
Last year I was at home.  
Holly and yule-log and all that, you know.  
Why don't you Yankees have the mistletoe?  
SHE.—We do, but not in scenes like this.  
HE.—All scenes are background for a kiss!  
SHE.—Ha, ha! Now that's not bad,  
I'd no idea you such talent had!  
HE.—That's nothing to the way I talk  
Sometimes. Now, try to walk—  
Lean on my arm—for every sinner  
Must have a dinner.  
SHE.—No use—I can't! You go.  
HE.—(Tragically.) And leave you? N-n-n-no!  
SHE.—I like you when you talk like that.  
I wish you'd wear your crown and not a hat.  
You see I sometimes quite forget—  
HE.—About the coronet?  
Well, mine I'd sell;  
The jewels muss a fellow's hair like—  
SHE.—Well?  
HE.—Like anything! Look here, suppose that I  
Order in something that we both can try?  
What do girls like to eat?  
SHE.—Everything good and sour and sweet.  
HE.—Some tea and shrimps and cake?  
SHE.—My Lord, the latter you may take  
For *menu* making. If I had a bun,  
I certainly should give you one!  
HE.—Well, tell me, then—some PIE?  
SHE.—Nay, nay, not I!  
HE.—Oysters—how do they strike  
Your fancy? Yes? You like  
Consommé?  
SHE.—In cups. I have it every day.  
HE.—Then let me see—  
SHE.—Now don't say tea!  
HE.—How's burgundy?  
SHE.—Horrid! It gives one gout.  
HE.—Well, come now—help me out.  
SHE.—Christmas, I always think,  
There's but one wine that folks should drink.  
HE.—Do you like dry or sweet?  
SHE.—Sweet—cold as ice.  
HE.—I'll see it's nice—and sparkling as your eyes!  
SHE.—I bow. But for my foot I'd rise.  
HE.—That's a bouquet.  
I'll learn from you nice things to say.  
SHE.—In time  
I think you'd get to talk in rhyme.  
HE.—Now, turkey we must have—  
SHE.—No, duck!  
HE.—What luck!  
I hate the other bird.  
Somehow it always tastes absurd.  
And celery and mayonnaise?  
SHE.—How nice! You've all my tastes and ways,  
My very soul you read to-night.  
HE.—(Softly.) I wish your heart I read aright!  
What's that? A blush?  
(Here take this order in a rush!)

You're famishing. Suppose we put  
Upon the chair the little foot?  
That's better. May I ask you how  
The sprain is now?

SHE.—Better. If I could only stand.  
HE.—Don't bother to. Here, let me see your hand.  
I am a palmist—versed in mystic lore.  
SHE.—I think I've heard that line before.  
HE.—Your hunger line is clear, distinct and fine.  
It's wonderful! It's just like mine!  
SHE.—You're funny, do you know?  
Has no one ever told you so?  
HE.—The line of love is sweetly dim—  
That's deuced pleasant, too, for him!  
SHE.—For him? For who?  
HE.—Of course the lucky chap that you  
Will wed some day.  
SHE.—Oh, rue and play!  
I'm wedded to my Art.  
Such frivols are from me apart!  
HE.—But if a chap, we'll say, would die  
For you—couldn't you try  
To learn to love him just—a bit?  
I wish that I could make a hit  
With you. No, honor bright! You mustn't laugh.  
A fellow cannot always chaff,  
When he's—  
SHE.—Oh, Mr. Warwick, please.  
My hand you really must not squeeze.  
Besides, you're joking—  
HE.—On my life!  
SHE.—You mean?  
HE.—I want you for my wife!  
Ah, say yes, dear?  
SHE.—Oh, hush!  
WAITER.—The dinner, sorr, is here.



"POOR LITTLE FOOT! DEAR ME!"





"THE DINNER, SORR, IS HERE."

SHE. Dinner? Oh! Oh!  
What's this? A wreath of mistletoe?  
How sweet of them to put it there.  
HE. I ordered it for some one's hair.  
A crown I pray refuse—you won't?  
SHE. They're looking!—don't!

KATE MASTERSON.

## THE RULING PASSION.

HAPSON was bending over a bunch of "flimsy," trying to extract a paragraph from the half-column story to meet the space exigencies of the *Daily Blast*, when Bilkins, the night editor, yelled for him. He jumped up and rushed over to the desk. There he stood waiting. Bilkins tossed a wad of copy to a boy, finished writing a head on a news local, and then remembered that he had called for a reporter.

"Here's a big mortgage recorded by the New Street Railway Company," Bilkins said. "Try to see the president. There may be a story in it. On your way up stop at Riley Cameron's—his father died to-day, and we want a good obit of him. When you've done that, if it isn't too late, look in at the Opera House. It's the last night of the season. See if you can't get some good stuff about the leading woman's plans for the Summer. Don't mind giving her a free ad.; she's a nice girl, and people will be interested."

Hapson's face had clouded at the idea of more work for the night, but he smiled when the Opera House was mentioned. That was the assignment he had been wishing for all day, and with the regular dramatic man away he had imagined he stood a good chance of getting it. Leisure hours were few on the *Blast*, and as the staff was small there was always plenty to do. Two of the men had already started on their vacations, so those who remained had their hands full.

Hapson had found time during the Winter to cultivate an acquaintance with Marion Rose, who played the sympathetic young women in all of the stock company's productions. The dramatic editor had introduced him one afternoon, and he had taken a violent liking to her. He met her casually once or twice, then asked if he might call; which privilege being granted, he began to devote all of his spare time to her. In fact, he occasionally let an assignment slide in order to meet the actress after the performance, so that the editor began to wonder how it was that Hapson had such bad luck in missing people he was sent to see.

It was early when he left the office, and he knew that he would have plenty of time to see the railroad man, but he cursed the luck that made "old Cameron

crank" at that particular time. Still he figured that he might be able to cover both assignments and still reach the theatre on time. He remembered that Miss Rose spoke the tag in the week's bill. If it had not been for the breaking down of an express wagon his calculations would have been all right, but the wreckage of barrels and boxes in the street completely blocked the cars, and he had to get out and foot it. He ran up the little alley way that led to the stage door and found the watchman putting out the lights.

"Is Miss Rose gone?" he inquired breathlessly.

"Ten minutes or more," was the answer. "Anything important? Guess you'd find her at the depot. Company leaves to-night."

He did not wait to hear more, but rushed headlong toward the station. It was half a dozen blocks away, and as he hurried along he framed the words he meant to say. He had never before realized how much he cared for her. When he reached the station he found Miss Rose in the lunch room, with a sandwich in one hand and a glass of milk in the other.

"Why, Mr. Hapson," she exclaimed, "what in the world have you been doing?" She burst out laughing, and he then noticed that he was spattered with mud from head to foot. But this was no time for trifles.

"There is something I must say to you," he whispered. "Come outside, please, where the others won't hear."

"Can't I finish my sandwich?"

He almost cried with indignation at the suggestion, but she only laughed and followed him, carrying the morsel in her hand.

Outside the platform was in darkness, save where the headlight threw a yellow gleam. Overhead the moon was almost hidden behind a thick cloud.

"Marion," he said, "I had no idea you were going away so soon."

"No, it was rather sudden," she said. "Mr. Blake, the manager, had a telegram to-day, asking if we would fill four weeks open time. The terms were low, but he talked it over with the company, and we agreed to go on half salaries. That's better than nothing at this time of the year."

"But I don't want you to go," he cried, "Marion, I love you. I want you to be my wife."

She stopped eating, but did not drop the sandwich.

"Dear old chap," she said, "I am awfully sorry. Indeed, I am. You've been kind to me during my stay here and I appreciate it. But you force me to tell you something that I meant to keep secret a while longer, anyhow. Mr. Blake and I were married a week ago."

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, and Miss Rose rushed into the lunch room to get her satchel. The players made their way to the train. Blake came out of the bar wiping his lips.

"Come along, Marion," he said, "don't want you to get left, you know."

"Shake hands with Mr. Hapson, of the *Blast*," she said. "He came down to see us off."

"Awfully good of him, I'm sure," said the manager, and they boarded the train. The last thing that Hapson saw as the train pulled out was Marion Rose standing on the back platform nibbling a bit of sandwich. Then he turned away, and a tear rolled down his cheek. He walked slowly up the platform. Suddenly his face brightened.

"By Jove, it's a beat!" he shouted.

A few minutes later Bilkins was putting a spread head on the story of Marion Rose's Secret Marriage.

ADOLPH KLAUBER.



HILDA ENGLUND.



## A CHRISTMAS TOAST TO THE PLAYERS.

O H. you're all a bad lot, do you mind,  
With your antics, your paint and your fun,  
Your pique and your quarrels  
O'er each other's laurels,  
And it's well known, besides, that you're shaky on morals.  
But oh, you have hearts that are kind,  
And brave are the deeds that you've done!

So, here's to you, player folk!  
Drink this one toast with me—  
Drink to the walk of the uncertain "ghost" with me,  
Drink to your sweethearts, husbands and wives,  
Drink to your free and unfettered lives,  
For you're nearer the spirit of Christmas Day  
In your tinsel, motley dress,  
Than many who smirk their lives away  
In respectable saintliness.

In gay wagons from city to town  
You've carried your vagabond ways  
Between English hedges,  
In Winter, on sledges  
O'er trackless prairies, thro' pampas and sedges,  
Giving help to the soul that is down,  
And that's the religion that pays!

FREDERICK TRUESDELL.

## MY FIRST PLAYS.



OME time during the Autumn of 1847, while the Mexican War was in progress, a theatrical company, playing its way from Philadelphia to New York, stopped for a week at New Brunswick, New Jersey; hired the Town Hall, opposite my grandfather's office, and announced a change of bill every night, with all star casts and special scenery. A stage was hurriedly improvised; the scenery was painted on drops, and I inspected and assisted the preparations after school hours.

As a theatre town New Brunswick then had a reputation, which, alas! it has since lost, but which it hopes to regain, next year, by the erection of a large playhouse, with all the modern improvements. The first and greatest Wallack broke his leg in a stage-coach accident near New Brunswick, when he was a young and handsome actor, and he was invalided for three months at a small hotel on Burnet Street. Amiable, cultured and attractive, he found himself the centre of a polite and educated society, headed by the faculty and students of Rutgers College, and when he went on to New York to make his rentree at the old Park Theatre as *Dick Dashall*, limping a little in the first scene, as if to suggest some permanent injury, and then dashing about the stage with the impetuosity that the character demanded, several of my townspeople accompanied him and assisted at his triumph.

The details of Mr. Wallack's accident and his delightful sojourn were familiar to me, although they occurred before I was born. I used to look with reverence upon the hotel where he had lodged, and listen with eagerness to the stories of his wit and grace. Now, at last, I had the happiness of seeing real play-actors, and although they said little that was witty or graceful during the hard work of putting up the stage and hanging the scenery, each one was to me a Wallack.

Judge Haley Fiske, my grandfather, at whose hospitable table Clay, Webster and their Whig contemporaries used to meet on their journeys to and from Washington, took season tickets for the family, as was the custom. My interest in the proceedings was noticed, and after some deliberation it was decided that I should be allowed to stay up late on Friday night and attend the performance of "The Drunkard; or, Ten Nights in a Barroom." But this was not destined to be my first play.

Even at an early age the critical faculty was developed sufficiently to assure me that the drama which my parents and guardians had selected for me to see was not the piece that I wanted to see. Besides, there was a repugnant suspicion of admonition and instruction in the title, and I had quite enough of instruction and admonition in daily school, Sunday-school and two church services. So, after carefully weighing the relative attractions of the week's repertory, I chose "The Lady of the Lake;" broke open my tin savings bank; slipped out of the house; secured a good seat on the aisle, and for three hours left this weary world and was transported to the fairy realms of stage romance.

Since then I have seen Sir Walter Scott's poem dramatized by Andrew Halliday and produced at Drury Lane Theatre, London, with all the magnificence that Manager Chatterton lavished upon the so-called National Theatre. But it did not affect me like the performance at the Town Hall in New Brunswick. Perhaps time had dulled the imagination and usage dispelled the illusion; but, if so, why do I remember the acting, the scenery, the accessories of 1847 so vividly?

"The Lady of the Lake," both as a poem and a play, has dropped out of notice for many years; but there is no better subject for a spectacle, a grand or a comic opera, or a burlesque. If the composer and librettist of "Rob Roy" had taken the strong, sweet old story, instead of inventing a Scotch plot, their work would have endured for more than one successful season. A few months before Chatterton signed his name to Boucicault's pronouncement, that "Shakespeare spells ruin and Byron bankruptcy," he had made a comfortable fortune out of Sir Walter Scott's poems and novels.

My first play in New York was at Barnum's Museum, where the theatre was called the lecture-room, to placate the pious people from the country. I was a few years older, and was rewarded for being good by being taken to New York for a Saturday afternoon holiday. The bill was "Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady" and "The Magic Trampet." Miss Mestayer was the heroine of the comedietta, and I fell in love with her at first sight. The Ravel Family played the pantomime, and I was dumb with wonder.

After the performance, when my party assembled near the Happy Family cage of chloroformed animals to depart for home, I was missing. The Museum was searched; but I was not to be found among the admirers of General Tom Thumb, or of the Fat Lady, or of the Indigo Man, or of the Woolly Horse. Finally, somebody recalled my fondness for the stage; the business-manager was summoned; the lecture-room doors were unlocked, and I was discovered snugly nestling in my crimson velvet seat, waiting for the evening performance. To me the rest of the world seemed well lost. All that I asked was to stay to see the same programme continuously.

'Tis such a little world! Years after, I engaged the Mr. Clarke whom I saw in "Faint Heart" to play the villain in my adaptation of "Corporal Cartouche," at

Niblo's Garden, and was surprised to find that he had not married Miss Mestayer and was not one of the greatest American actors. Tom Hadaway, the Museum comedian, reappeared to me the other day, like a ghost from the past, as the uncle of my friend Wickham. To Marietta, one of the Ravel Family, I have been introduced as the beautiful wife of genial Mart Hanley.

Now that the vaudevilliers are looking for short, popular, dramatic sketches, why do they overlook "Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady," which has never yet failed to please in any language?

Having once seen the Ravel Family, I seldom missed one of their first-nights. Why have they had no successors? Why have not their stage miracles been reproduced? Pantomime in America is said to have died with G. L. Fox, who was at first only an imitator of the Ravels and used to adopt their tricks bunglingly. But there is plenty of room for the Ravel specialties in such shows as "Superba," in such plays as "The Sorrows of Satan," in "The Black Crook" class of spectacles, and in the vaudeville houses.

None of the other pantomimes that I have seen here or abroad can compare with those of the Ravels in variety of incident, in astonishing feats, and especially in dramatic action. The performers were actors as well as acrobats. Their genius may not be replaced by modern talent; but the stage-plots of their plays must be gold mines of clever suggestions.

A few seasons ago a Ravel pantomime was advertised at the Academy of Music, and failed because it altogether lacked the acting strength and marvelous skill of the original. Probably an exact revival of the Ravel successes, that saved Niblo's Garden and made William Wheatley's fortune when J. W. Wallack and E. L. Davenport could not draw in the legitimate, would be called old-fashioned; but adapted to our electrical discoveries their wonders might be even more wonderful.

The first play that I saw in London was "Caste," during its original run at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. Everything was on the most diminutive scale—a little theatre, a little stage, a little play, little people—but everything was perfect. Of the company you have seen here only John Hare; but, very unwisely, he did not play his original part, *Sam Gerridge*, in which he was inimitable, and attempted *Eccles*, in which George Honey could not possibly be equaled.

Tom Robertson wrote parts for special actors, not for the general company. For example, he took a fat, stolid, mumbling comedian and transformed him into the hero of "Caste," instead of writing the character to suit any leading juvenile. He took "Johnny" Clark—so called to distinguish him from J. S. Clarke—who was homely, lame, harsh voiced, almost a dwarf, and made him a hero in other plays. He would as soon have cast Hare for *Eccles* as for *Polly*. Pinero also makes plays to fit, and you will probably see the real Hare in "The Gay Lord Quex."

Marie Wilton, the titular manageress of the Prince of Wales' and really its star, and Sir Squire Bancroft, whose specialty was the heavy swell—a variation of the old top line of business—were right in refusing to come to America to act. Miss Wilton was a burlesque actress originally, and her art, like that of the low comedian, is essentially local. Sir Squire may give readings for charities in Canada again this Winter, and if so he should be invited to New York by some representative club or committee.

The Robertson plays were originally peculiar not only to London but to the tiny Prince of Wales' Theatre, formerly called "the Queen's Dusthole." When he wrote for other theatres he could not succeed, and when other dramatists tried to write for the Prince of Wales' they failed. Thus "War," which was Robertson's most ambitious play, cost me a fortune at the St. James', and the "Tame Cats" of Edmund Yates came to grief at the Prince of Wales', although everybody labored to make it a success in order to break down the Robertson monopoly. Not until Robertson's works had succeeded in New York and Boston were they sent into the British provinces, where they have been cordially welcomed. In this case, as with "Pinare," the Americans taught the English to value their own productions.

Bancroft, who joined the company for general utility, then married Marie Wilton and became the manager, deserves credit for lifting the theatre out of a rut. He made mistakes, such as the revival of "The Merchant of Venice," but he introduced a new style of acting in "The School for Scandal," and he transferred the company and its successes to the larger Haymarket.

Notwithstanding all these after considerations, "Caste," as I originally saw it, was a perfect comedy. I went to the Prince of Wales' again and again with increasing pleasure. In "Triby," as it was performed at the Garden Theatre, and in "Becky Sharp," at the Fifth Avenue, there is the same complete ensemble of acting, story, characters, costumes, scenes and atmosphere, so seldom insured by the most earnest efforts.

We shall never again see a Robertsonian Prince of Wales' in London (although there is a new theatre named after the Prince), any more than we shall see another Mitchell's Olympic in New York (although the popularity of all the burlesques at the music halls shows that the public are pining for just such a playhouse).

In Paris my first play was at the Comédie Française. Mlle. Reichemberg, now about to retire as a veteran, was then the pretty, slender, blonde ingenue. The great Got was in his prime. Napoleon the Third reigned generously; then as now Paris was on its good behavior on account of an approaching Exposition; the company of the House of Molière was at its best—a stock company still, instead of a Milky Way of possible or impossible stars.

Having read and heard so much about the Comédie Française, I expected too much and was bitterly disappointed. In the style of acting the company resembled Wallack's, but individually they were not so artistic. Got's vaunted gentlemanliness was of the same quality as Lester Wallack's. The leading lady dressed as handsomely as Mrs. Hoey, but did not act as excellently. Mlle. Reichemberg was in no respect superior to Madeline Henriques. There was no old woman equal to Mrs. Vernon; no old man equal to Rufus Blake; and as a low comedian the elder Coquelin was excelled by the elder Holland.

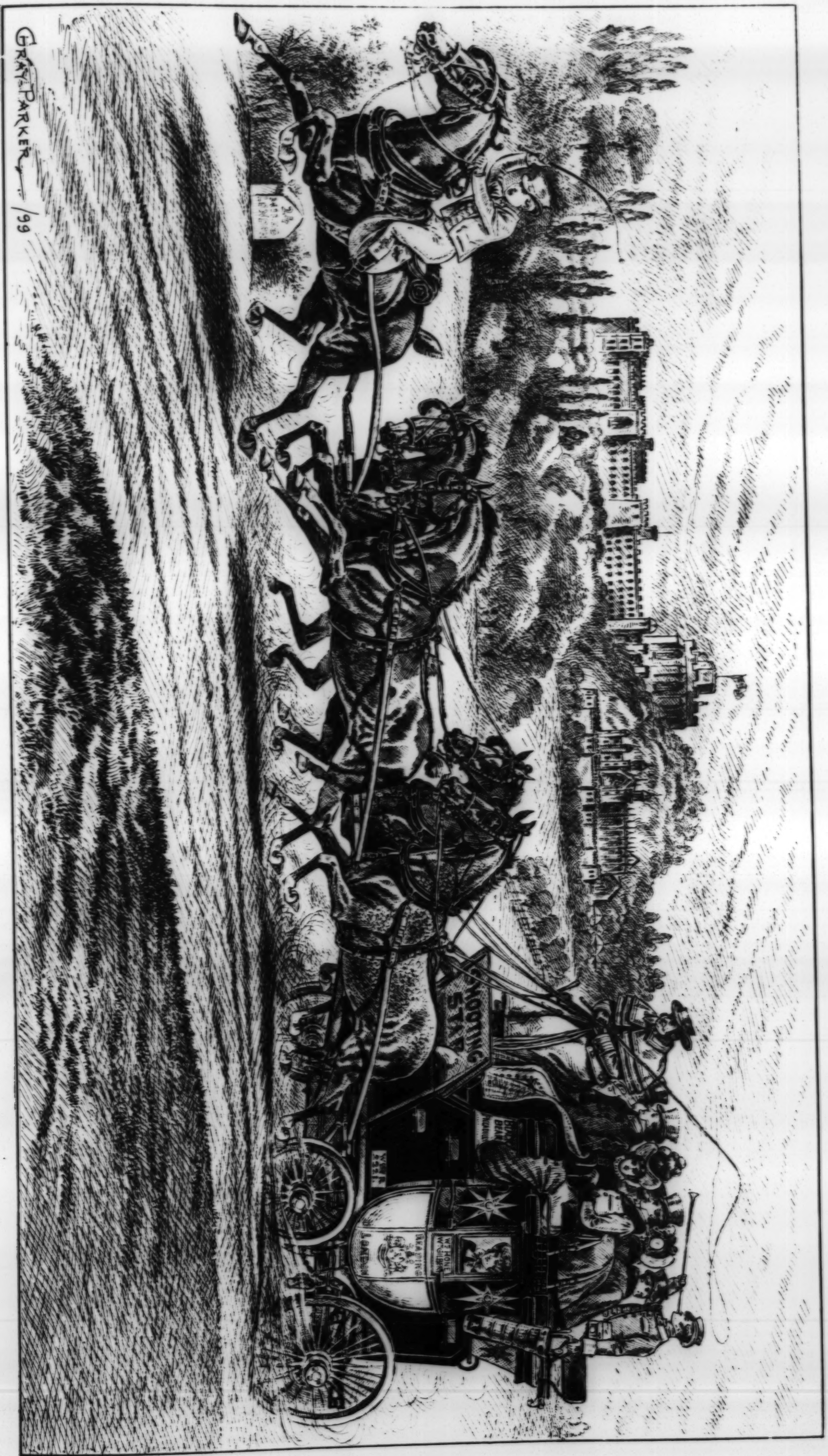
Remember that I had crossed the Atlantic with young, clear eyes; with no exalted opinion of the acting in America, which I had been taught to regard as much inferior to that in Europe; with the strongest possible prejudice in favor of the Théâtre Français as the home of art, the fountain-head of the modern drama.

The first scene of the play was in a park. Real trees were planted in the stage. Real leaves fluttered to the real grass. "Ah!" I admiringly murmured, "this is the perfection of theatrical art!"

But, as the play proceeded, imagine my amazement at seeing every fault of acting that had been ridiculed or criticised off the American stage committed by these greatest of French actors. They all talked to the audience. Every one of them stepped out of the picture to make some personal point. When they tried to be dramatic they were what we called pumpy, and when they tried to be comical they were what we called wooden.

Years before, at the New Bowery Theatre, I had seen three tragedians play together in "Julius Caesar" for a benefit. They played fairly. Each walked down to the footlights to deliver his speech, and the others went to the back of the stage and leaned against the set pieces. This was only a slight exaggeration of the style of acting in a comedy at the Théâtre Français!





A THEATRICAL COMPANY ON THE READING AND LONDON COACH "SHOOTING STAR" IN 1830.  
The coach is breasting Salt Hill en route to London. Windsor Castle and Eton are in the distance.





MABEL STRICKLAND.

Judged impartially, then, and reviewed as impartially afterward, the *Comédie Française* of 1867 was surpassed in every point of naturalness, elegance and force by the stock company at Wallack's in 1866.

At Vienna—which the *London Era* has just struck off the list of its correspondents, because nothing worthy of notice theatrically is now produced there—my first play was "The Pirates of the Savannah," a French melodrama, in which Adah Isaacs Menken played one of her dumb and almost nude characters.

She had been very successful in Paris, where she ranked as a Bohemian lioness; the great Dumas had been photographed with her; other famous men of all nationalities paid court to her; I had heard her enthusiastically applauded in the same melodrama. In Vienna she was hissed.

After the play I went on the stage to express my sympathy. The door of Menken's dressing-room was open. In a corner was what seemed to be a heap of spangled clothes, thrown down hurriedly. The maid read out the name on my card; the huddle of clothes suddenly stirred; out of it sprang Menken, with eyes aflame.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed; "you are an American! You have seen me in New York! Yes—yes; I remember now; you have always been my good friend! Now you can save me from these ruffians that have dared to hiss me—me! You can tell them who Adah Isaacs Menken is! You will—promise me that you will!"

Thus the tempest raged, and as I strolled back to the Kaiserin Elizabeth I sagely reflected that the best acting in Vienna was to be seen behind the scenes.

STEPHEN FISKE.

## FROM SEASON TO SEASON.

WHEN all the leaves fall brown and sere,  
A patchwork quilt for the palsied year,  
And you and I go wandering by  
The places where the dead flowers lie,  
Ah, then, dear heart,  
That we must part  
Seems written over earth and sky.

When all the snows around the feet  
Seem but the Old Year's winding sheet,  
And Absence' toll, exacts its dole,  
In Shylock pence from soul to soul,  
Ah, then, dear one,  
Our day seems done,  
And hearts seem far as pole to pole.

But when the daffodils creep out  
And shower yellow stars about,  
And birds that sing upon the wing  
Their silver notes of promise bring,  
Ah, then, my sweet,  
That we shall meet  
Makes in each heart a primrose Spring.

And when the roses drop their red  
Upon the gold of your dear head,  
Sweetheart divine, pour out the wine;  
Love dances down the world's sunshine,  
And all his bliss  
Is in the kiss  
That tells me you are mine, all mine!

EILEEN MORETTA.

## THE WRONG CUE.

"We are our  
own fates. Our own deeds  
are our doomsday."  
Lucile.

THE audience had gone laughing and chatting from the theatre, wrapping themselves closely in their overcoats and furs, to protect them from the storm. The stage-manager and little band of carpenters had soon followed. The electrician had turned off all the lights save a small one on the stage, which served to show the way out to the actors. By twos and threes they went, with a hurried "good night" or a laughing jest. Below stairs the night watchman could be heard going his rounds to see that all was safe, his cry of "All out! All out!" being the only sound that broke the silence.

Strange draughts and shadows played about the empty stage, where one man still waited, his tall form dimly outlined in the deep shadows. A door opened in the distance, and in its small flood of light a woman came toward him. "I have kept you waiting?"

"The time seemed long in passing, but it has gone too quickly," he answered. "Well, this is the end." He held out his hand, and as her slender one touched it, he locked it closely in his own and continued: "I shall always follow you with kindest thoughts and wishes for your success. You will live by my sister's side in my heart. A true friend, if an absent one. And you—"

"I shall always remember you."

"Bear in mind what I said. I'd cross the width of the world to come to you should you ever need my help."

"I shall remember."

"There is nothing great or small I will not do at your request!"

Again she murmured "I shall remember!"

It seemed as if something held her throat and made other words impossible. She felt weak. Once—a few days before—she had been strong, with strength for both of them. But now she trembled, her hand lay in his, and she waited, with a strange numbness, for what was to come.

"I hate the word 'good-bye,' and never speak it. But that's what it is, now, to—us. Good-bye!"

With a strong grip, that was mingled pain and ecstasy, he released her hand. She did not speak, but her eyes said "Farewell!" He turned to leave her when a rough voice broke in upon them.

"Ah, you are not gone yet. Good! Maude, I have business, and shall not be back till late. Gordon will see you to the hotel."

The newcomer spoke in thick, uneven tones, and with him came an unpleasant atmosphere of stale tobacco and whisky. With the advent of her husband the woman was quite herself again, and answered indifferently, "Mr. Gordon has already bidden me good-bye. Will you not take me home yourself?"

"Impossible! I'm going to the club with some newspaper men. If you don't like my suggestion, call a cab."

"Let me walk with you—to-night," said Gordon, drawing nearer to her.

"Of course. Why not?" her husband asked with a coarse laugh, and then continued impatiently, "I don't see why you are quitting, any way! You play well with my wife; the public likes you; I like you. When you have worn your shoe leather a bit on Broadway you'll be sorry you threw up a good job. It's all your d—pride. I suppose you want to be the whole blooming attraction!"

The manager's tone had grown loud and angry, and as he puffed viciously at his cigar the smoke blew in his wife's pale face. She shrank back. Time made it no easier for her to bear his roughness of speech and manner. The younger man spoke up shortly.

"Well, it's too late to talk about it now. What's done, you know—"

"You're a big fool, that's all I've got to say." And with this parting shot the manager turned on his heel, his unsteadiness showing very plainly as he went down the narrow passage that led to the stage door.

"Come," said Gordon. In a few minutes the two were in the dimly lighted streets. The snow was heavy on the ground, but had ceased to fall. The wind had

DELIA STACEY.  
"Sehen or Eleben?"



sunk to scarcely a whisper. It was not unpleasant walking. They went in silence for quite a distance. Then the man broke out impetuously: "It's more than flesh and blood can stand! How am I to live with the knowledge of you at that brute's mercy, subject to his neglect? At least I can guard you at times. I told you I loved you the other day. Forget it. It never shall be repeated. You need not be afraid of me."

He had quickened his steps unknowingly, and her breath came in short gasps that hurt, as she strove to keep beside him. Once—twice—she tried to speak. The third time she succeeded, but her usually sweet voice sounded a little shrill in the night air. "Hush! listen to me!" Instinctively he slackened his pace. As she went on her voice gained in power.

"There was a girl I knew once who was not poor, as some people count things. She had enough to eat, enough to wear, and friends in her own little circle. Yet she was starved. Her very nature demanded space to expand, her ambitions cried aloud for ladders on which to climb, her heart craved for the life and passions of the real world, from which she was shut out. Her heart, her brain, her soul seemed to have thousands of hands which were stretching out into the darkness and yearning after things forbidden her. There are two objects for which one may live. Ambition. Love. One there was who came to this girl and offered her the fulfillment of the first. She accepted it. She was not blind. She knew her choice must be irrevocable. She must abide by it—always."

Then came a long silence, broken only by the sound of their footsteps as they crushed the snow. At the door of the hotel, he spoke.

"I understand. Perhaps you are right. Who knows. But, oh, my girl, why did you not wait for me? Love comes once to every one!"

The strain was growing too heavy; she strove to laugh and speak in a lighter vein.

"Shakespeare says, 'all the world's a stage.' I was so impatient to become an actor, I spoke on the wrong cue."

"And now you must finish the play. God help us both!"

And so they parted. He, with a man's mad longing, felt the pain might be easier borne had she but once acknowledged that this love she could not take was at least returned. And she in dumb misery knelt at her open window and prayed far into the night "that he might never know."

ETHEL BARRINGTON.

## DOT'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

(Copyrighted.)

### CHARACTERS:

FRANK GILDERSLEEVE, a Ranchman and Rough Rider.

DOROTHY GILDERSLEEVE, his wife.

DOT, her daughter, aged six.

SCENE.—Room in cheap lodging house, New York, where Dorothy Gildersleeve works at coloring photographs to support herself and her child.

TIME.—Christmas Eve, 1899.

DOROTHY, dressed in black, is discovered painting at the table, by lamplight. DOT, prettily dressed, is sitting in her chair, holding a broken doll.

DOT.—I can't stand this, Mommie; all my toys is broke. Why, this rough rider horse hasn't a leg left. (Folding her hands and looking helplessly at her mother.) What is I to do?

DOROTHY (hardly looking up).—Play away, Dot dear, don't worry Mommy now.

DOT (sighing).—Oh dear! My Mommie's always busy, an' it's Kismas time, too. I saw Santa Claus yesterday, driving wit' his boo-ful reindeer, an' a boy said he was looking out for the bad boys and girls, an' then he'd only put a whip in their stockings. Well! he won't have to put a whip in my stocking, 'cause I's good, Mommie says so. I is good, aint I, Mommie?

DOROTHY (without looking from work).—Yes dear, of course you'r. good.

DOT.—I know what I'll do. I'll go and call up that old fireplace, and tell Santa Claus to bring me some new toys. (Rises and goes towards fireplace.) I's awful sick of these old broken up things. (Drops doll, and puts her head down to fireplace. (Calls.) Santa Claus; I say, Santa Claus, hasn't you got any sing for me? I's a good girl. I want a doll, and a new rough rider horse for my papa when he comes home, and a purse wiv money in it for Mommie, and lots of things, please, Santa Claus, and—

DOROTHY (drops her work and gazes on Dot).—Dot, darling, come here. You musn't ask too much this year of old Santa Claus, you know, for this is New York, and there are so many chimneys in this big city, and our chimney is so very little, darling. I sometimes fear he won't even find us.

DOT (calling from fireplace).—Oh yes he will, Mommie. I hear him laughing up there now. See! Listen! He's knocking. (A noise of pieces of brick falling down.)

DOROTHY (going over to Dot and taking her in her arms).—My darling, come to mother; I'll tell you a story. I guess old Santa Claus will find you, dear, even here. (Sits down with Dot in her lap and fondles her.) Do you remember, Dot, when we lived in the West what fun we had on Christmas?

DOT (nodding her head).—Yes, I do.

DOROTHY.—And do you remember the big Christmas tree, and daddy and the boys, and the Christmas cake and—

DOT.—Yes (laughing), and Andy an' 'he big doll he bringed me from Denver.

DOROTHY.—Well, dear, we can't have all those things now.

DOT.—Why, Mommie, I's a good girl, isn't I?

DOROTHY (hugging her).—Yes, darling, you are good, but so much has happened since then, dearie.

DOT.—What's happened?

DOROTHY.—Daddy's gone to the war.

DOT.—And he's never coming back, never?

DOROTHY.—No, dear, never. (Tearfully.) He's gone,—and then you and I came all the way to big New York to try and find him.

DOT.—And we didn't find him, did we? What's happened to him?

DOROTHY (bowing her head over Dot).—He's dead. (Sobbing.)

DOT (excitedly).—Hanged, an' put in a hole in the ground, like Bill Jones the horse thief was.

DOROTHY.—My darling, your father was a soldier in Santiago, and was wounded and died on board ship coming home.

DOT.—Don't cry, Mommie; maybe Santa Claus'll bring you a new daddy. (Looking wise.) He might.

DOROTHY.—We don't want a new daddy. (Recovering herself.) But, Dot dear, I must go to work. I'll tell you what to do,—you put dolly to sleep. Poor dolly, she does look tired. I'll finish the photo, and as soon as I am done I'll put you to bed, and you shall hang your stocking right by the fireplace. I don't believe Santa Claus will forget my Dot, do you?

DOT (going after her stocking).—Can't I hang it up now, Mommie? I might forget if I was sleepy.

DOROTHY (going over to work-table).—Yes, yes, dearie.

DOT.—Bofe? (Holding up a pair of stockings.)



JAMES T. KELLY AND DOROTHY KENT.

DOROTHY (absently).—All right, yes.

DOT (hangs the stockings on a nail under the mantel).—See, Mommie, there they is, an' I found a nail right by the fireplace hole, too.

DOROTHY (sees stockings hanging over nail as if on a clothes line, legs down).—That won't do, Dot, everything would drop out that way, see? (Goes to chimney, pins stockings together and hangs them up.)

DOT (looking on with her hands clasped behind her).—Now they's fixed, I guess Santa Claus'll find 'em easy,—come dolly. (picks up doll and rocks her, and falls asleep herself, singing.)

DOROTHY (working at table, looks up, and seeing DOT asleep, goes over and lifts her to the couch).—Poor baby, tired and worn out. Well! Well! I'll let you rest here awhile. (Gets shawl and covers her tenderly.) I must finish my picture and then take them all to Walton, or I won't have any Christmas for my poor Dot to-morrow. (Goes to table, picks up brush and begins work, but bursting into tears drops it, and, resting her head on table, sobs. At the window the face of a Rough Rider is seen. He stands a second, opens door softly, comes in, goes to table and takes Dorothy's hands.)

FRANK GILDERSLEEVE.—Dorothy,—wife!

DOROTHY (raising her head, screams).—My God! (Rises.) Frank!

FRANK (taking her in his arms).—My darling, don't you know me? I have searched for you everywhere.

DOROTHY.—Frank, I came here to find you. They told me you were dead.

FRANK.—Yes, I know, they got me mixed up with another man—Gilderson. Poor chap, he's done for. I've been West, went home the minute I was discharged; didn't wait to write, thought I'd reach you soon as a letter. Got home, found you'd come to New York last Summer, and I've kept on tracing you till I found you here.

DOROTHY (holding on to him).—Oh Frank! Can it really be you, alive?

FRANK.—Yes, alive and kicking; and I'm going to do some pretty tall kicking, too. Why are you so devilish hard up? I left things well fixed for you at home.

DOROTHY.—Yes, I know you did, but I was nearly crazy when the news came that you were wounded and coming home; and I just came away at once and left every thing for the boys to manage and—

FRANK.—Well, we won't talk about that now, darling; that'll keep. I'm home and I can take good care of you and Dot, God bless her. May I go and kiss her?

DOROTHY.—Frank! I should think so, come.

(They go to couch together. FRANK leans over and kisses DOT.)

DOT (rising up, rubbing her eyes, looks at him).—Daddy! Did Santa Claus send you home to Mommie and me?

FRANK (taking her in his arms and kissing her).—God sent me home to Mommie and you.

DOT (laconically).—God is good. (patting FRANK'S head affectionately) and now He'll let us have Christmas too, won't He?

FRANK.—Yes, now—right off. You get down and get the sleepy out of your eyes, and I'll touch the button and call the Christmas fairy in. (He goes to door and touches a knob. The door opens and in comes Santa Claus, carrying a Christmas tree, followed by three little girls and three little boys. The tree is set down, lighted and the children dance all around it.)

CURTAIN.

LOUISA LEE ANSTEE.

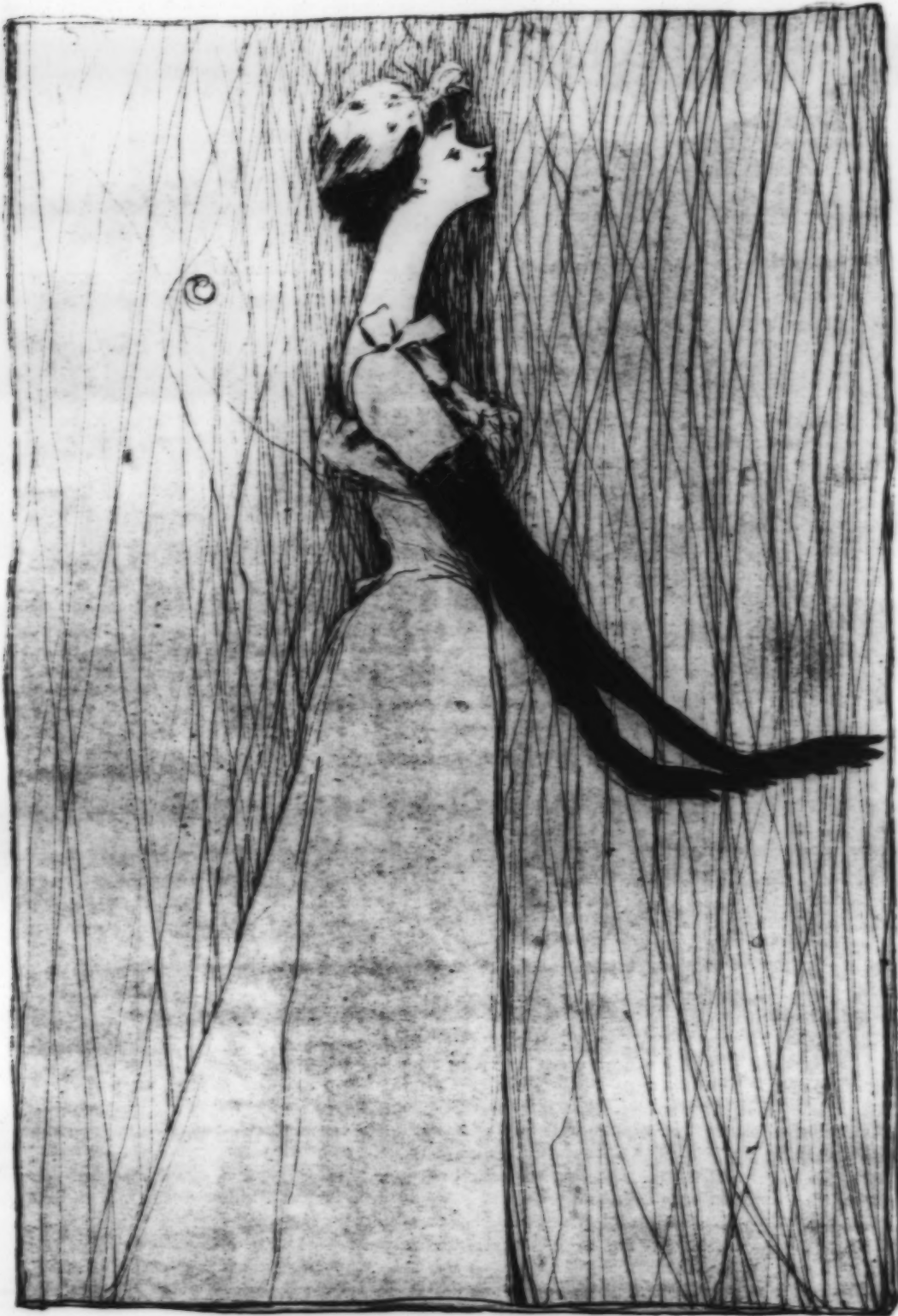
## ANOTHER GOOD THING LOST.

THE MONOLOGUE COMEDIAN.—"Say, I thought of a new gag the other day that knocks the socks off anything that I've ever done!"

THE SOCIETTE.—"Why don't you spring it?"

THE MONOLOGUE COMEDIAN.—"Oh, what's the use? It's so good that it would be in the mouth of every comedy man in the country inside of a week, and I think too much of the joke to have it killed by popularity, so I guess I'll keep it to myself."





CISSY LOFTUS AS YVETTE GUILBERT.

## "SUCH A GOOD IDEA."

### I.—THE CARNIFEX OF PARIS.

**H**ENRI DE LONGVAL, *totus pater carnifex*, public executioner of the tribunal of Paris, was a type of his trade. In his veins surged the blood of a family that for years had struck the boot to the eighth spike, burnt the flesh, and broke men at the wheel. He had strong notions as to the legitimacy, hereditability and honor of his office. Fully persuaded of its value, he felt that his axe and gibbet equaled a magistrate's robe or an abbé's cassock.

It was in the vortex of the French Revolution. That carnivorous holocaust, born of a people's brooding and revenge, and fostered by all passions mad and wild, the "Reign of Terror," had thundered down the doors of the noblesse, and, turning, was tearing, biting and mangling its own numbers. The times were as if afflicted with disease and in a delirium of death. Each morning, upon the scaffold, the Republic was baptized with blood. At the Places of the Revolution and the Carrousel and the Grave, the "national razor," "the knife that soothes all pains," "the window through which one sees eternity," or "the little Sainte Guillotine," whatever one chooses to call it, was mowing lives by the score and reaping a heavy harvest of heads.

One evening after a heavy execution, Henri de Longval, whom some called Monsieur de Paris, and others Charlot, perhaps better known as Charles Henry Sanson, was resting in his garden on the Rue Neuve Saint Jean. His face and eyes, commencing to grow wild and haggard from the strain of plentiful cries and groans, were closely drawn in deep thought. Dom Ange Modeste Gomart, of the Order of Recollets, Abbé of Picpus, had informed him a few minutes before that his son was sheltering in an obscure dwelling a noble of the family of de Chatelet and daughter, Lucille.

Let it be said in behalf of the venerable Father Gomart—himself in secret favorable to Royalists—that he had hesitated before acting the spy, but accepted the task at the cost of a great effort, from a deep sentiment of duty to the executioner's family, as it was apparent to him that the youth and girl loved and awaited with the father only an opportunity of departing for foreign shores, when the Count de Chatelet, in recognition of his gratitude to the executioner's son, would give his daughter to him in marriage.

Besides his guillotine, Henri de Longval père loved his son the best of all on earth—it was even difficult to say of which Master de Longval was prouder—his post or of his child. He gave him the best education money could procure, but while he was glad to see his son grow up as a gentleman, so many members of his family had been executioners that it seemed as if his own destiny and that of his race to come had been hewn in advance and only awaited the day that the honor of his office was to pass to his boy. The father's eyes had perceived the repugnance for executions, the Desmoulins talk of clemency and the distraction that seemed of late to possess his son. The story of Monsiuer l'Abbé confirmed his suspicions. He

### CARMEN.

**N**IGHT in Seville, and the twinkle  
Of stars in the far azure set,  
The mandolin's torturing tinkle,  
The click of the castanet!  
Music and wine and low laughter,  
Love, and a torment of tune—  
Hate and a poignard thereafter,  
Under the yellow moon.

Here in the night I await her  
Under the slumberous moon;  
Yearns my fierce spirit to mate her,  
All my sick senses a-swoon.  
Beneath the wild sway of her dancing,  
Passion and pride are at war,  
Thrall to her amorous glancing,  
José, the Toreador.

Carmen Gitana, behold her!  
Bright passion-flow'r of the South;  
Soft Southern languors enfold her,  
Scarlet the bloom of her mouth;  
Passionate, sensuous, cruel,  
Raving warm laughter and light,  
A ruby—a scintillant jewel  
Set on the brow of the night.

Ah, the wild rhythm of her dancing!  
Lithe with the jaguar's grace,  
Ah, the sweet fire of her glancing,  
The love-litten lure of her face!  
And ah, in my fierce arms to hold her,  
This strange scarlet flow'r of the South,  
Close to my heart-beat to fold her,  
Drinking the wine of her mouth!

Sweet, thou art weary with dancing,  
Sick of the music and light,  
Praises and over-bold glancing—  
Steal with me into the night;  
Out of the riot of laughter,  
Out of the torment of tune—  
Love and close kisses thereafter  
Under the sensuous moon!

Carmen, my fierce arms enfold thee,  
Bright passion-flow'r of the South,  
Close to my hot heart I hold thee,  
Crushing the flow'r of thy mouth.  
Love, for the loving that swayed me,  
Passion, for passion long past,  
Hate, for the hate that betrayed me. . . .  
My dirk in your side at the last!

LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

now knew the secret the boy had been hiding. But what to do?

Bright colored, gay tinted flowers bloomed near where the executioner had taken seat. Their fragrance for a moment interrupted his thoughts, he reached and plucked from its stem a crimson tulip, red as though it was a creature of the scaffold.

"He would leave me! He would blush for his father! He would marry an aristocrat!" muttered the headsman as he crushed the flower in his hand. It lay there like a clot of blood, but, like a clot of blood, from it seemed to issue to the ears of the executioner the cry he had heard so very often with the thump of the knife and the sight of blood: "Death to aristocrats!"

"Death to aristocrats!" cried the clot of red, and the executioner heard. Of a sudden his face became brighter, he slapped his knees and rose lightly. "Why, of course. Certainly. It is so very simple and such a good idea," he said aloud, and went in to his supper.

The next day the Count de Chatelet was among fifty-six others demolished at the knife, and the little Countess Lucille was an inmate of Prison de l'Abbaye.

### II.—THE EXECUTIONER'S SON.

"When will my turn come?"

A white-robed figure, with golden hair and face pale and spirituelle, like such as would seem to belong to a child that looks with first wonder at the things of the world, had opened the door of a cell and for a moment stood in startling relief against the black gloom within.

Without the Prison de l'Abbaye were cries and curses, shouts and confusion; within were groans and prayers, moans and sobs. Without was anarchy, within was doom.

"When will my turn come?"

Surely there never had been such a contrast as that pale, white-robed figure with its soft halo of gold, standing so unconcerned amid those feverish scenes and asking that awful question in such childish, guileless tones. Some day, should a Summer breath sweep over a Winter's frost, should soft zephyrs be felt amid the blasts of a biting gale, should the tune of organs ride over the roar of battle, or the beings of heaven be seen amid the chaos of hell, then may the like be seen and such a presence felt.

"Your time comes to-morrow, citoyenne," answered a good citizen of the Republic on guard.

"Ah, well," sighed the little countess, as she closed the great door and sank on the floor of stone. She clasped her hands over a low stool, while the moon, through the grated window, illumined the finely chiseled lips, the long black lashes of the eye, and the soft, disheveled hair. And the countess, looking above in the far searching light, fancied she could already pierce the heavens and see her future home within.

Not long afterward she heard the clank of swords on the flagstones in the "Hall of Death," and, from the time, knew that the guard had been relieved. She was only aware of this when she knew the door of her cell was noiselessly opened and closed again, and at her side stood the son of the executioner, Henri de Longval fils.

Citizen de Longval knelt at the feet of the little creature before him and kissed





THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR.



the hem of her gown. His own father had made hers suffer at the knife that day, and he feared to look her in the face.

But the love of the Countess Lucille was a boundless thing that filled the soul. Had it been the wish of young Henri de Longval to have taken her own life, she would have given it to him with her childlike smile upon her lips. She placed her arms about his neck and raised his head to look into his eyes.

"Do not hang your head from me," she said softly, "for I have nothing to forgive, and if there should have been"—and she smiled sadly—"there will be nothing left of me to-morrow to judge or grant forgiveness. We must say farewell to-day, Henri; to-morrow it will be too late."

The executioner's son buried his face at her feet. Her tenderness had unmanned him, and she now heard his sobs.

"Is it not better so?" she went on. "I once hoped that love could leap all barriers, but now, we must confess, its arms can only open to us over the gates of death. I once hoped in a far off land that love could make us forget the curse of your birth, but now, even if the world could be ours again, my father's shadow would come between us and cry, 'My daughter! My daughter! On his family rests my blood!'"

The sobs of the young man were still the only response.

"Some day in the time to come, Henri," she pursued in her musical voice, "Some day, when we will both have shaken off the soil of the earth, you will come to me, will you not? I will await you above, for love is the only thing that never dies. It lives through life, past death and into the great world beyond. And if, in the voices of the zephyrs, of the flowers, or the brook, you should hear the words, 'I love you. I love you,' I will be breathing the words through them to you."

All traces of weakness had fled from the young man now, and in their place was a resigned calm, a settled purpose, such as great men show before strong deeds. He drew her toward him and stroked her tresses.

"You speak truly, little golden head," he said. "The executioner's son must abide by his station. It is of no use to hope that the world will ever receive him, his origin is never forgotten nor forgiven. O God! Why give a man a brute's legacy and make him only half a brute! Humanity spurns him, society is pitiless, love closes her heart to him, and let him do as he will or what he will, he is only an executioner's son, only the offspring of a man-slayer after all! Poor fool! Keep to your axe and gibbet. It is your wedding portion and natal gift."

It was now the countess' turn to weep, and her tears fell freely, but the strong arm of the executioner's son still encircled her and he continued gently:

"The farewell I came to take was not the one you think, for listen, little countess. Without this place, two of your friends are waiting to carry you with them from fear and danger. They already have their passports—here is yours under another name. I have relieved the turnkey who watches your door, the balance of the watch have also been changed, so if you should be disguised they would not know if you are not one who entered before their time of duty. With this disguise and this prison passport I will lead you past the guards, and the way to your friends will be open. On with this gown, little woman. Draw the cloak close to your face. Now, these great gloves—this black wig and red cap. So, you are no longer the Countess Lucille, but a citizenne of the Republic who has visited the countess' cell as a spy, for this passport from the prison says it is all so."

The actions of the young man had been so quick that before the little countess was aware she stood before him in the disguise. But the power of reason suddenly came back to her, she recoiled and cried:

"Henri—yourself! What will you do?"

"Do not fear for the executioner's son," said the young man, with a far look into vacancy. "His place is at the scaffold, yours is in the Summer and the sun of life. Go to your world, it is such a bright and happy one. I remain in mine. It is a family debt that I owe. I stay to pay it."

Before the countess could further hesitate or reason, he had opened the door and they passed without into the gloom of the passage. The strength of his arm here tightened in hers. He led her through the corridor that had witnessed so very much of moans and madness, so many massacres and murders, through the Hall of the Dead, the prison and *parloir* and antechamber, to the scaffold. At each step she felt the burning eyes of the sentries fixed upon her, heard the place reverberate with their brutal voices, saw a bit of crumpled paper flash in the yellow light in answer to each challenge, and involuntarily experienced relief as of a new lease of life each time she heard the words: "Pass on, Citizen de Longval and Citizenne la espion." All was so strange and new to her that she could not realize it fully. She only knew that she was walking by his side, felt his warm breath against her cheek and was moved by his superior will.

At last the guards were passed and they were in the open air of a black-vaulted heaven. And oh, how quiet had been the prison to the noise of dissipation and ferocious enjoyment heard in the heart of the city not far away. Two dark figures seemed to emanate from the gloom and meet them, and the yet bewildered little countess heard the man she loved greet them and say in a voice of suppressed earnestness:

"Guard her with your life, René and Victor. Ah, my friends, you know what she is to me. Lash your horses over the roads. Let them fly as they never have before. Only stop when you have placed her out of reach of harm."

And yet before they led her away she heard the words close to her: "Remember the voices of the zephyr and the flowers and the brook. Listen to them. They will say, 'I love you.'"

Soon afterward, when the turnkey went his rounds, Henri de Longval *fil*s was at his post, steadily keeping watch, pacing to and fro before the countess' cell.

"I stay to pay a family debt," was what he said. Perhaps if she had understood his meaning she might not have gone.

### III.—A FAMILY DEBT.

Henri de Longval *père*, excellent man and public executioner, stood at his post at the Place of the Revolution. At his side grinned the guillotine; before and behind and around surged the tumultuous rabble. Like those crowds at the amphitheatre

of ancient Rome, like those at the slaughtering temples of the Aztecs, or those at the bull pits of Spain, they came with the early dawn to witness scenes of blood. Like them, they enjoyed the keen, pure, early air and morning sun, and like them, perhaps, said to one another, "Is it not a lovely day, neighbor, for the executions?"

Henri de Longval *père*, excellent man and public executioner, would shield his eyes and look to the eastward now and then, whereat those that were near would do likewise. And if it chanced that discord was heard, or a crowd discerned in the distance, they would cry, "Another tumbrel! Another tumbrel!" Whereupon those about would become wild and howling as a mob of brutes. There would be no need to push them back from the well-tracked road of the tumbrel, for they fell away willingly to facilitate its progress, and, as it passed, swarmed against the cart's sides and plucked and jeered at the pale victims within.

And so it went—while the populace of the Bonnets Rouge chatted or laughed or ate or drank on the platforms or improvised places around, while the human life that commenced as a stream to pour over the bloody blade had heightened into a torrent; while the delicate and the strong, the noble and the bourgeois, would tread one upon the other's heels and pour out their lives at the touch of the knife, while each poor fool, thinking that he was dying in the sight of the world, would try to do so with the greatest honor to himself, in imitation of one weak, fair girl victim, a pioneer of the guillotine, whom we know as Charlotte Corday; while Master de Longval *père* would hold aloft each new severed head and a mighty shout of applause would respond—so it went.

This was the day in which the Countess Lucille de Chatelet was to be executed. Perhaps this explained the impatience of the carnifex, for he would look closely at each new face as the tumbrels rumbled up to his altar, and not finding the one he sought would look again to the eastward, where, if it gave evidence of another cart approaching, he would chuckle to himself, "Ah, it was such a good idea."

For, besides his guillotine, Henri de Longval loved his son the best of all on earth, and nursed with fondness thoughts of the time that would see his boy at his side, a vigorous minister of "justice," a guardian of the treasure that held in its breadth the length of lives, a great avenger of the "wrongs" of the Republic, for it was the stealthy, sliding knife alone that made the populace tremble. The death of the Countess Lucille, he reasoned, would free him from fear of his son entering an alliance with despised patrician blood. He would soon forget it and be reasonable again. It was such an easy task to put the countess and her father out of the way, and withal "such a good idea."

The sun had nearly made the circuit of the sky and just touched the opposite sides of the spires it had kissed in the morning, when the last load of quivering victims, enjoying the privilege of a ride in a cart to the scaffold, came rumbling down the pavement. The executioner cast his eyes over the contents. In the back he saw a black-hooded figure with the head sunk on the breast. "The countess at last," said Master de Longval with a grim smile.

The cart deposited its load, its human contents were drawn up in line from the steps of the scaffold to the foot of the weigh-plank, the straps of which were soon in active operation. At each successive fall of the knife the human column advanced and diminished in numbers until, a very few moments after it had been formed, the headsman stood at his post alone, with only the silent, black-cloaked figure remaining.

The mysterious person suddenly threw back the hood, reared his head, and before Henri de Longval, executioner, stood his son!

The executioner gasped, staggered and gripped hard at the guillotine posts.

"This is a mistake," he cried.

"It is not," said the questionnaire at his elbow. "By his own confession he aided the escape of the Countess de Chatelet, and was adjudged to take her place at the knife."

"Speak, Henri—speak!" cried the agonized father.

"I wish to pay a family debt, that is all," said the youth, as he bared his breast and lay upon the weigh-plank so that his head fell between the lips of the knife, from whose grinning jaws, over which lives had been spilled so freely, never had one been snatched back. One was literally dead when he touched the brown-stained lower step. The system of the universe would have altered if one had been pardoned, so paramount to the executioner seemed the fate and duty of his guillotine.

The white neck of his son gleamed from the oozy steel, while above and below it writhed wild snakes of green and scarlet, shot back by the rays of the blood-red sun on the blood-red knife. The form of his boy, the only being that filled the spot in his heart where it was soft and good, lay there awaiting sacrifice at his hands. No wonder that he shuddered, groaned and held his crimson hands before him.

But the impatient crowd, whose blood was thick and hot, became an impatient mass. They howled, they hissed, they jeered, they surged close up to the scaffold, growing each moment like the tumult of a seething caldron, like the distant rumbling of an approaching avalanche; like a torrent about to break its sluice. Had it broken, there would have been destruction to two in place of death to one.

There was a sudden strain on the well-worn cord, a raise of the heavy weight. The sun, for a moment, seemed to curl and writhe on the crimson blade, but a thing that had never been known to occur there happened. The executioner did not hold the head to the crowd, but before he placed it from him he kissed the still smiling lips, for, besides his guillotine, Henri de Longval loved his son the best of all on earth.

They had to lead him home that night, for he had grown weak and very childish, and in the morning he was heard repeating so often, "It was such a good idea," that they inquired into his case and found he had gone quite mad.

But the sweet little Countess Lucille, in a foreign land, until her death wore widow's weeds, and when some curious one would question she always said, "Why, do you not know? I was to have been the wife of Henri de Longval," and she was often seen in the woods and meadows, for she said she loved the voices of the flowers and the brook.

For many years afterward the madman, Henri de Longval, was seen in the streets of Paris, always in the act of pulling as though upon a suspended weight and letting it fall suddenly. Then he would sob, turn his face away and say, "Ah, my friend, was it not such a good idea?"

SAMUEL FREEDMAN.







From photograph by Miller, Arkansas City, Kansas.

HUBERT LABADIE.



## IN MEMORY'S GARDEN.

WOMAN to woman they stood that night,  
The stage hand's wife and the footlight queen;  
One in her shimmering satin white,  
In mist of laces and jewels' sheen.

The other clad in her work-day gown,  
A plain little homespun woman true,  
Dancing her little one up and down,  
With his shining curls and his eyes of blue.

"Pity yady!" the baby cried,  
With wee hands striving at filmy lace;  
And the star bent lower a tear to hide,  
Stroking softly the dimpled face.

In Memory's garden a flower had sprung,  
A white-rose waft from a tiny grave,  
From the days when life and love were young  
And the untried years shone blithe and brave.

Woman to woman they stood that night,  
With the mightiest link on earth between;  
The homespun wife with her eyes alight,  
And the heart-thrilled, softened, shimmering queen!

STEPHEN POWER OTIS.

## THEATRE PARTIES AND THEATRE SUPPERS.

"PLENTY of tabasco, waiter! Plenty of tabasco!" This remark was heard in a fashionable restaurant lately by a Philosopher who was wandering from one well known after-theatre resort to another, seeking to discover the scientific connection between cause and effect—in other words, if the play visited had any determining influence on the supper ordered at its completion.



"THE ONLY WAY": ICE CREAM AND WATER.

The man who was asking so breezily for tabasco sauce, which he poured generously over his oysters, was one of a party of four who had ensconced themselves in a bay window and then drawn aside the sash curtains so as to give an uninterrupted view of their highly seasoned repast to passers-by. "Plenty of tabasco" was their watchword, and sure of their interior metal sheathing, they sprinkled it over bivalves, broiled lobster and even the *entrée* of stuffed peppers. They were discussing "Becky Sharp" in the intervals.

"Becky was a great girl," said one, shaking the small glass bottle to emphasize her words. "Lots of sparkle and dash about Becky. Seasoned taste. None of your tiresome *ingénuer*. Such good company! 'Yes, some more tabasco, waiter.'"

"Give me Becky, every time," said the *vis-à-vis* of the last speaker. "I couldn't stand Amelia. About as much inspiration there as there is in oatmeal."

"I don't know about that," said the Quiet Man, mindful of a little woman at home. "Amelia wasn't so bad, but you'd have to get away from her occasionally. Yes, a little more tabasco,—just a trifle. You shouldn't take too much tabasco, you know."

The Philosopher was just in time to meet a party from "The Three Musketeers,"



"BECKY SHARP": A DASH OF TABASCO.

Jard'n d'Paris. Great play. That's the kind. Warms you. Sets the pulse goin'. Here's to 'The Girl from Maxim's,' and with a bow, which would not bear analysis, "Here's to the girls long way from Maxim's."

The Philosopher sauntered on.

He found two in a quiet, retired restaurant. They had been to see "The Only Way." He knew, for he had given them press tickets. In melancholy abstraction they were eating ice cream and drinking copious draughts of pasteurized water. The young man was saying, "I think there's sorrow and trouble enough in real life without going to see a play that makes you all choked up for an hour afterward. This ice cream isn't half frozen, is it? I like mine stiff, don't you? Yes, two more plates, waiter, and have them frozen stiff." The order was given in such a fearfully mournful tone that the Philosopher did not make himself known to them.

He was a little curious about the appetites of the parties from "The Tyranny of Tears." He found a select coterie, emerging from well-appointed broughams, in front of the brilliantly lighted entrance of a world famed hostelry. He followed them and looked through intervening spaces filled with palms, and tall, flower-filled vases. The conversation was animated, but low toned; the gowns beautiful, but strictly *comme il faut*. The men looked slightly bored, the women discreetly alluring. The waiter passed the Philosopher as he was going out with some sweetbreads and some *café frappé*.

It was getting late, but he knew hours and delays as well as another. He wondered about the vaudeville supper. He wasn't quite sure of himself there. He ran upstairs to a not-too-well-known dining room, from whose proprietor he had before this obtained many a stray comment. The proprietor welcomed him, and when he had confessed his errand, led him to a door through the upper and glass half of which he could see a party still lingering over their rarebit and beer, which they drank from great steins.

"Always the same," said the proprietor. "Never look at the bill of fare. Jes'



"THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S": A BOTTLE AND A BIRD.



yell for ribbits. One time the theayter was closed for a month and I didn't get that ere crowd at all. Nothin' but Old Homesteaders. Couldn't sell 'em anything but beans—Boston style. There ain't so much profit in a ribbit, but they eat a lot of 'em. Have to shut up business if I didn't catch that crowd." At that moment the party spied the two faces gazing through the glass half of the door and raised their steins to a health amid shouts of laughter.

The Philosopher, embarrassed, slunk away.

He didn't expect to find any other information that night, but by good luck he strolled into a restaurant where there was a party from the Ghetto,—four generations. The Patriarch ordered and the "children" waited patiently. He laid his forefinger thoughtfully against his birthmark. "What's a club sandwich? Suppos'n we try. Hey? Ham and chicken? Leave out the ham, Kellner."

The Philosopher thought the situation over carefully as he sat on the string-piece of the pier and hung his feet over, while he waited for a Jersey ferryboat. The thought of the young couple eating ice cream was the most salient and regretful of his memories.

"It's a shame," he soliloquized. "A proprietor has no right to spoil people's digestions with such plays. A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Digestion by Theatre Plays ought to be formed. I'll see about it when I get through my other 'cruelty' societies. When I run a theatre I'll run a restaurant attachment, and fit the play to the menu, or vice versa. That old port would probably never have been sold if it wasn't for 'The Three Musketeers.' 'The Girl from Maxim's.'—I wonder how many bottles and birds that's responsible for! There ought to be collaboration between the dramatic agent and the chef. It isn't right. I must see about it."

Just then the ferryboat came in.

GERTRUDE T. LYNCH.

#### SEAWEED.

YE children of the secret caves,  
Where Kraken sleeps away the hours;  
Where mermaids bid their mermen slaves  
Glean from the sea its fairest flowers!

Exquisite links in Nature's chain,  
Twixt plant and formless creeping thing;  
There in the silent depths ye reign,  
Unvanquished e'en by Ocean's king.

And there ye chant forgotten lore  
Unto the tides that ebb and flow—  
Alas! 'tis lost in tempests' roar;  
Your song no mortal ears may know.

ZENAIDE VISLAIRE WILLIAMS.

#### THE WISDOM TOOTH.

WHEN it was announced on the Rialto that Gwendoline Gwynne (née Griggs) had taken unto herself a husband from the ranks of those impossible animals, the non-professionals, the surprise and indignation of the play-actors was wonderful to see.

"It is an unhappy mistake!" thundered the tragedians.

"It is a jolly good joke," tittered the soubrettes.

"It is a mesalliance," declaimed the leading men.

"Let us hope she will never regret it," sighed the sad-eyed comedians.

"But a dentist?" they exclaimed together. "Our Gwendoline wedded to a dentist!"

Thus was the surprising news received on the Rialto.

But, strangely enough, the astonishment of the play-actors was nothing compared to the astonishment of the groom, John X. Jerraby, D.D.S., himself.

John X. Jerraby, D.D.S., in his diminutive operating room overlooking the Boulevard, wondered over his good fortune as he worked. He smiled in the faces of his suffering patients until they declared to themselves that he was a heartless wretch. And of a truth he was; for at every wince of the person in the chair the doctor remarked under his breath, "It does not matter. This job will pay for Gwendoline's new gown!" or, "This cavity means a basket of roses for Gwendoline!"

Meanwhile Gwendoline, relieved of rehearsals, quarrels, performances, professional jealousies and press agents, spent her days idly in her boudoir upstairs, going through imaginary love scenes with the photograph of John X. Jerraby.

All this was before the coming of Jules Alliot. After the coming of Jules Alliot the dentist twined no poetic fancies around the roots of his victim's teeth, nor did Gwendoline pay her devotions to the photograph on the dressing table.

Jules Alliot was a tenor. He had at one time played opposite Gwendoline. Now that she was off the stage he



WEBER AND FIELDS' BEER AND A RABBIT.

elect to play beside her. The first time that he called upon the Jerrabys the dentist made lobster à la Newbury on the chafing dish, drank four glasses of ale and declared that they all three were Bohemians. Gwendoline gave a knowing glance at Jules. Jules smiled back at Gwendoline and the doom of Jerraby's happiness was sealed.

The second time that Jules Alliot called upon the Jerrabys he brought with him two unseen companions. One was Jealousy, who stalked gloomily into the operating room. The other was a suave fellow called Love, who at once enthroned himself in Gwendoline's cozy corner.

The third time that Jules Alliot went to the house on the Boulevard, a gaunt, inquisitive individual, known as Scandal, dogged his footsteps as far as the door, lurked outside for awhile, and then hastened down the Rialto, whispering words into the ears of everybody he met.

"Othello, Desdemona, and Iago!" thundered the tragedians.

"It is a good joke on Jerraby," laughed the soubrettes.

"It is the same old situation," said the leading men.

"I told you so," exclaimed the lugubrious comedian.

"The divorce proceedings will be interesting," said they all, to themselves, expectantly.

But there were no divorce proceedings.

When Jules Alliot called for the twenty-first time, Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby brought to his attention the formidable fact that John X. Jerraby, D.D.S., was jealous.

"Ah, ha!" said Jules Alliot.

Jules Alliot had a habit of saying "Ah, ha!" He had said it in every part that he had ever played. It had crept into his personal vocabulary. He always raised his brows when he said, "Ah, ha!" and contracted the muscles of his nostrils, in a way that brought the corners of his mouth up to a demonic smile. It was most effective.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Jules Alliot. "I shall have to stop coming here."

"Never!" exclaimed Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby.

Like the "Ah, ha!" of Jules, the "Never!" of Gwendoline was a condensation of the roles she had essayed.

"Never!" exclaimed G. G. Jerraby. "All you need to do is to become a patient of Dr. Jerraby's, and you may call every day."

"At two dollars per call?"

"Is my love worth less?"

"And the agony I shall have to endure?"

"But you said that you would die for me."

"Did I?"

"You did!"

"Ah, ha!" said Jules Alliot.

Thereafter Jules Alliot passed an unpleasant hour every morning in the operating room of John X. Jerraby, D.D.S. He submitted bravely to every operation known to dentist surgery. He had five teeth extracted, seven filled with gold, two taken out and replaced, three crowned, two crooked eye-teeth straightened, and five teeth bridged in to replace those that he had lost. When he feared that there was nothing more to be done he invented new dental complaints that required weeks to cure. He paid over to John X. Jerraby, D.D.S., some three hundred dollars for "services rendered." Then he discovered that a belated wisdom-tooth required attention. Every day, after his agony in the chair, he spent at least four hours in the company of Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby.

"You are a hero!" said the dentist's wife.

"Ah, ha! I am!" exclaimed the dentist's patient.



FRANK DANIELS





PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE KEYSTONE DRAMATIC COMPANY.



"What a fool!" ejaculated the dentist himself, to himself.

John X. Jerraby, D.D.S., in his little operating room, thought a great deal. He began experimenting with various "soft-filling" compositions. He finally invented a substance, in appearance like silver, that, under the influence of saliva, dissolved in precisely fourteen days and five hours. The invention was of absolutely no practical value to science; but it was of enormous interest to John X. Jerraby.

When Jules Alliot came to have his wisdom-tooth filled the dentist was bubbling over with good spirits.

"We shall soon have this job done," said he.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Jules Alliot. "That is good, because I am to appear in the new production at the Cosmopolitan on Christmas Eve."

"Fourteen days from to-day," muttered John X. Jerraby. "Wider, please."

The cavity that the dentist made in the wisdom-tooth was somewhat larger than was necessary. Into it he put a little ball of cotton, saturated with prussic acid. Over the ball of cotton he laid a covering of the substance that looked like silver. It was a beautiful piece of work. The dentist almost died of anxiety while performing it. Had one atom of the prussic acid fallen upon Jules Alliot's tongue a dead man would have sat in the dentist's chair. As it was Jules Alliot clicked his expensive teeth together, paid John X. Jerraby fifteen dollars on account, and invited Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby to promenade with him down the Rialto.

"Lamentable shamelessness!" roared the tragedians.

"Does the dentist know it yet?" questioned the sou-brettes.

"Disgraceful impropriety!" said the leading men.

"Bad for the public morals," said the gloomy-faced comedian.

"How is it going to end?" asked everybody of everybody else.

Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby noticed that John X. Jerraby, D.D.S., grew merrier and lighter of heart with every day that passed after the filling of the wisdom-tooth. She was filled with curiosity.

"What's happened to you?" she inquired.

"Nothing," he said.

"But what makes you so gay?"

"My profession," said he.

"Profession, indeed!"

The house of Jerraby was divided over the word profession. Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby held that as John X. Jerraby, D.D.S., was not a member of "the profession," he was not properly a professional man at all. The usual quarrel took place. When it was over the dentist found himself in his usual position of plunder for peace.

"I will get you a new hat," said John X. Jerraby.

"Is that all?" said his wife.

"And a new gown."

"Nothing more?"

"I have taken a box at the Cosmopolitan for the production of A Gift Dog, on Christmas Eve."

Peace was declared.

On Christmas Eve the Jerrabys occupied their box at the Cosmopolitan. Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby, attired in her new hat and gown, assumed her French-aristocrat-at-the-time-of-the-Revolution air, and gazed with scornful eyes over the two-dollar people in the parquet. John X. Jerraby sat behind her with his watch in his hand. According to his calculation, fourteen days, four hours and forty-five minutes had elapsed since the filling of the wisdom-tooth. When the curtain rose the customary chorus sang the customary song.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the two-dollar people in the parquet.

"Rotten," said Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby.

"Eight-thirty," said John X. Jerraby, looking at his watch.

The first comedian came on and drooled a solo.

"Great!" shouted the ushers.

"Fierce!" exclaimed Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby.

"Eight-thirty-seven," muttered John X. Jerraby, anxiously.

At eight-thirty-nine the chorus, for reasons known to the stage-manager, formed in the customary V-shape. This is the signal, in all well regulated musical-farce-comedy-spectacles, for the entrance of the star.

"Musical number three," whispered the director to his men.

"Jules is coming now!" said Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby, eagerly.

"Just two minutes to spare," muttered John X. Jerraby, D.D.S.

Jules Alliot entered at the apex of the V. He was dressed in black tights and high patent-leather riding boots, because, in the play, he represented a prince of ancient Persia. He stood at center and smiled in star fashion.

"E's got foolery in his mouth!" yelled a boy in the gallery.

The voice of the boy was drowned in a tempest of applause. Jules Alliot smiled again. Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby smiled back at him. John X. Jerraby, D.D.S., clutched his chair with both hands.

"Ready!" said the director.

"E. G. F. C. B.," shrieked the violins.

"Ah, ha!" sang Jules Alliot.

As Jules Alliot sang "Ah, ha!" his face went white as a calcium light.

"B. C. F. G. E.," groaned the wood-winds.

As the wood-winds groaned "B. C. F. G. E.," Jules Alliot pitched forward, dead as a coffin plate, on the stage.

"My God!" screamed Gwendoline Gwynne Jerraby.

"Ring down!" yelled the director.

"Apoplexy!" exclaimed the physicians.

"Retribution!" thundered the tragedians.

"The wisdom-tooth!" said John X. Jerraby, D.D.S., to himself.



EUGENE COWLES

#### A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

THE universe is girt with fends,  
The blood-red river runs  
Close to the firesides of the world  
Where mothers mourn their sons;  
On every side the tumult sounds,  
Destruction, death and fear  
Crown with a frightful battle wreath  
The century's closing year.

Thy people, Lord, shall do Thy will  
When they from strife recoil,  
And use as civilizing force  
The tillers of the soil,  
Obliterate the tented field  
Wrong never cured a wrong  
And teach the warriors of the world  
The ploughshare's gentle song.

God of our fathers and our sons  
Stretch forth Thy staying hand,  
Quench with Thy wrath the thirst for war  
That maddens every land;  
"The right of might," "the right of sword"  
Blot out those words of pain,  
And with an avalanche of peace  
Redeem the world again!

AUGUSTA RAYMOND KIDDER.

#### ANOTHER COMPLAINT

SMITH: "That continuous performance at the Vaudeville is a mean swindle."

BROWN: "How so?"

SMITH: "I dropped in about six o'clock last evening, and I hadn't sat more than five hours when it came to an end."

RANDOLPH HARTLEY.





VIOLA ALLEN.





Drawn for the CHRISTMAS MIRROR by Walter W. Burridge.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.

—CHILDE-HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO III. VERSE XLVII.





He's an animated book of information;  
An authority none dare to controvert;  
And when telling what he knows, his brilliant visage glows,  
Like the twenty-carat diamond in his shirt.  
He sizes up his man, as a genius only can,  
And instinctively he's certain whether you  
Should be given Number 8, with its furnishings ornate,  
Or be sent to Number 942.

Before he's gazed upon you eight-elevenths of a wink  
He'll know whether you're from Gotham or Penn Yan.  
And with one hand tied behind him he can tell if—though you blind him—  
You're an actor, drummer, or an honest man.  
He can nominate the horse that will win upon the course—  
Tell you when to draw, or stand and what to pay.  
He'll describe last evening's game, and he'll accurately name  
The winners on the football field to-day.

THE hotel clerk is a decent sort of fellow.  
With a smile that's very welcoming and bland.  
Each newcomer does he greet, with expressions that are sweet,  
And a genial, jolly shake of the hand.  
He remembers every guest, and he gives each one the best,  
No matter what the circumstances be—  
For in Græco-Roman lying and impromptu falsifying  
He's a beauty—with a great big B.

He is posted on all gossip worth the knowing.  
He'll talk pugilism, politics and law.  
It matters not a cuss with him what subject you discuss with him—  
He's always ready, waiting there at law.  
There's a soft light in his eye for each maid that passes by.  
Before his gaze the haughtiest succumb.  
But you couldn't stick a lance in the hard and stony glance  
That he launches at the chair-warming bum.

May he live and thrive forever in the future land of bliss,  
Where no guest will ever kick on room or meals;  
Where the clerk has time for eating, where the nights are not so fleeting,  
Where he'll hear no weary traveler's appeals.  
His should be a sweet hereafter, where the hotel beat and grafter  
Have no place, and where the custom is first-class;  
Where no Reuben ever goes, and where everybody knows  
Enough to keep from blowing out the gas.

ROBERT E. GOLDEN.

## THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

"THE KID" was just twenty-one, a well-grown youngster, a trifle lanky, and with unmanageable feet, but big and hearty, and he had a most astonishing voice—a really superb voice that rolled and boomed and thrilled like an organ. Only occasionally, say once or twice in an evening, did the voice get away from him completely and, after creaking uneasily for a note or two, go wandering off all by itself for a few bars.

However, such a voice was a find for any manager of choruses; and as he took himself and the profession with equal seriousness, and worked hard, he was treated with a certain rough and ready consideration by the director, and even paid two dollars a week more than the rest of the gentlemen who were, in alternate scenes, soldiers, brigands, and courtiers. To be sure he led the fierce brigands, clad in Highland costume below which his long thin shanks and unmanageable feet looked rather curious. He was also the courageous captain of the unconquerable soldiers with tin helmets and wooden swords; and finally, in the grand closing scene of the last act, he had quite a large part in a quartette, composed of four elegantly dressed court gentlemen, who wore satin clothes, had real swords by their sides, and were allowed fads in their silk tights.

The Kid received all these extra honors and his two dollars as his due; and worked steadily and solemnly toward his goal. For he knew the real value of his magnificent voice, and his secret aspiration by day, and his golden dream by night, was grand opera. There was not the slightest doubt in his mind that he would some day achieve his ambition.

Of course he was in love with the prima donna—a glorious, beautiful, radiant woman, older than he. Yes, he admitted to himself that she was perhaps even so much as ten years older; but Age was nothing when considered with Art. And if her lovely face looked tired and even hard at times; if she sometimes permitted herself to speak as she should not have spoken; if her magnificent, soul-piercing contralto voice sometimes pierced a little too sharply, it was because her part did not altogether suit her upper register, and she must feel her own beautiful high-bred superiority over the rest of the company; she must sometimes feel almost degraded a little by the necessity of close contact with them. Down in the depths of his shy, tender, artist's soul he cherished his reverent passion for his Goddess, and he never took his mild blue eyes from her face, except when he had to lead his warriors to her rescue or command his band of bloodthirsty villains to lock her up in the cavern in the mountain side where they kept their ill-gotten plunder.

At night he dreamed blissful, marvelous dreams of the glorious days to come, when she and he should move hand in hand along their triumphant way, as Orpheus and Eurydice, or Siegfried and Sigmunda. Never anything less than that. For, of course, she could do it, and he had never doubted himself.

There was one other person in the company for whom he had a certain amount of reverence and much admiration. This was the basso. A big, coarse, elderly ruffian off the stage; but on it, a splendid specimen of the "big singer" of a by-gone generation. His part suited him to perfection, but the Kid didn't know it; and while he rejoiced in the tremendous opportunities that must make his hero feel almost at home again, he regretted the lapse into ponderous funniness which he sometimes permitted himself. His was not a comedy part, there was no need for it. It was a "big" part, and should be taken with extreme dignity and loftiness. But, after all, any part, even so good as this, must seem insignificant to a man who had sung bass parts in grand opera. So the Kid reasoned with himself; and spent all his few spare hours in studying every tone, every gesture, every movement, every roar of ferocious tenderness, every burst of gigantic rage to which his hero gave vent; and deciding within himself just how, why, and where the part could be improved upon and made perfect.

The fourth week of the season rolled around, and the opera was having a great run. Big houses every night, and all the newspapers puffing it. Managers, singers, musicians, all in high good humor with themselves and each other. The "Success of the Season" was really successful, when one evening, at a quarter

past seven o'clock, a thunder clap came from the cloudless sky. A small, impudent messenger boy sauntered carelessly in by the stage door, and after looking with lofty interest at the bustling stage hands, the shifting scenery, and the half-dressed brigands and village maidens who conversed in odd corners, he asked for the manager, delivered a yellow envelope into his hands and sauntered out the way he came.

The manager finished the order he was giving, and tore open the envelope. He read it through twice, turned pale and gasped for breath. Then he broke out in such a magnificent oratorical effort of blasphemous eloquence that even those who had known him for years and acknowledged his ability in this line crowded about to learn the cause. It was difficult at first to disentangle the bare fact from the foaming torrent of its expression, but presently they understood. The basso was ill. His wife was sorry, very sorry, indeed; but it was only too true, he was far too ill to sing that night. A heavy pall of silence fell upon the company. Even the manager did not speak; he only stood, perspiring and hopeless. He knew, as they all did, that it was too late either to advertise the extreme illness of this most important person, or to secure a substitute.

The Kid's heart gave a suffocating bound and then stood still; his brain whirled in his head and his knees shook; then he stepped to the front, and with his whole soul hidden in his mild blue eyes, he said, "I know the part, sir." The manager turned upon him like a raging wild beast, too amazed at the astonishing statement and the impudent suggestion of it to speak. "I can play the part, sir," repeated the boy. A burst of not unkindly laughter greeted this second sally, and he was pushed a little nearer the front of the stage.

The manager glared at him, and then turned to the musical director. They whispered together for a moment, and the musical director gesticulated hysterically. The Kid stood and shivered. Presently the manager turned to him and growled, "Get ready; and be quick about it."

"All right," said the Kid steadily, and a dozen hands hustled him off the stage. Twenty willing hands dressed him. The basso was a tremendous man, tall and stout; the boy was equally tall, but extremely slender. The clothes were twice too big, but they stuffed him out with towels, clothes, anything that was at hand; made up his face till he looked twice his years, gave him his claymore, and stood off in admiration. He was one of them, their own handiwork as it were, and by a tremendous stroke of good fortune he was thrust into the glorious position of a star. It might be only one meteoric flight across the operatic firmament, but it was his opportunity. They had never before quite considered him one of themselves. They scattered to various rooms to complete in haste their own dressing.

The Kid sat on a box and meditated. He knew the part; he had no doubt of his ability to play it; he was only arranging a slightly different entrance from the one made by the basso. That entrance had always evoked a burst of applause from the audience, but it had never quite satisfied him. It seemed to lack dignity. It struck a wrong keynote, as it were, for the whole performance. With a superb disdain born of grand opera, the basso had condescended to trifle with his part; at times he had been almost funny. But the Kid had a different conception of the part altogether and meant to show them how it should be done.

Above all, he meant to make love to the contralto so passionately, with such magnificent tenderness and dignity, with such reverence and devotion, that she could not mistake it for mere acting. She must perforce feel and know that he loved her, and understand his high ambitions and wild hopes for them both. Triumphant success achieved together, hand in hand. For, of course, she would give him her hand and her heart, and her wonderful radiant self. A burst of music interrupted his dreaming, and he presently heard the curtain go up, and the opening chorus begin. How well they sang it, those fellows! And then he remembered that it would be his turn in a few moments. He stepped into the wings and stood waiting. The moment of his triumph was coming. Another burst from the orchestra and it had come. The manager swore something in his ear, but he did not hear it, and he stepped upon the stage. He did not spring on; he stepped on superbly.



A roar of applause greeted him. He had expected that. An instant he stood as the basso had always done, and then he stalked magnificently down the stage. The applause came up again. But what was that? A laugh? Another? Indignantly he turned toward the corner from which the insolent sound came, and his mild blue eyes glared a dignified reproach. A burst of laughter answered him. He stood and glared. "Sing," hissed the director, and he sang. His big young voice boomed out over the audience, and they stopped laughing. He sang the part magnificently, there was no doubt of that. But every time that he stalked across the stage, or turned fiercely upon his ruffian band; every time that he stuck one long lank leg behind him and raised himself upon the toes of his other foot; every time that he glowered with the huge false eyebrows above his gentle blue eyes, the audience forgot the splendid quality of the great soaring voice, and laughed aloud with delight. It was the acme of funniness, but the Kid did not know it. He received the applause as his due, and did not wonder at it, and he thought the laughter was for the low comedian behind him.

After the first act he got a curtain call. Again the burst of applause greeted him, and then, as he stalked across the stage with his shambling young legs and unmanageable young feet the audience roared with pleasure. The others had followed him across the stage—he fumed a little to himself, for he did not see why they should—and again he set the laughter down to the comedian. Then he ran to his dressing-room, for the time was short and his change of costume difficult and unaccustomed.

The manager almost embraced the entire company in the excess of his joy. He swore rapturously, and ran about the stage like a child, getting in everybody's way. In his dressing-room the Kid was solemnly stuffing out his new clothes with whatever he could find, and wondering why somebody didn't come and touch up his face, for he did not know how himself. But that did not matter now. Hereafter he would always have a dresser. His door was knocked open presently and a man rushed in. "Need any help? Sit down—greatest thing I ever saw in my life," he spluttered, as he dabbed paint and powder liberally on the solemn face in front of him. "It's the hit of the season. Go it, Kid!" and he pushed the boy out of the room, without giving him time to look in the glass. The Kid stood in the wings, and the manager clapped him on the back and swore rapturously. The boy did not hear him at all, for it was in this act that his great opportunity came. The opportunity of his life. For full twenty minutes it would be his privilege to make impassioned love to her. To his Goddess, his Queen. He knew every note of the music perfectly, for he had often rehearsed this scene to himself; and he meant to interpolate a few words. Just a few, in a place where the noise of the orchestra would cover it for all ears save hers.

The Kid went through that scene like a dignified tornado. He strutted, he stalked, he knelt at the feet of his Goddess. His young voice boomed and rolled and soared like thunder. Suddenly, upon his knees in the center of the stage, his voice broke. It quavered, creaked, and like a shaft of steel that penetrated to his very soul, he let go an upper note that wrought havoc among his hearers. They rose to the occasion. He lost control of his voice completely, and it boomed away like an engine unintentionally side-tracked. He stopped short. "Get up," hissed his Goddess. Mechanically he obeyed. "Sing!" she cried. And he sang as he had never done before. The Kid was no coward; he knew he could do it, and he did. He got his voice down, and he sang the rest of that scene magnificently. When the curtain went down he got his call again; and he took the prima donna by the hand and led her across the stage, the rest following. The hand-clapping drowned the laughter to his ears.

Pandemonium reigned behind the scenes for a full half-hour. They seated him upon a trunk and crowded around him, and he didn't understand half they said. His ears were deafened by the sound of the applause which had been his, and his eyes dazzled with the lights and the sea of faces upturned to him. The chorus triumphed with, and laughed at him. The manager pounded him on the back and cursed him gleefully, telling him to come to see him in the morning. The prima donna passed him on her way from her dressing-room, and patted him on the head. "You little darling," she said, "it was the best thing I ever saw in my life!" And she kissed his painted cheek and went on. At last they let him go. And he hurried home, walking on air as it were. Intoxicated with joy and triumph. Long vistas of happiness and fame stretched before him, and he fell to sleep at last like a worn out child.

When morning came, he dressed hastily and ran off for some breakfast. The sun shone, and the air tingled; the people hurried along to their daily business with bright, happy faces; the whole world rejoiced with him in his conquest of last night. He bought a paper to read while he ate his breakfast, and turned over the pages quickly till he came to the theatrical news. "A new star in the theatrical world," he read, and laughed aloud with pleasure. He read on: "At the Victoria Theatre last night the audience was greeted with a delightful surprise. The basso of this extremely good company was taken ill at the eleventh hour, and his place had to be filled by a member of the company who has hitherto hidden his light under the almost impenetrable bushel of the chorus. We speak of Guy Elrod, who sang the part which Signor Gaspari has been filling quite acceptably during the season. To say that this young artist scored a triumph would be but poorly expressing the truth. He has a noble voice, of astonishing range and sweetness, admirably cultivated and completely under his control. This fact was most noticeable in the third act, when, during his scene with *Alicia*, he fired a perfect fusillade of comicallies at his audience, and then with marvelous dexterity recovered himself, and soared off into the great climax of the scene. Mr. Elrod has such a remarkably fine voice that it seems almost a pity that he should not go into grand opera, though in so doing the world would certainly lose one of the finest low comedians of the day."

The Kid dropped the paper, and stared straight in front of him in blank astonishment. Then he got up, and with the paper in his hand, went off to keep his appointment with the manager. On the way he reflected profoundly. He had not meant to be funny. Were they all blind fools? The manager received him effusively, and took the paper, which the boy silently handed him, saying, "Yes, yes, the papers are all full of it! You made the hit of the season. How much do you want?"

"How much?" said the Kid.

"Yes; the place is yours," and he named the salary, which made the boy gasp. "Will you take it?"

"Yes," said the Kid.

"My boy," said the great man, as he wrote out a check. "It was the greatest thing I ever saw in my life; you are a born low comedian. It was the most execrably funny thing I ever saw."

"My conception of the part is by no means funny," said the boy sternly. The manager swung round in his chair and stared.

"Do you mean to say you didn't do it on purpose?"

"If you mean to ask if I intended to be funny, I certainly did not."

"My Lord!" gasped the manager, and lapsed into silence. Presently he recovered enough to say, "Could you go on doing it that way? Seriously, I mean."

"Yes, I can," said the Kid, as he folded up his check.

JEAN WRIGHT.

## AN ANECDOTE OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

IN company with the late Mrs. D. P. Bowers—who at the period I am about to speak of was acting in London in Falconer's Irish drama, "Peep of Day," at the Lyceum Theatre—I dined with Charles Mathews on his sixtieth birthday. All who remember this brilliant comedian will bear witness to the elegance, whimsicality and finish of his performance—notably his representation of the bogus financier in Balzac's "Mercator," produced in London under the title of "The Game of Speculation." Mathews caused it to be a greater success in London than it was in Paris at the Théâtre Français, with Got in the leading role.

Mr. Mathews was as clever and entertaining off the stage as he was on, and as a wit and raconteur, few could surpass him. He adapted many of the pieces in which he played from the French and Italian, both of which languages he spoke as fluently as he did his native tongue. When a very young man he resided in Rome, Naples and Florence for several years, and the natives said he combined the "lingua Toscana" with the "boon Romano." On the occasion of his birthday dinner he overflowed with anecdotes, and I made a note of one, which I will endeavor to reproduce—but Mathews had a fascinating way of telling a story that imparted to it a rare zest. He acted it as he went on with wonderful facial expression.

It seems that he went to Dublin to play an engagement at the old Hawkins Street Theatre Royal, and he had not been in the Irish capital for quite ten years. On his arrival at the railway station he called a jarvey, instructed him to put his trunks on the cab and drive without delay to Corless's Hotel, the Burlington in St. Andrew Street.

"All right, Mr. Charles Mathews, I'll have you there safe and sound in a jiffy," responded Cabby.

Mrs. Mathews remarked to her husband, "Charles, did you notice that the man called you by name?"

"I did, and am surprised that I should be remembered so long a time. I fancy my acting did not especially appeal to cabmen."

"You must have left a deep impression, my dear," said Mrs. Mathews, who desired to compliment her gifted husband. "I've no doubt the man saw you from the pit, or perchance the gallery, and he may have a special talent for remembering faces."

"I'll interview him when he arrives at the hotel," said the comedian.

It was but a short drive to the Burlington, and before they alighted Mathews called the caddy to the side of his vehicle and asked his fare.

"Two shillings, please you, sir; but I can always do with a little bit over for the wife and kids."

"I understand. Now, my man, I want to ask you, how does it come that you remember me? Did you ever see me before?" queried Mathews.

"Oh, shure I never forget a face, especially if it's on the shoulders of a fine gentleman like yourself."

"Now, no blarney. You called me by name when I entered your cab."

"Shure I did, sir; and I'd do it agin, and more power to ye, sir."

"Well, how is it you know my name?"

"Ah, be gorrah, I don't like to tell you," said Cabby, shaking his head, screwing up his eyes and affecting an air of mystery.

This attitude of the jarvey slightly aroused the curiosity of Mrs. Mathews, who now chipped in.

"Look here, my man," said she, "you said your legal fare was two shillings—"

"I did, mum."

"Well, don't interrupt me. Tell me how you know Mr. Charles Mathews' name and I'll double your fare."

"Ah, well, since you put it like that, mum, I'll overcome my conscientious scruples—but, 'pon my honor, I don't like to tell you," and again he affected the air of gentle mystery.

"Rosh!" said Mathews, who was getting tired of the little comedy and rather suspected Cabby was finessing for a further rise of his fare. "Out with it, man! here's four shilling instead of two. Now how did you know my name?"

"Well, sir," replied the jarvey with a twinkle in his other eye and doffing his old weather-beaten hat. "It goes agin me to give up the secret, but it's the blessed truth, I saw it on your trunk!"

Tableau! Mr. and Mrs. Mathews entered the hotel with the conviction that the Dublin cabbies are "up to a thing or two," and could easily bamboozle even London comedians, who are usually thought to be tolerably well-seasoned, experienced, not to say wide awake people.

HOWARD PAUL.

McCAUSTIC: "I fail to understand how the members of your company lacked food after stranding."

COMPANY MANAGER: "Dash it, man! we hadn't a cent in the world!"

McCAUSTIC: "But you had any number of hams."



SANDOL MILLIKEN.



## IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOUNTAIN.

It was that delicious time of afternoon, in the Swiss mountains, when the sun bathes both hill and dale in a mild, yellow radiance. Winding up behind the picturesque inn was a rocky footpath, upon which two women toiled with alpenstocks. The fair-haired hostess, a daughter of Lucerne, shaded her eyes with her hand and looked after them.

"The Fräulein is either insane or in love," she murmured, "for this is the fourth year in succession she has followed the Herr Professor."

The girl in question, reaching a spot where the land lay in the shadow of the mountain, threw down her stick and lay flat on the sweet, soft turf. The other paused and leaned against a tree. She spoke to the girl with a mixture of amusement and condescension, the result of the realization of her year's seniority. "I suppose you are good for an hour at least. I am going further up to study."

"Oh! don't go," the prostrate one answered, half-closing her eyes and gazing lazily through the drooping lids at the beautiful valley spread out before them. "It's much too fine a day to study!"

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"Look at the day—don't look at a book. However, do as you please. But, Emily, do you think the innkeeper will tell him I asked for him?"

"Oh! Lord! Back on the old subject. How may I know what the innkeeper will do? Besides, suppose he did? It wouldn't make any difference so far as I can see."

"No—but do you think he will mention it?"

"Well, it wouldn't be very surprising, considering you have made the same remark to every innkeeper on the mountains for the past four years."

"He hasn't seemed much interested, if I have!"

"No; but I thought you were reconciled to the fact that you were never to know him; only to see him from afar and all that hero-worshipping stuff!" the practical one laughed.

"Yes, but I am interested. I want to know all about him. How he lives, what he thinks, everything."

"All of which is none of your business. If I were a man and discovered a woman on my track, I should engage a sheriff to disguise himself as an innkeeper, and the first time you came around inquiring for the Herr Professor, looking as though you could eat him for supper, I'd have you convicted for lunacy, and the 'sheriff-innkeeper' would get a reward! Good-by. If he should, by some extraordinary chance come this way, don't *entirely* devour him! You don't know how many frauchen he may have at home!" With this parting shot and a hearty laugh she started up the path again, and left the hero-worshiper alone.

To the girl, in the shadow of the mountain, it was a treasured jewel. The mere recollection, of this unknown man's face, was sufficient to calm her most angry passions or soothe the deepest pain. She was blessed in the world's goods and thus enabled to follow her bent in traveling. One month of each year she came over this mountain road, because she had discovered that the man journeyed the same route. Her experiences regarding him were quaint and varied enough to form a book. Sometimes she had reached an inn just in time to see him gallop off, waving an adieu to the servants that always adored him. Once she had eaten at the same table. He was very ill, and she spoke only once to his servant the entire time. He might as well have been in Africa as down at the end of that long table. One Spring-tide when he was resting at the ocean in a great hotel she used to go every day and read by the sea-wall opposite and watch the windows. Occasionally she saw him. Brief glimpses, but so precious. To-day she pulled her veil down and tilted her hat forward, so she could look from under it. It was her favorite time, the glowing, mellow afternoon, when she would build air-castles of things that could never be.

Suddenly there appeared, upon the hill side, the figure of a man. He was tall and straight, attired in a suit of rough gray cloth, with a soft hat well over his eyes. Seeing the girl he paused, and removed his hat, thus displaying a high forehead, from which waved backward fine, black hair, touched with gray. As he smiled the girl sat up, and for a moment her vision was blurred with thousands of recollections. Photographs, journeys, hasty glimpses, snatches of music, sunsets by the sea, and many other memories that set her head whirling. As he spoke she tied her veil tighter around her hat, and blushed with a strange sense of guilt. She felt as though she had really fallen into the hands of Emily's "sheriff-innkeeper," who had come to take her away in European handcuffs to a European jail.

"I beg your pardon, but is this your coat?"

"Yes. I wonder where I dropped it."

"I found it a little way down. You are a great traveler, Fräulein? I have seen you often upon my journeys."

Again the girl sat up and, almost involuntarily, removed her hat and veil. She was suffocating.

"Yes, I believe I have seen you also. Are you stopping long in these mountains?"

"Well, no. Or rather, I should say, it depends upon—you see I am the victim of the very strangest circumstance. But, I beg pardon, I weary you. I will go on." He said this, because the girl had sunk back upon the grass in an agony of pain and humiliation. She was convinced that the innkeeper had told him all. However, she determined to assist in her own condemnation.

"Oh! do tell me about it," she said.

The man sank down upon the turf a few feet away, with his hat and stick beside him. For a minute he turned to the valley and looked afar off, with his hand shading his eyes. She watched him with a million emotions and an inward prayer that Emily would go home the other way.

"Do you know I couldn't tell any one else about this," he began, "but you are so sensible and will understand, I am sure. Besides, I feel strangely drawn toward you. I am sure we have many tastes in common, and it can't be wrong for me to say so here under this open sky—so high up and near to the great Judge." She flushed painfully. This was his frank truth, the simplicity of which his friends always spoke. She answered him in a low, gentle voice, that made him notice her fair, strong face. "No. It cannot be wrong. But tell me what is troubling you."

"There! You have said just the right word. It troubles me to know that some one always goes to the same places I do, and only wishes to see me, when I do not know why. Why? Can you tell me?"

"Of course, it is a woman."

"Yes. And what can a woman see to like in me? If she only knew me!" He laughed boyishly.

"How do you know?" The girl's face was quite pale, and he looked surprised.

"You must not flatter. I cannot think any one would care enough after knowing me. You know I am always alone and so lacking in the little attentions."

"What shall I do? Shall I send her some photographs?"



THE MODERN ASTROLOGER.

SUE BERTIE: "HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE GOING TO PLAY TO EMPTY HOUSES?"

MANAGER: "I DON'T KNOW. I'LL HAVE TO CONSULT THE STARS."

"Don't you think she has some already?"

"Do you think so, really?" He laughed, but not the laugh of ridicule, rather of perplexity. After a moment's thought, he said: "Do you believe in hero-worship, Fräulein?"

"Do you?"

"Oh! it's so difficult to say what one believes nowadays. Once I did. I had the most beautiful aunt, who lived on the next estate when I was a boy. She was tall and stately like a queen, and so good. Her white, soft hand has smoothed many a frown of anger from my brow. I used to get up before sunrise and shoot birds for her breakfast, or ride over miles of wet moor to do her an errand. I worshiped her. That was long ago. Tell me what to do," he said.

"I cannot advise you."

"Surely you will, after listening so kindly to me."

"What do you wish to do? Escape her, of course?"

"No, no! There you mistake. I would wish to know her, only you see how people look upon such things—in fact, upon anything romantic in this conventional day."

"Yes, I see. You are famous; she is not."

"Please, don't!" He flushed and raised a deprecating hand.

"Well, write to her and tell her what you think."

"But that would be so empty. Don't you understand? I wish to see her and thank her for her interest."

"Few men would be kind enough to call it interest only. But after you met her, suppose you did not like her?"

"That could not be. My great appreciation of her loyalty to my art—for it is that, of course—would make dislike impossible. He looked away to the valley and she leaned her head upon her hand. How her temples throbbed! She waited silently with an odd mixture of pain and pleasure, wondering what he would say next. But when he spoke again it was not to return to the old subject. For a long time they talked. He was brilliant and intensely interesting as a conversationalist. She knew so much of him through intuition that it was natural to hear him speak of his private life. She did not look at him often, because there was a mist before her eyes, but she watched the sunlight fade away as the dusk came on, and all was in the shadow of the mountain. When they rose to go he gave her his hand.

"If you will allow me, I will see you safely to the inn. Perhaps, as it is past the usual hour, we may have supper together."

"Yes, if Frau Eber will permit." He paused a minute before giving her the alpenstock, and said in a low, regretful voice:

"Forgive me for worrying you with the story of my 'follower.'" She took his hand quickly and said, throwing back her head to stop the tears:

"Please, please, don't! Some day you will understand." Then they went down through the shadows together. The little dining-room was deserted when they reached the inn. The candles burned brightly on the rough tables, and he seemed to take boyish pleasure in setting the table with covers for two. The hostess entered, all apologies, toward the end of the meal, but stopped short when she saw clearly who the two were sitting side by side at the table. She looked at the girl and the girl looked at her. On one side amusement and astonishment, on the other the most pathetic of mute appeals. Then she went out, but in that second's glance the man had read all.

"Forgive me! Forgive me!" he pleaded, looking down at her where she sat, her elbows on the table, her face in her hands. "Can you not see, I was guided to you by my good angel, there in God's open, in the shadow of the mountain!" She did not answer, but rose to go. He stood waiting. Suddenly she turned and looked him full in the face, a smile illuminating her features.

"Perhaps it was best, after all. Good-by, and God bless you!" He bowed his head over her hands, and kissed them quietly. She closed her eyes as he did so. She was happy.

"You will come back to me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"But when?"

"Perhaps next year," she answered, blushing in memory of the "follower."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

"Auf wiedersehn! Next year—in the shadow of the mountain!"

CORINNE PARKER.



A RUSSIAN LOVE SONG.

**B**EHOLD, how the young leaves are dancing,  
Each holding her green skirts so daintily high.  
Tripping it, skipping it, courtesying, glancing—  
Behold, how the young leaves are dancing!

Hark, how the wild birds are singing!  
Never the song will be sweeter to hear—  
Cooling and wooing, the mate nestward bringing—  
Hark, how the wild birds are singing!

Come, my beloved, 'tis springtime,  
Fair is the greenwood, and all things are calling.  
Lovetime, and dovertime, and kissing, and ringtime—  
O come, my beloved, 'tis springtime!

JAMIE GREY.

HI SLOCUM'S FIASCO.

(AS RELATED BY THE POSTMASTER.)

**"H**AW, haw, haw, haw! Well, b'gosh! I've seen durned fules 'n durned fules in muh time but—hee, hee, hee, hee—waal, say, stranger, did yew hear 'bout th' show 'n th' tenown hall last night? Gee! 'Twa'n't much uv a show, I don't s'pose, but 't were purty good fur Shadtown 's shows go here. Gosh! Ev'ry time I think 'bout it—haw, haw, haw, haw, hee-e-e!—I hev tew laff clean deawn intew muh butes an' I kaint help it.

"B'gosh! 'Twa'n't no great shakes uv a show. Near 's I kin recollect they called it 'Ceran de Biggeract' 'r sumthin like thet. Th' durned show itself wa'n't much; cudn't hold a candle t' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' but th' show folks sung pieces 'n sprung funny jokes b'tween th' acts, 'n thet part uv th' show wuz durned good. If they hadn't tried t' give th' show 't all, it'd been a durned good show. Hoo, hoo, hoo, ho-o-o-o! B'gee, I've seen lots uv durned idjits 'n this tenown, but, say stranger, did yew hear 'bout thet show? No? Waal, I swan.

"Say, stranger, I've lived in this here tenown nigh on tuh sixty years 'n I never seen thet tenown hall packed 'n jammed like 't wuz last night. Musta been a clean

seventy dollars them show people took out o' town. B'gosh! Ev'ry seat in th' hall wuz full. 't were wuz 'bout a hundred boys packed in th' gallery. Hi Slocum—ho, ho, ho—Hi Slocum—haw, haw, haw, hee-e-e—Hi Slocum, thet durned fule uv a constable, he wuz up thar tew keep 'em quiet. I knowed he cudn't dew it when he went up thar.

"B'gosh! He hed his own troubles last night, 'cause them boys seemed all possessed tew keep up a continual racket, talkin', laffin' and eatin' pointers. 'Gee! They kep' makin' so much noise thet th' show people cudn't hear thet tew stop actin'. Hi Slocum, he did his durndest tew keep them boys quiet, an' he put out two 'r three on 'em, right out uv th' hall, b'gosh. Haw, haw, haw, haw! When he kep' gittin' madder 'n madder ev'ry minute, 'n made up his mind tew stop thet noise 't t'uk a leg tew dew it.

"Well, b'gee, by 'n by, a young woman come acout on th' stage 'n b'gun tew sing a piece. 'T wuz a purty durned good piece, tew, 'n I began t' think t' n'self as how 't wuzn't such a durned bad show, after all. B'gosh, th' gal sung one stanzy uv th' piece threw an' then sung th' chorus. Th' congregation wuz jest gittin' ready tew clap the'r han's 's th' gal lit in tew the chorus an' 'n an' commenced singin' it over.

"Haw, haw, haw, hee-e-e! B'gosh, jest 's she commenced singin' th' chorus th' second time, a boy up in th' gallery began t' sing with her. Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo! seems 's if I'd die laffin' ev'ry time I think uv it. 'Gee, whiz! Then thar wuz th' durndest racket up thar I ever heard. Thar wuz scufflin' an' tumblin' an' shoutin'. Then we heard somethin' go fallin' an' bumpin' deawn th' stairs. Waal, I didn't know jest whut t' make uv it, an' a lot uv us went acout front t' see whut wuz up. When we got thar, thar wuz Hi Slocum with a boy b' th' neck. Th' boy wuz squirmin' an' wrigglin' 'n tryin' t' say somethin', but Hi held him by th' neck so blamed tight thet he cudn't hardly breathe, t' say nothin' uv talkin'. Hi wuz a-smilin' all over. 'Spose he cud see his pictur' in th' *Bacon County Cry* th' next week. Ho, ho, ho, ho!

"B'gosh, Jest then th' manager uv the show trewp kum runnin' acout. Gee, but wa'n't he mad!

"Say, you long legged, thick-headed punkin busker," he sez; 'you bloomin' donkey, thet boy is travelin' with this here show an' he gits paid fer singin' in th' gall'ry,' sez he.

"Haw, haw, haw, haw, ho-o-o-o! You orter seen thet Hi Slocum git acout. B'gosh, he dug acout 's fast 's his long legs 'd carry him, 'n me nor anybody else ain't seen him since. I've seen lots uv durned fules, but, b'gosh, Hi Slocum 's th' durndest. B'ginger!"

EUGENE K. HERRICK.





## THE GRASP OF THE STRANGLE VINE.

**R**OGERS joined us at Weir City, Kansas. He came on in response to a hurry call from Sutcliffe, our manager, to a New York agent. Ed Marshall had been playing juveniles with us, but he got drunk at Joplin, and as it was the third time, and we had been out only a month, Sutcliffe decided that the limit had been reached, and put Marshall, Jag and all, on board the train for St. Louis. It so happened that this was a piece of luck for Marshall, for he drifted into New York just in time to secure a part in a big Broadway production, and made such a hit in it that he has been with the same company ever since, and has a starring bee at present. But his career doesn't concern this story.

While we were waiting for the man who was to succeed Marshall I played the juvenile, and made a hit in it, too, and my part was cut until Sutcliffe had counted up and could come back and make a bluff at the rest of it.

We reached Weir City, as dreary a town as ever was boomed, quite early, and were killing time with a poker game in the "parlor" of the hotel when Rogers arrived. As none of us ever had heard of him before we looked him over thoroughly when Sutcliffe brought him in and introduced him. Our decision was that he wouldn't last long. He was a rather good looking chap, well dressed, but a bit foppish in his appearance, and with a superiority of manner that told against him. We agreed that he was some young amateur, who had gone into the profession for the fun of it, and we saw how much fun he would have in a season of one-night stands through the West. "That man," remarked Tom Gray, after Rogers had gone to his room to "wash up and change his togs," as he put it, "would make a hit with the matinee girls at Daly's or the Lyceum, but they won't stand for him out here."

However, Rogers had studied his part on the train, and after one rehearsal he went on that night, and we had to admit that he did very well. He tried just as hard as though it had been a first night on Broadway, and though he was horribly self-conscious, the eighty-nine-dollar house that we drew "stood for" him, despite Gray's prediction. Sutcliffe announced himself as satisfied, and Parsons, who managed the stage, said he would have to do. So that settled it.

Matters went on smoothly enough for a time. Rogers' loftiness wore off and, though he didn't mingle with the rest of us much, we grew to like him, and modified our first opinion. Of all the company I was the only one with whom he conversed to any extent, and, bit by bit, I learned his story. He was the only child of a wealthy and widowed banker, and had been brought up amid all the luxury that money could procure, with no thought of the value of the dollars that he always had in plenty. Then, after he left college, there came a financial crash that ruined his father, who went home, unable to stand the disgrace that must come, and blew his brains out. Everything was sold to satisfy the creditors, and the young man found himself practically penniless, and confronted with the necessity of earning his own living. It wasn't his fault that he was unfitted for business life, and his pride rebelled against assuming some subordinate position. He had done some amateur acting, and his friends had told him so often that he was cut out for the stage that he began to think so himself. I forget what his pull with the agent was, but somehow he didn't have to wait long for an engagement, which was with us. I couldn't help liking the boy, for underneath the veneer of snobbery that "society" had coated him with, there was a warm heart, frank honesty and good principle. So, using myself as an illustration, I told him plainly what there was in a stage career, and advised him to go into some business in which salary would come regularly, and one could look forward to a home, a well-ordered life, and happiness. But he laughed at me, and prated of his art and his ambition, and the great things he would accomplish, just as I have heard dozens of others prate, and have prated myself.

When I saw that Rogers was falling a victim to Miss Heathcote, I was sorer than ever for him. For I knew Miss Heathcote's record, and realized that if the boy was to accomplish anything they must be kept apart. When a young and comparatively inexperienced man gets into the power of a woman who is devilishly fascinating and just as devilishly unscrupulous his chances for success in life are slim.

In age Miss Heathcote was older than Rogers by several years, and in worldly experience she was vastly his senior. But her pretty babyish face, her trim little figure, and her naive, innocent manner gave no clew to her true nature. And Rogers was falling in love with her. As I watched him rather closely I was the first to observe it, but love affairs can't exist in a company of ten people without being noticed, and the others soon began to gossip. Only, not knowing Rogers and Miss Heathcote as well as I did, they didn't appreciate the seriousness of it.

One day, after considering the matter carefully, I decided to meddle in other people's business. Taking Rogers into the smoking car, away from the rest, I undertook to give him some advice. But it was useless. Though I had realized that he was pretty deeply in love, I didn't expect such devotion as he manifested. Of course his youth accounted for it; an older man would have had more sense. He scoffed at my arguments that if he intended to make a name for himself he had better be doing it, and could think of women and matrimony at his leisure. At my first mention of Miss Heathcote he cut me off shortly.

"Hold on," he said, "this has gone far enough. Not one word against her. To attack an innocent woman thus is cowardly. She is the embodiment of all that is good, and since I have known her I have learned what a world of meaning there is in love, and how it ennoble a man. I am better for being near her; I feel that I have something to live for, and am spurred on to do greater things. As for your aspersions, she has told me of her life, and how she has been persecuted, and I am prepared to defend her. If you are speaking from hearsay, let me assure you that whatever you may have heard, it is a lie. And your interference is unwarranted and undesirable."

After this speech, delivered with a vehemence that he never had shown before, he left the car.

As Rogers was beyond listening to reason, I attempted no further remonstrance with him, but resolved to say something to Miss Heathcote. Rogers, I believe, was writing letters at the hotel the next afternoon, and I managed to catch the woman alone. It wasn't a pleasant task, as you can imagine, but I thought he should be saved if possible. So I told her what I knew. I begged her not to draw the boy into an entanglement of which only evil could come. Otherwise, I intimated that the exposure of certain facts would end the affair, but that it would not be to her advantage to have these facts exposed.

There was an appealing expression in her face as she raised it to me. When she began to speak, tears came to her eyes, and when she finished she was sobbing.

"My God!" she cried, "must it be so? What you say is true, but cannot what has been rest? Will you take from me this opportunity to live down the past and become a good woman? To make this man, whom I love and who loves me, a faithful wife?"

Bitter as I was against her, this plea moved me. I had heard of such reformations, but never had placed much faith in them. Surely she could have no reason

for entrapping him save mere caprice. Perhaps she was sincere and really loved him. But that other case—

Nevertheless, I gave in, though unwillingly, and told her I would be silent. She clasped my hand as she thanked me.

Her hands, I think, were the only physical indexes to her character. They were not pretty hands. The fingers were too long, and of a strength unusual in a woman. Their pressure always reminded me of the strangle vine, that South American plant that encircles trees and kills them.

Our next stand was Winona, Minn. Rogers and Miss Heathcote announced at dinner that they had been married that afternoon. Sutcliffe, who is a pretty good fellow, promptly ordered some wine to celebrate the event, and we drank to the healths of the pair, and had quite a jolly time. Rogers was as happy as a king, and the newly-made Mrs. Rogers never looked prettier.

It seemed as though the match had been a good thing for Rogers after all. He improved immensely in his work, and grew to make almost the hit of the performance, though a scene of mine in the second act always won the biggest applause. Parsons never tired of calling attention to Rogers' progress, which, of course, was due to having worked under Parsons' stage direction. Sutcliffe talked boastfully to other managers about his "find," though he didn't raise Rogers' salary.

Everything was pleasant as we worked along the N. P. circuit. Business was good, and Sutcliffe's smile became more expansive. As we came down the coast to 'Frisco, I began to feel misgivings, for I knew there was a man in 'Frisco, who might—but, Lord, what could I do to prevent it?

The night we opened in 'Frisco I scrutinized the house carefully. The man wasn't there. The second night he was. I watched Miss Heathcote to see whether she knew it. During the second act I saw him glance meaningly at her. Her eyebrows rose in recognition.

The next day, about noon, I found Rogers breakfasting alone.

"Is your wife ill?" I asked.

"No," said he, "she rose early and went shopping."

On Thursday Parsons called me aside and said: "Who do you suppose I saw in the Liberty Restaurant yesterday?" I professed ignorance.

"Mrs. Rogers," he answered, "with a man I never saw before. Local talent, I fancy. Not in the profession, any way. They had a private room, but I caught a glimpse of them as they entered. Wonder who he was?"

"Too much for me," I replied. "But say, Parsons, I wouldn't mention this to any one if I were you."

"I understand," said he. "It's too bad, isn't it?"

If she was reckless enough to visit the Liberty in broad daylight, apparently she was about to return to him. Her repentance, then, had been only assumed. I had hoped that she had given up this man, but his money had again attracted her. He was at all times her slave, but if she left him, he was too philosophical. In a worldly way, to care. I thought how one young man, who had squandered all he possessed on her, was cast aside for this very man, and was now a dipsomaniac and a vagrant.

Still I hoped that the 'Frisco week might pass without Rogers discovering. But it was not to be.

After the performance Saturday night Parsons and I stopped at the hotel bar for our nightcaps. It was quite late, for we had been overseeing the loading of the scenery.

As we passed through the office the night clerk handed me a letter. The address was written as though by a palsied man, but I recognized the writing. Cold sweat came out on me as I tore it open. On the card inside was written almost illegibly: "Come to my room."

Beckoning Parsons to follow I dashed upstairs. There was no answer to my knock, so I forced the door open and entered. In a moment I staggered out, for the odor of gas almost overpowered me.

How he discovered or what passed between them I never knew. Mrs. Rogers left the hotel half an hour after they returned from the theatre. A bellboy saw her enter a cab that was waiting across the street.

His face, when we found him, was that of a man ten years older, it was so haggard and drawn. Like his father, he had not had the courage to withstand the blow.

The coroner's jury rendered the sage verdict that death was due to asphyxiation. Our testimony amounted to little. Detectives and reportorial sleuths scoured the city in vain for clues of Mrs. Rogers. We gave the boy a decent burial, and started East. But a hoodoo was on the company. After a streak of bad business, we closed at Omaha.

That was three years ago. I did not see Mrs. Rogers again until the other night. She was dining at a big New York hotel. Not a day older did she look, thanks to her skill at make-up. Exquisitely gowned, she made a charming picture, and the young man who was her companion gazed at her enraptured. On her fingers—again they reminded me of the strangle vine—were many rings. One of them I had seen before. It had belonged to Herbert Rogers.

PHILIP JACQUES.



ERROLL DUNBAR.





ON THE ROAD: A CHRISTMAS DINNER AFTER THE MATINEE.





PLAYED OUT.

MANAGER: "I CAN'T PAY YOU ANYTHING—YOU BROKE YOUR CONTRACT. YOU WERE TO GIVE US AN OVERTURE, SELECTIONS BETWEEN THE ACTS, AND TO PLAY THE AUDIENCE OUT."

ORCHESTRA LEADER: "YES, BUT HOW COULD I PLAY DOT AUDIENCE OUDT VEN YOUR GOMBANY HAT ALRETTY DID DAT?"

## SHAKESPEARE; AND THE CLASSIC DRAMA.

THE drama should be and is a part of all human education; it is the natural expression of that imaginative instinct which leavens life, and it must always hold the first place among those forms which the art of literature has perfected. It is for this reason the giants of literature chose those forms of expression which are specially adapted to represent and illustrate life in action; and it is principally for this reason those writers must always play so great a part in the work of educating the race.

One of the best means for developing good tastes is through good plays. The theatre is a parliament of laws, manners and customs, and it depends upon the public to fix its status of instruction.

With a few notable exceptions the plays of to-day by their demoralizing, far-reaching influence indirectly cost the public more than would a subsidized theatre at a nominal fee of admission where attractive, healthful entertainments would encourage morality and lessen crime; but commercialism—the fell spirit of the age—must become subordinated to the higher spirit of a public good before America can hope for that development of the higher arts which obtains in other civilized countries. More art is contained in a great drama than in all painting, sculpture or music; not that the other arts do not bear a most important relation to the development of individual and national character, but the drama is a combination of all the arts in one; it is a living representation of human souls in their destruction or elevation. Nothing appeals to the mind and heart more directly than a life scene put before the eye, presenting truths bearing upon country, principle, honor or home—as it may be—revealing all the degrees of social existence from clown to king, and the relative positions of good and evil as they exist. This is an art that none so ignorant or lowly but may appreciate and understand.

The seeds of the drama originated in the worshipful philosophy of Egypt and India in religious rites and ceremonies practiced by the priesthood as early as thirty-five centuries B. C.; all the Christian historians were deeply impressed with the sublime rites and ceremonies practiced by these ancient peoples. From the crude form of dramatic expression of this remote period was evolved the drama of Europe, where twenty-five centuries ago it took the form of art in Greece. From unpretentious beginnings in the course of one hundred years the Greek drama bloomed into a literary splendor to which all succeeding years have yielded homage. The introduction of the art in France and England was in the presentation of Scriptural teachings, ranging from the creation to the Judgment Day.

Greece, Italy, Spain, France and Germany are rich in dramatic literature, while England gave to the world the king of all literature—William Shakespeare. The inspired poet was born in an age of letters revived. Great thoughts of former ages were recast in the mold of the Anglo-Saxon tongue; the voice of Ovid is heard again in the mellifluous harmonies of Shakespeare's unities of form and action. His was an age when the commons of England were forcing conclusions with feudal tenures and the divine right of kings upon that mental field where all were equal. It was an age when the intellectual fires of Heywood, Peel, Lilly, Lodge, Greene, Nash, Kyd, Marlowe, and Jonson were flashing out in forms of light and life, enameling and embossing the corner stone of English literature laid by Chaucer.

Upon the broad foundation reared by men of letters in the Elizabethan era arose the citadel which turned the eyes of intellectual Europe toward England and rounded the dome of her House of Commons until the lights of the rising and setting sun never cease to play upon it. This was the setting in which the dramatic regency of the English tongue was born. God and nature had conspired to erect a stage whereon the principles of human ethics should pervade all the erratic, all the orderly movements and situations incident to life and death.

Shakespeare's mind was an arc celestial in the dome of heaven, every thought a star, every act set to the erratic course of human action as he saw it from age to

age. Man's horizon widens in the light of his illumined intellect; new truths are discovered in the soul's hidden mysteries. Graced with the infinities of nature's grandest music and sweetest harmonies, his mind and heart penetrated the deepest springs of human action and mirrored all lights and shades of mental coloring. He knew all passions, all emotions arising in that ceaseless play of force between the inner life and the objective world.

The cultivated world has marveled at the stupendous heights and profound depths of Shakespeare's far-reaching, penetrant brain. He was healthy and sound to the core; he never clothed the figure of Wrong in the mantle of Right; his plays are a moral and artistic education; he holds the mirror up to nature, showing how extremes meet upon the plane of life and are rubbed into action. He studied the ways of man toward man in the activities of the passing world along the line of social causes and political events, motive and action hand in hand, crime and retribution face to face; he pictured all virtues and their rich rewards. He was a realist of the most graphic school, and an idealist of the highest order; his idealism was not of the speculative order; he gathered his seeds in the fields of human experience and planted a garden, which grew into a mighty forest. Shakespeare's philosophy carries the sordid forces of civilization into that realm of enlightened intellect which exalts character, promotes religion and conjoins the harmonies of nature with galleries of art.

All down the centuries the eyes of wondering mortals will gaze with awe upon the historic pictures painted by his magic pen in the mental flight over the world; his mind penetrated the seats of buried empires, the ruined temples where once sat the sapient Roman, the classic Greek and the monumental Egyptian. He saw the legions of Caesar phalanx in action, and heard the shouts of the victors in triumphal procession as they trod the streets of the Eternal City. He listened to the great masters of oratory at Athens. He sat in the porticos of the tragic Muse and gazed with *Æschylus* upon the unstable sea. He lived the lives of those who erected altars and holy shrines. He stood at the morrow of death, where hell unchained its consorts to prey upon the wolves and tigers of mankind. He stood upon the shores of green waters of the Nile and saw skeletoned upon its banks the nerveless arms of its conquering hosts. He explored the jungles of savage beasts, and of still more savage men. He saw the seas made white with winged steeds of Jew and Gentile, watching their arts of trade against each other in the commerce of the world. He crossed the burning sands of the desert, saw its wild bearded men mounted upon stallions shod with fire, ere while the blood of Christian and Saracen incarnadined the earth. And linking all in one divine circumstance, he formed a chain as unbreakable as the divinity of truth.

In considering the value of the teachings of his incomparable works it is a matter for regret they are so rarely put upon the stage, and that the present generation has so little opportunity for the benefit of their uplifting educational influence. For with the birth of this matchless teacher one of the greatest of the arts was placed upon that lofty pedestal of educational power where it must ever stand.

GERTRUDE WALDEMAR.

## THE ARGOSY.

JUST behind the crimson curtain  
That the morning draws aside,  
Near the iridescent armor  
That bedecks the sleepless tide,  
When the sluggard sun awakens  
From its rest beneath the sea,  
There my ship lies safe at anchor,  
Soon she's coming home to me.

She will bring me gems of splendor,  
Resolution, strong and firm,  
Chastity, pure pearl of whiteness,  
Meekness of the plodding worm.  
Charity's soft robes of pity  
To adorn my naked soul—  
They'll be mine when through the tempest  
Safe my brave ship reaches goal.

I'll be rich beyond all measure  
When my ship comes home to me,  
For the laughter hid in sunbeams  
Love-words soft will soon set free.  
Thus I'll give to every toiler,  
Weary of life's dreary miles,  
Glistening stars of Hope eternal  
In an amulet of smiles.

O'er the blind and unrepentant,  
Stragglers from the Lord's highway,  
I will spread my robe of pity,  
Lead them to the light of day.  
All rebellion I'll with meekness  
Still, and point the way to God  
Through deep groves with incense laden,  
Children of the Virgin Sod.

I can do but very little  
Till my ship comes home to me;  
Faith sheathed then with resolution,  
Custom's slave at last set free.  
I can pity all earth's sovereigns,  
Poorest of the poor—no pelf,  
But, the richest king of kingdoms,  
I'll be monarch of Myself!

ALBERT C. DELTWIN.



## THE LITTLE SQUARE MAN.

ONE morning before the war with Spain I arose in a particularly bright and cheerful mood. The courteous manager of a celebrated stock company, who had tolerated my earliest and most crude histrionic efforts, had given me hopes of a re-engagement, and my ambition as an actress was rising.

But on entering the breakfast-room the tone of my mind was lowered by the sight of a letter which met my gaze, bearing upon the envelope the address of the banking house which held the deposits of my moderate means of support.

I lost some time, of course, in examining the exterior of the letter, as one will do when there is room for doubt as to the why and wherefore of an unexpected communication, although it would seem evident that only an exploration of the interior could give information of its *raison d'être*, which one awaits with such wondering anxiety. But when at last I had torn the cover open, I saw with a shudder the announcement that it appeared that I had overdrawn my account to the amount of — dollars, followed by a request that I would send my pass book for comparison without delay.

At first I wished that the document had not been called for within five days, but had been returned to the post office box as specified in the corner. Then for a moment a wild hope entered my mind that my bank book would put everything to rights, but I soon realized that the diagonal lines and the neat, and I must say pretty, little entries in red ink would not speak loudly in my favor, but as Mr. Guppy would say, "the contrary."

I knew that I could count upon no future remittances falling due to me for some months to come, and I began to consider what I should do to restore a balance before that time had elapsed. And now all the face of nature was changed for me, and my spirits had so fallen that, caring not what I might do, I wandered out for a walk by the river side and stood leaning over the old bridge in a pessimistic pose, thinking with pity of poor business men and unfortunate speculators who have given themselves up to despair, and fancying that I could imagine what their feelings must have been when they contemplated throwing themselves over the parapet. And when a bullfrog with melancholy, full eyes suddenly plunged into the water, I fell to wondering if the frogs and fishes were also subject to the worries of give and exchange in the economy of life. Thus pondering I began to descend toward the edge of the stream, when I was startled by a touch upon my arm, a friendly touch that aroused me from my gruesome reverie.

Turning quickly, I encountered a handsome little old man of the Brownie race, dressed in a suit of butternut brown, with buckles on his knees, holding a thick hawthorn stick on which he leaned, and wearing a sprig of the plant called Honesty stuck in his hat.

His face, although serious in its expression, was fresh and ruddy, and entirely free from the carewornness so generally imprinted on the countenances of men of his years, and his eyes were penetrating and yet as clear and innocent as the eyes of a child.

"How do you do?" said he in a voice that reminded me of the note of a Grackle.

"Good morning," I answered.

"This bank is rather slippery," said the little man. "Be careful how you step."

"Banks generally are like that," said I sulkily, no pun intended.

"What's the matter now?" he asked, and as worried people almost invariably like a listener, I soon poured my grievances into his ear.

"It is all a matter of extravagance," said the little man; "but I hold the office of Treasurer and Cashier of the Square Cheated Trusting Company, where there is found to be a balance in your favor, payable on demand, and we are ready to reimburse you at sight."

"What do you mean?" I asked in some alarm. "I am sure I never cheated any one, and my extravagance can only harm myself."

"Very true, my good madam," said he, "but give me your attention for half an hour, and you may go home a happier and a wiser woman. Allow me to offer you a seat."

We sat down together, and I noticed that his shoulders were very square, so were his jaws, and even the toes of his buckled shoes. In short, he stood four square to all the winds that blew, and looked as if a hurricane could not overthrow him, and I found something encouraging and protecting in his aspect.

Presently he pulled out of his pocket an account book and a wallet of money and cheques.

"Now," said he, "I am prepared to make good to you whatsoever you may have legitimately lost. But I must first have items. What did you do just before you came out for a walk?"

"Oh," said I, "let me see — well, if you must know, I read the morning paper and wrote a letter."

"But what did you read, and what did you write?" he persisted, fixing me with his penetrating eyes.

"Oh, well," I replied in confusion, "I read an advertisement: 'Ladies, work for us at your own homes! Big money for easy work. No canvassing! Send stamp for particulars.'"

"I thought as much," said the little man, and consulting his book he pointed to my name on the credit side.

"There," said he, "we owe you 2 cents for that stamp. This catchpenny affair has probably received a hundred thousand letters like yours to-day, and such a revenue of postage stamps is not to be despised, but no reply need any writer of those letters ever expect." And therewith he handed me a two-cent stamp.

"Thank you very much," said I; "it is well for me that you are willing to restore that to me, for I must write to a certain publication about that prize contest, and I have not a single stamp left."

"I would let that alone," said the little man. "Take this," and he pointed out another entry, at the same time placing in my hand a quarter of a dollar. "This is the price of the twelve two-cent stamps and the one one-cent stamp that you sent to that magazine," he said, and he did not smile quite so benignly as before. "You sat up until after midnight for a week searching through the dictionaries for words to make out of the letters comprised in 'Simplifons,' and you succeeded in making 7,007 words, but you never heard from it again and you never will, although you look for your feigned name every month when the work comes out."

"But you know I received the publication for three months for the 25 cents, and a cheap novel besides," I answered shamefacedly.

"Yes, and so did one million other credulous persons," he answered, looking in his book, "but you did not share in the \$500 in gold given away. Those who won the prizes live in places unknown to the maps or to any city directories to which you have ever had access."

"Well," said I, putting my unexpected gains into my portemonnaie, "I am better off than I thought myself, thanks to you, my good sir."

"Softly," said he. "Let us see if this is correct." A consignment of shrubs and flowering plants from the nurseries of Swindler & Co., Kamschatka. Now, why do ladies buy vegetation from such a distance when the time it takes to send by freight must naturally wither the unprotected roots, and native growths would in all probability thrive better?"

"Well, you see," I explained, for so good a friend in need seemed to deserve an explanation, "the agent called and at first I did refuse, but he insisted on just showing his catalogues, and the vision of my garden glowing with scarlet hyacinths, orange fleur-de-lis and blue hibiscus, and my lattice covered all the year round with red rambling roses, great golden clematis and cape jasmines that would defy any climate, being v. g. and ever blooming, was too much for my resolution. Nor could I resist his importunity, and so I gave the order."

"I see," the little man replied, "and here is your money, twenty-five dollars, less twenty-five cents which you will return to me for value received as the rose is putting out a solitary shoot of the wild stock on which it is grafted; you will observe that it does not grow on its own roots, that being the only sign of life in the whole consignment."

"Auction Sale—Rare and Valuable Antiques, Curious Works of Art, Choice Silver and Brag a Brag. Virtuosos, etc. Salesrooms of Hood, Winkle and Co., 1000th Street, Great New York." Ah, yes, you telegraphed to these gentlemen asking them to bid in for you lots 13, 121, 233, 750, 610, 600, and others of catalogue sent with compliments. They obliged you by securing for you the old frying pan of the eleventh century; the snuff box, guaranteed to have belonged to Frederic Barbarossa or money refunded; the quaint old chair, repaired all but one leg, of the dark ages; the silver tankard, supposed to have been used by Alfred the Great when he was entertained by the Neat Herd; and the High Bay before the Flood. Total, \$1,025, exclusive of express prepaid and charge for packing, \$67.98. The whole lot is worth, at the utmost, twenty dollars, and we owe you the residue, deducting the express. Here is your due—one thousand and five dollars."

Thankful to receive this as I was, it was becoming embarrassing to have my follies so undeniably brought to light, and I would have risen from the stone on which we were seated, with the intention of going home, had the little man not produced another paper with which he confronted me. It read thus:

SALE OF WESTERN LANDS!  
GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A FORTUNE!  
Gift Edged Investments  
Near the Irrigating DITCH!  
We will Cheerfully Sell at a SACRIFICE, to build up  
this Salubrious and PROGRESSIVE REGION,  
Seven Houses Already Up and  
Ground Broken for Another!  
\$100 will buy 60 Lots,  
Bound to Increase 100 per cent. in Two Weeks.  
SEND MONEY for Snap Bargain.  
Easy Terms. Liabilities Made Easy.  
Women and Children a Specialty.  
NET 150 per cent. the First YEAR.  
Chance of a Lifetime.  
OWN A HOME  
At the Ends of the Earth!

"Here, madam, is the fifteen hundred dollars invested by you in this enterprise, two hundred dollars for deeds drawn, etc. Take your fleecings and let this be a lesson to you. Here also is a cheque which entitles us to a receipt in full from you showing everything to be paid at the maximum price up to date. Your signature, if you please. In consideration for your feelings we will not give the itemized account to the public. And so good-by, and better sense to you."

And the Little Square Man went away in the mist.

I sat musing on the strangeness of the situation for some moments, and then I put up my umbrella and tiptoed my way across the muddy road.

"Thank fortune," I said, "that he did not mention the tree protectors." And I passed on through the newly falling rain a happier and, I trust, a wiser woman—but who knows?

MARY F. REYNOLDS.

## TO A COMEDIENNE'S PORTRAIT.

ON my meager mantel-shelf  
Stands your counterfeit self,

Ma petite;

Merry mischief laughing out  
From the dust so thick about,  
Putting gloomy thoughts to rout,

Ma petite.

Deep within your roguish eye  
Hidden wells of laughter lie,

Ma petite;

Why, you fill this shabby place  
With a sweet, unwonted grace—  
Blessings on your beaming face—

Ma petite!

Even my "boardin'-missus" grim  
Eyes you sometimes with a vim,

Ma petite;

Till her wooden heart, I swear,  
Beats again—that's something rare,  
One more triumph unaware,

Ma petite.

There are nobler things, no doubt,  
Than your mimic smile and pout,

Ma petite;

But when we have lost our cue,  
And our life looks rather blue,  
We can laugh awhile with you,

Ma petite.

Then for life made bright again  
By your brief but merry reign,

Ma petite;

For the clouds you chase away,  
For the grave thoughts turned to gay,  
Prithce take this little lay,

Ma petite.

ROBERT GILBERT WALSH.



## EDGAR HÖYER, LAWYER AND DRAMATIST.

**S**TANDING admiringly in front of the lately restored "Naesseslot," and indulging in a mental calculation as to the superior beauty of Furesøen over Lake Champlain, struggling with myself in the attempt to decide whether a Danish beech is more charming than an American magnolia, my companion interrupted my musings with: "There goes Höyer. Let me introduce you."



EDGAR HÖYER.

This wife of Höyer's, by the way, is quite a strange sort of woman. Just think! though once she was an actress—and a very clever one, I hear—actually after several years of marriage she thinks well enough of her lawyer-author husband to prefer the expense of rearing children to the cost of wearing diamonds. She also gives valuable suggestions and scores excellent points in her husband's writings, besides making delicious smørrebrød—a dish I would not recommend to American stomachs, however.

Edgar Höyer is the Danish author of the present generation who has seen more of his plays produced than any other dramatist. One important reason is that he does not confine himself to one *genre* of the drama.

Copenhagen has four theatres, all on the stock system plan, and each is devoted to a different kind of dramatic entertainment. Höyer's works have been played on all four stages. Höyer hitched his chariot to a star when he first began writing, and governed his Pegasus so well that he landed it on all fours, without any sliding of the hind legs or pawing the air with the forefeet, in the first production of "Dristigt Vovet," at the Kongelige (Royal) Theatre, on December 26, 1888.

Since these ten years have passed, about eight other of his plays have been successfully presented. The farce, "Miss A. V.," tickled the Casino public. "Modkandidater" (Rival Candidates) saw numerous evenings at Folketheatret (People's Theatre), and the two most characteristic of all his works, "Scenen's Børn" (Children of the Stage) and "Familien Jensen" (The Family Jensen) proved artistic and financial triumphs for the Dagmar Theatre.

That Höyer's first play was produced at the Royal is a fact worth noting, as the Royal to Northern Europe is what the Théâtre Français is to Paris. All Ibsen's works first see the light of day at this Government playhouse, where good actors are both bred and buried. The "Children of the Stage" carried Höyer's name below the Kiel Canal. In view of the fact that Höyer is a Dane, German acceptance meant something. Holland, Austria and Russia followed suit in indorsing this story of present day princes, actors and newspaper men.

The "Family Jensen" is a biting satire on social conditions of to-day. The *motif* for the play was furnished by the excessive popularity of a Danish music hall singer, around whose shapely limbs prizes of the royal blood wound garlands of roses and costly pearls. Owing to a fine distinction of moral sense which permits Danish men to bathe *in natura* in the waters of Oresund in full view of admiring women yet considers the revelation of the female form too dangerous to the masculine eye, the actress who played the part of the music hall singer was not permitted by the judgment-dealing censor to appear in tights in a scene that distinctly demanded it, and hence the climax of a whole act was woefully robbed of a spiritual thrill. Or could the censor possibly have inspected the fair actress's limbs and found them wanting in symmetrical curvature? Banish the thought. Yet cyclomania has so taken possession of the women in Saxo Grammaticus' country that fourteen inches around the calf of the leg is more admired than a number six glove. But, by the scattering locks of Hall Caine's hair, it was a profanation of art to conceal nature, and even had the hero become enraptured over the cuteness of the knee, or succumbed to the insinuation hidden in the instep, why, he would only have derived the same elevating and purifying influence that one gains from studying the Venus of Milo.

I saw one performance of "The Family Jensen," and was struck at once with the author's dramatic instinct. This is a rare quality in the men who write for the Danish stage. They seem to prefer characterization to concentration, and drive and dialogue to situations and suspense. They build a play as they write a book; the characters tell of a lot of things instead of doing them. Thus you get talk by the bushel and action by the grain, and this in an age when talk is cheap.

Höyer wears his beard a little à la Mephistopheles, and I have a suspicion that he borrowed a few sparks of devilry from the master when he conceived the ending of the third act of "The Family Jensen." The music hall artist has invited her friends to a champagne orgie. A newspaper man calls to interview her. He is invited to become one of the party, and when called upon to make a speech he lashes himself into a moral tempest, breaking forth into a tirade of abuse of the poor woman which breaks up the whole party. That a Copenhagen "journalist" ever should feel any other effect of a glass of wine than to want for another and finally become full and complimentary, is where the joke comes in.

But then those dear boys do take themselves so seriously, though one of the most famous in his craft is known in his circle as "The Monkey," and another, a Mr. Henrik Cavling, came like a *Journal* man to this country two years ago as ambassador from his newspaper to sell the Danish West Indies to the United States.

I remember a performance some years ago here in New York of Edward Brandes' "A Visit." Edward tries to be another edition of his great brother, Georg, who is probably the greatest living literary critic. But even to call Edward "a pocket edition" is to compliment the size of Georg's pockets. The occasion was the only one I know of where New York men omitted to go out between the acts to get a drink. They had fallen asleep. Yet the American performance was a good one. Some time ago in Brooklyn, a Danish actress, Mrs. Elizabeth Riis, direct from the Dagmar Theatre, gave the same performance in the mother tongue, and the spontaneity and forcefulness of the American school of acting came out in brilliant con-

trast to the stilted, stiff and stale methods of Continental impersonating, as exemplified in Mrs. Riis' playing.

An ex-officer of the army, who once committed a forgery, yet still in his own mind is a gentleman *comme il faut*, and who is the father of the shapely singer, is the best drawn character in "The Family Jensen." The hero of the play, a young theological student in love with the music hall artist, succeeds in making her see the error of her ways after she has first ruined a wealthy merchant and permitted her family to share the spoils from her paramour. The Danish actor in charge of the role, Hr. Neiiendam, both looked and acted fanatically enough, without the slightest effort, but his acting was the kind of art that one will rather forget than remember.

Höyer does not devote all of his time to playwriting. He has built up an extensive practice as a successful lawyer, and many of his best characters are drawn directly from his experiences in the court room. A mixture of the practical and poetical; a few touches of idealistic color illuminating the sordidness of material episodes; a desire to tell a story and point to a result with every play; a delicious current of humor winding its way through many of the scenes, and an ability to provide the actors with good parts are some of the earmarks of Höyer's writings.

It is likely that we may have an opportunity to judge of his work at no distant date. He is at present engaged in writing a drama, with a Russian locale, which he intends to submit for the approval of an American audience. If it should make a hit, it will be the first time a Scandinavian dramatist has scored here, and the occasion, therefore, may be looked forward to as of some importance.

AAGE TOKEN WORM.

## A LOVE STORY.

**I** SHALL not call you by the old, dear name  
Of all those years ago:  
For curious eyes would see, and tongues would blame—  
But on love's anvil, in my sad soul's flame,  
In golden letters, I will form: SAPPHO.

I loved you at first sight, a boy of five,  
And was your little slave.  
You were the sweetest woman then alive,—  
The queen bee of my airy little hive,  
And for your smiles and nods my heart I gave.

How I would trot through orchard, house and street,  
Behind your pliant form,  
With heart that beat time to my happy feet,—  
With but one thought, deep, delicate and sweet,  
Within that heart to keep it proud and warm.

The river danced more blithely to the sea  
When it beheld your eyes:  
More fragrant grew the morn upon the lea,  
The birds' notes higher, and the drunken bee  
Grew sober on the instant with surprise!

The gay winds ruffled roses as you passed,  
And tossed their petals where  
Your small, slim foot would make its perfect cast,  
And, while the sculptor Nature stood aghast,  
They blew them in the waves of your brown hair!

That hair! . . . Its burnished coils once touched my face,  
As I sat at your knee,  
When you leaned over, till your bosom's lace  
Brushed my wide eyes. . . . Nor time, nor death, nor space,  
Can annihilate that moment's ecstasy!

I hid my secret from the prying day;  
My elders never knew  
That smile or frown of yours could lift or slay;  
And when I would kneel at night to softly pray,  
One sweet and silent prayer was all for you.

One day, I lost you. Twice ten years fled by  
Ere my eyes your eyes placed.  
The young-old love still lived: it could not die;  
You heard my story; then I heard your sigh:  
Then your awakened soul my soul embraced!

And my soul upward soared, till heaven seemed  
A thousand leagues below!  
Among the stars that over heaven gleamed,  
I loved and sang, and sang, and loved, and dreamed,  
And touched the stars that over heaven blow!

The moons that bathed the streets of paradise,—  
The suns that warmed its heart,—  
The great, pellucid stars in heaven's skies,—  
Were not so much to me as your sweet eyes:  
For you were love, or its dear counterpart!

Those seven golden years, ere from the height  
I saw you sway and fall! . . .  
And I plunged after, through the awful night,  
And strove to draw you back to love and light:  
But you were deaf to love, entreaties, all!

And now you come to me with silvered hair,  
Dead love to recreate,—  
With regretful eyes and words, and tears and prayer:  
But dead love cannot live, nor false be fair.  
My loyal, jealous muse is now my mate.

You gave me years and beauty. I gave you  
A poet's youth and soul.  
I let the world slip by, and fortune, too,  
Hell and all its fires you sent me through:  
But I am now beyond fierce hell's control.

JOHN ERNEST MCCANN.



## JUVENILE THEATRICALS.

BORN in a small village among the Catskill Mountains, my early opportunities to see anything in the nature of a theatrical performance were extremely circumscribed. Occasionally there were church "doings," which comprised tableaux, such, for instance, as that of a little boy holding a skein of worsted while his grandmother winds it into a ball; and now and then a cantata, so harmless in character and simple in composition as to possess, especially for very young and very old people, the sedative qualities of Elder Hewitt's sermons.

Several boys in the neighborhood, including myself, had histrionic ambitions, but the results of our efforts did not make either for high art or the elevation of the stage, I fear. The memory of one night comes back to me with peculiar vividness. We gave a "show" in a building that had been built for a barn, but was used as a sort of storehouse for odds and ends of old iron by the village blacksmith. This nondescript, though more or less delectable, entertainment was given on a Saturday night, and all that day the members of the company had busied themselves in the multifarious details of preparation, rehearsal and drumming up an audience. An admission of five cents was charged at the door for adults, and two cents for those under twenty years of age. A calico print curtain was strung on a wire the entire width of the roof, within about eight feet of the western side.

By eight o'clock a fair sized audience, chiefly men, had assembled, and were seated on the rough benches provided for them, talking and laughing freely, some of them smoking. The stage-manager rang a small dinner bell as a signal to draw the curtain a few feet to the left, and thereupon the members of the company filed out and formed a line in front of the audience. First went Eddie Thompson with his fife, followed by myself with my drum; then Emmet Mellon with a pair of bones, then Willie Doolittle with a tambourine, then Harry Ackley with a battered trombone, and lastly Billy Laddlaw with a double bass, with two tattered strings. The band struck up a martial air, which owed its recognition among the auditors entirely to the fife; and that at times threatened to commit mutiny. On some of the higher notes the unintentional syncopation, and the shrill shunting from the proper terminal notes, seemed vastly to amuse certain auditors; but to us it was a trying moment; for if the fife had given out there would have been only noise and clatter—destitute of a melody. But Eddie struggled heroically with the capricious instrument to the end, and we returned behind the curtain pursued by salvos of applause. We responded to the encore by rendering "The Double Drag," an old army tune very well adapted to show off the possibilities of fancy "snare-drumming," and of course I displayed my dexterity to the best of my ability; while, with redoubled energy, Emmet rattled the bones, Doolittle banged the tambo, Harry belched forth his agonies in the indented trombone, and Billy sawed on the two sonorous strings of the old bass viol.

Then followed a minstrel act, in which five or six of us made our *début* as burnt cork comedians. I do not recall any of the local "gags" or antediluvian jokes we perpetrated; but they seemed to go very well with the audience, judging by their spasms of laughter and merriment. Some acrobatic and horizontal bar turns were next on the programme, in which Chauncey Hewitt, who, by the way, is the nephew of Mrs. George Westinghouse, acquitted himself with the greatest honors. The entertainment closed with an Indian War Dance, based on what we had seen not long before in Ned Buntline's real Indian Show, which gave exhibitions throughout that section, Buntline's home being at Stamford, about twenty miles away. Some of the boys were dressed like Modocs, and in their war paint and feathers gave a very lifelike, if rather too melodramatic, imitation of the noble red-men.

After the performance we went to Emmet Mellon's house and turned over the receipts to his mother to count and divide equally, this arrangement having been agreed upon in order to avoid any disputes or trickery. Mrs. Mellon performed her task with impartial fairness, the total proceeds of the box-office giving each boy about ten cents. Some of the coins were the old fashioned coppers, as big as a silver dollar; some were the little white coppers, with the imprint of an eagle on one side. But they were all pieces of money, and we felt something of the pride of honest wage earners as we jingled them in our pockets. At the gate, in front of our house, I met my father, who was coming home from his store. At first he did not know me when I saluted him, for my face and hands were of an Ethiopian shade. When informed that we had been giving a show the parental gorge rose, and I was hustled into the house.

Another time we started in to give a circus performance. We began the work of getting ready one Saturday morning. Back of our barn extended a level, grassy lawn, bordered on one side by a brook, known as the Bull's Run, and which, in the time of freshets, overflowed and made a good deal of trouble. There were several butternut trees on the stony bank, and to the limb of one of them our hired man had made a swing. Anxious to appear as an all-round performer, I removed the seat from the swing and commenced practicing the most difficult, if not impossible, feat of standing up on the swing and balancing myself without touching the ropes with my hands. Presently the swing suddenly swerved from under me, and before I could grasp the ropes I fell backward, striking my head on some gravel. The bystanders laughed at my mishap, and, stung with the pain thus produced, and angry at them for laughing, I declared that there should be no circus on our grounds. But with the abatement of the pain, and cajoled into better humor by my playmates, I reconsidered my edict and resumed preparations for the circus with more vigor than before. I went into the barn, hitched the bay mare "Kitty" to a very light corn-hill plow, painted a pale blue, and soon was plowing a ring about eighty feet in circumference in the middle of the emerald turf. This task was fraught with not a few misgivings that my father would have something to say, if not something to do about it, when he found it out, but with the headstrong enthusiasm of youth I made the ring; while my henchmen drove at given intervals round it stakes to which the tent ropes were to be fastened.

This done, I diversified my employment by dressing up the horse in a beplumed bridle and a gay blanket, and arraying myself in a suit of summer underwear, which my mother, in accordance with my wishes, had transformed with red braid and spangles into a dashing equestrian costume. Though there were several boys who were better riders than myself, it was impossible for me to resist the selfish aspiration to be first and best in everything. So while the others were at work setting up the centre pole I began to practice what I hoped would prove the greatest feat of the performance—namely, standing up on "Kitty's" back while she was galloping. Riding down to the lower end of the lawn I gave a shout, which attracted every one's attention, and the mare bounded forward with nervous speed. Scarcely had she got under way when I cautiously rose on my feet, still holding the bridle reins in one hand. For a short distance the experience was delightful. I seemed to be flying. I fancied if Buffalo Bill were there to see me he would applaud me as the most expert bareback rider of the age. Then some boy put up his hands suddenly, yelled *shoo!* and off I tumbled in a heap. My abrupt impact with Mother Earth gave me several bruises that were far from comfortable. "Kitty" went on like the wind to the upper end of the area, stopping at the rail fence dividing it from the garden. There she paused for a moment, lifting her head sidewise, her eyes bulging with excitement, her panting nostrils distended, her black tail swishing energetically.



HEIGHO! We're maskers all to-day,  
And, in good sooth, 'tis merry play!  
No man must be the thing he seems  
That none may know his brother's heart,—  
We come from out the Land of Dreams  
To dance a measure, speak a part.  
Vanity fair is wondrous gay  
For we are maskers all to-day.

Heigho! We're maskers all to-day,—  
The gay are grave, the grave are gay;  
Despair with hollow, painted smile,  
And Vice demure in monkish guise,  
And Poverty in princely style,  
And Folly frowning stern and wise,  
And Age in spangled furbelows:—  
Such spectres, that we fain would hide,  
A breath, a touch may oft disclose,  
And for a moment sweep aside  
The foolish mask, the false array,—  
For we are maskers all to-day.

Oh, aye! We're maskers all to-day:—  
But when the masks are put away,  
And when at last we fall asleep  
Like children tired of their play,  
Oh, may our rest be sweet and deep  
After the toilsome holiday,—  
And may there be no tears to weep  
When, in the twilight, we shall say,  
"Father, forgive! 'Twas only play!—  
For we've been maskers all to-day."

MARIE PARKES.

It was after no little chasing and manœuvring that she was finally cornered and caught. Notwithstanding my lameness, I was determined to try again to ride—standing up on my feet. Mounting her after some difficulty, for she was obviously frightened, I rode down the lawn again. Talking kindly to her and patting her glossy neck calmed her, but the second experiment was no more successful; for as she approached the group of boys within the ring she shied and I fell clumsily on my knees, but without injury. Several other attempts were attended with falls, which jounced me up considerably, but were otherwise painless. So I finally abandoned the hope of winning any laurels in this direction, and tying "Kitty" to a tree I held a consultation with my mischievous coadjutors. While this was in progress I happened to glance toward the barn, where I saw the figure of my father framed in the doorway. His right arm formed a triangle, his elbow leaning against the casing, his head resting on his hand. His expression denoted both curiosity and amazement. The instant he caught my eye he motioned me to come to him. As I approached, he sternly inquired, "What are you doing here?"

"We're playing circus," I replied nonchalantly.

"Well, you have just spoiled the lawn, and you ought to be trounced for it," he said, with rising ire. "Bring that plow into the barn. I won't have such deviltry."

Then he strode out, delivering an emphatic monologue on the total depravity of small boys. My comrades fled, and I was left to profit by my sire's lecture. The plow and "Kitty" were taken into the barn, and with meek and contrite spirit I assisted my father to replace the upturned earth and the broken sod, and by the time things were put to rights his temper had cooled and all was well again. Donning my normal attire I went in quest of the boys, who gazed at me unmercifully for being balked in my designs to get up a circus; but soon afterward other mischief suggested itself and the fiasco ceased to excite comment.

A traveling troupe came to the village of my nativity and played for three or four nights in the ball-room of the Ackerly House—now a favorite Summer hotel for New Yorkers. This company of barnstormers must have been pretty bad or they would not have ventured into this region of the world. They had a repertoire, and I saw them in two plays. The first one was "Dora"—a dramatization of one of Charles Reade's novels. It was a picture of rural England, and I thought it was great. It was the first play I ever witnessed, and, though I have seen it several times since then, it has not impressed me with such drastic charm as did that first representation. On the following night they played "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which I managed somehow to see. The names of the players long since passed out of my memory, but whoever impersonated *Topsy* and *Marks*, the lawyer, remain in my mind as paragons of excellence. But the first play that one sees is recalled with a feeling of special reverence. It would be interesting to know the name of the first play that Joseph Jefferson ever saw. Very likely he makes a record of it in his autobiography, which I have not at hand to consult on that point at this writing. Of equal importance would be the knowledge of what were the first plays ever seen by other eminent artists, and of how far these initial impressions of the stage have influenced them in their subsequent careers.



## ON THE ROAD WITH SOL SMITH RUSSELL.

[THIRTY YEARS AGO]

MY first salaried experience on the road "ahead of the show" was in advance of Sol Smith Russell's Concert Company, as it said on the engraved "oval."

An "oval" in 1868 was the delight of every performer's heart, as much so as the lithograph came to be. The border of the engraving gave the title of the show, leaving a space for type in the center for the name of the favored stars. The reserved coupons read "Humorous Entertainment," and the complimentary "Encyclopedia of Fun, Wit, Humor and Song," and there was the quotation from Proverbs at the top of the free pass: "Laughter is Medicine for the Heart."



SOL SMITH RUSSELL IN 1868.

The company, to continue quoting, was "Sol Smith Russell, the great facial mimic, humorist, and character vocalist, assisted by the extensively known and accomplished geniuses, the Florances. To give additional brilliancy to this galaxy of talent the management have secured the services of 'an old friend in a new face,' the great J. E. Green, world famous under the *nom de guerre* of 'Mocking Bird Green.'" George A. Florence, of the Florances, was a Barrows of New Haven, Conn., and J. E. Green was a one-time partner in Duprez and Green's Minstrels.

The evening's programme announced twenty-six numbers, and Sol Smith Russell presented "selections from his portfolio of comic characters, a very olio of oddities, that are everywhere received with the most uproarious laughter and expressions of delight. Mr. Russell's impersonations of characters, rapid changes and transformations, are everywhere spoken of as almost beyond belief," as stated in the original record, the quarter sheet aforesaid. And further, let it be observed, "Photographs on Exhibition at the Post Office," and "No postponement on account of the weather."

While waiting orders to move to the front I painted a supply of streamers, which read boldly in blue "Russell," and which were thought by the star and the business-manager to be quite the thing; and I was impatient to see them on the walls and boards.

One hot afternoon in the blazing sun I mounted the upper deck of a stage at New Haven, Conn., to bill Ansonia, a town in the Naugatuck Valley, as the first stand of the Sol Smith Russell Concert Company. The road was long and dusty, and I arrived full of ardor and dirt. I was aware that Sol was not overweighted by capital, but in spite of that handicap I went in to win.



AS CAPTAIN BAGSTOCK OF THE MILITIA.

I went up the Naugatuck as far as Wolcottville (now Torrington), in several places doing my own billing, and demonstrating by the use of paste and brush that I was entitled to be classed as "a working agent." In Waterbury the show was given in a political "wigwam," constructed of rough boards, and I was never prouder of a stand of bills than I was of the spread on its front, with my blue-painted streamer, "Russell."

To be historically correct, the business, except at Wolcottville, was rather discouraging, but that rural hamlet put the advance again in funds, and the advertiser proceeded. As I write I have before me the bill for Franklin Hall, Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 10, 1868. I distinctly recall Bridgeport, because I made a prodigious effort to make busi-

ness. I put out the street bills myself with the greatest care, and almost walked my legs off in doing so. The stands of bills were posted in the best places, and I invoked the aid of the press with discretion. If I was new I was not "fresh." The prodigious effort was made, not alone on account of a desire to put dollars in the treasury, but because my father and mother were to attend the Bridgeport performance, and I was to meet them there.



"YOU NAUGHTY MEN."

Well; "that night it rained," and the star, the troupe and myself met with financial disappointment. Writing home from Morristown, N. J., I said: "Sol made some money in Norwalk, for people knew him there." The same letter records the fact that I got into Morristown at 6.30 p.m., and, after supper, with the aid of the hotel hustler, "scattered" the town with printing, to be read on Sunday morning. In a Jersey town I came across a landlord's daughter, who was "six foot six, with the face of a child." "Her mother," I wrote, "has more dignity than Queen Victoria, and

tends the table, brushing off flies between spells with a peacock's tail. She has so much dignity that I don't think a fly would light on her." It will be seen that I was observing as well as industrious, thirty years ago.

In the same letter I also wrote: "I suppose you are anxious to know what Russell's prospects are. I cannot tell you exactly to-day. It depends a good deal on what his luck is at Stamford. I had the place thoroughly billed, and advertised in the papers, and then his fate depends much upon the weather for the coming week. He made one great mistake in opening in the East (Connecticut), where he is not known at all, instead of opening as he should in Easton, Penna." How wise we were in our afterthoughts! Further on in the same communication it is related: "Green sells lozenges in the hall, and makes something at that, and the Florances sell their pictures," and the epistle of sixteen pages, note, winds up with an apology for brevity on account of writing by candle light.

At Scranton, Pa., I wrote on Sept. 18: "There are no shows at all in this country, and we are having the whole field to ourselves. If the weather continues favorable for a fortnight Russell will just coin money. I can give you no idea of his popularity here."

"Hope told a flattering tale." The next day, writing from Carbondale, I said: "I got a letter from Sol at Scranton. He wrote that they played to \$47 the first night in Morristown, and \$85 the second. That is splendid business, and no mistake, for expenses are not much at places of that size." At Easton, Pa., I met a Dutch bill poster, who corrected me for saying "Yer" for "Yes," and the epistolary record states that I returned the compliment and the criticism by alluding to his "very" made "werry."

The letter home from Owego, N. Y., September 27, contained this paragraph: "As for business, as I promised you on leaving, I will tell you frankly it was very bad every night last week. In fact, it is a matter of wonder, in the language of Richard III, how we 'marched thus far into the bowels of the earth'" (if the quotation was off, so was the business). "Since we started from Ansonia up to this spot we have had hardly a decent night, generally raining the hardest about the time to open the doors."

At Owego I hoped we would do a good business, for we were to give the first entertainment ever given in Wilson Hall, "and a magnificent hall it will be, too, when completed." Again, "Hope told a flattering tale."

I billed Ithaca in "rain! rain! rain!" and met Sol and the company in Owego for the grand opening of the new hall. The old letter tells the result better than a new relation:

"As bad luck would have it, both political parties went on a torchlight excursion to Waverly, taking sixteen carloads of people out of town, and just the class of people who would patronize us. The result was, we opened the hall to about \$20, hall rent \$25. Dr. Wilson, who owns the hall, is a nice man, and told Sol to go ahead and show, and he wouldn't charge him a cent; so we showed, and will pull out of town and get into Ithaca to-morrow." But we didn't. The politicians at Ithaca changed the date of a Republican meeting, so as not to conflict with Sol, but the concert company never reached. When I got over into the fifteenth page of this letter I wrote: "Dr. Wilson has called on us, and has been urging us to put in another night here. The old doctor is one of those traveling doctors, and is almost a showman, if not quite. He is one of the most whole-souled men I ever saw. Looks a good deal like P. T. Barnum. In truth, you would think it was old Phineas himself." Good, kind Dr. Wilson! When you read how the whole-souled M.D. took me in, remember that I was younger in 1868 than in 1899.

As no letter home tells the sequel, I must rely on my memory in regard to the last performance of Sol Smith Russell's Concert Company. The "whole-souled



AS MRS. JONES IN "YANKEE FIRESIDE."



AS SETH STOKES IN "YANKEE FIRESIDE."



AS SCHOOL-BOY RECITING: "BINGEN ON THE RHINE."



doctor" induced us to give another performance in his new hall "for the benefit of Sol"—special request, particular desire, and all that sort of thing—in answer to general demands. At this distant day I do not remember the amount of the receipts, but there was an early frost that Fall and it fell upon Owego and the concert company, and blighted all our hopes.

Immediately after the show Russell, who had stood the strain bravely, collapsed, and laid down with a fever, which confined him to his bed for weeks. And withal the good doctor wanted his rent for the "reappearance by request," and as I was first and foremost in working up the event, the kind physician worked me into a state of mind and a proposition that I would personally make good for the rent by allowing my trunk to be expressed home C. O. D., \$20. I am pleased to state that the whole-souled man got his money—and is dead.

Restored to health, Russell again became a member of the Peak Family, Bell Ringers, and appeared in his monologue, and sang his comic songs until the organization of the Berger Family's famous company put him so much the further on the road to fame and fortune.

As for the writer: At Binghamton the local bill poster was the late John Abbott, who, during the Summer seasons, toured with circuses as boss bill poster, and he was the first to put the bee in my bonnet that I was cut out for a circus agent, as he informed me that a circus press agent got "as high as \$50 a week and his expenses." From that day until 1872 I kept sight of Abbott's suggestion, and realized my ambition. But even with that ambition satisfied I don't own as much brick and mortar as my first manager, Sol Smith Russell.

CHARLES H. DAY.

## A LESSON IN BOTANY.

IN the little Rhode Island town where Mary Barrett lives there is a tiny theatre. The first night the theatre was opened to an admiring audience Mary Barrett, the most popular girl in the village, headed the list of amateurs. Her success and its consequent applause and flattery were pleasing to her. For days she talked of nothing but the stage. When not talking she was preoccupied, irritable.

One morning, after a prolonged absence, Mary returned home and exultantly announced to the old folks, sitting on the porch, "Well, I'm going on the stage."

A few apple blossom petals floated down to kiss the young grass, a bird chirped saucily, but the old folks were mute.

Mary was prepared to meet and battle with a storm of parental objections. The silence disconcerted her. Her mother kept on shelling peas for the noon-day meal; perhaps her head bent a little lower over the task, and it might have been a tear that fell and glittered among the pods. Her father kept on reading; it might have been a light breeze that made the paper shake. Old Tim the cat had been lazily blinking in the patch of sunshine on the step. He got up and stretched and yawned, and then commenced a frolic with the pea pods. Mary, to cover her confusion, joined in the play for a moment, and then entered the house.

Mrs. Barrett wiped her eyes with a corner of her apron and, continuing with her work, said falteringly:

"I never thought as a daughter o' mine would ever want to be one o' them painted stage hussies. Ye be n't goin' to let her go, be ye, James?"

"She's bound to go, Sairy, I can see that. It's ben in her ever since thet night at the theayter. Might's well let her go—she'll go anyhow—she's of age, ye know. She'll be glad enough ter git back, I'm thinkin'."

Barrett filled his pipe and started down the path—came back and kissed his wife—the first time in months.

"There, now, cheer up, ole woman. Maybe the change 'll do 'er good, and she'll be glad ter git back. Don't cry no more."

Then he went down to the village store for sympathy for himself.

Mary left the next morning with the third-rate theatrical company that had been playing in the new theatre. The manager appreciated the beauty of her fresh young face.

When Barrett and his wife went to see him for a talk about their daughter he assured them he would take a personal interest in her welfare, and that she would be well looked after; in fact, he would promise to look after her himself.

Afterward, while talking it all over at home, they remarked what a nice man the manager was. Of course, it was a terrible thing to have Mary go on the stage, but as long as she was bound to go they were glad she would be in such good hands. Besides, Mary was a good girl, and would be sure to read a chapter every day in the little book she would find in her trunk. As long as a girl read her Bible no ill could befall her. And she would soon come home again; they were sure of that. So she did—two years later with a year-old son—her name still Barrett.

Several years had passed since Mary Barrett, having gone away with a Bible and a manager, came back with a child and no visible reason for having it.

The child became a boy—a very bad boy, so everybody in the little Rhode Island town said. If a window was broken, a tree stripped of its fruit, a house disfigured by chalk inscriptions, or a child made to cry from any cause or no cause, Jim Barrett was at once denounced in strong terms as being either directly or remotely the cause. For years Jim had borne this reputation; he was conscious of it, and gradually he grew to realize the injustice done him, but he bore it silently.

It began when, at the age of six, he made his first appearance at the village school.

When asked his name, he answered, "Jim."

"Jim what?" asked the teacher.

"Just Jim."

"But you must have another name?"

"Nope."

"What is your father's name?"

"Ain't got no father."

Miss Brown smiled indulgently, and once more questioned him. "Well, what is your mother's name?"

"Mary Barrett."

"Oh!" There was a peculiar inflection to the tone and a dull flush spread over her face. Then she averted her eyes from Jim's direct, unconscious gaze and continued in a sterner tone to ask the usual questions.

The children inquisitively listening and watching missed no detail of the interview. They had all heard of Mary Barrett—a bad woman, who had gone on the stage and had broken her mother's heart and brought her father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. If this were the child of such a wicked woman he must be a bad boy, especially if he had no father. Some who went home and related the incidents of Jim's first day at school were promptly cautioned to have nothing to do with that little Jim Barrett. He must be a very bad boy, and not fit for the children of respectable people to associate with.

Although excluded from their games, he was not, however, entirely ignored. Scarcely a day passed that Jim was not asked his father's name. As he grew older

his fists were frequently answered than his tongue, with the result that he was often punished for fighting. He was certainly a very bad boy.

It was one day in Indian Summer. Jim was twelve. The afternoon had passed drowsily in the crowded school-room. At four o'clock the benches were dismissed, and Jim was wearily summoned to recite the neglected lesson in "First Lessons in Botany," for which he was "kept in." Jim was not very studious. His schooling taught him how to suffer; and he learned little else. He listened attentively, however, to the loud dissertation on the medicinal and poisonous qualities of some of the herbs. Miss Brown was gratified at his interest. It was very unusual. Perhaps he was not so bad after all, and she might be the means of reforming him. At any rate, she would try to be a little kinder to him.

The next day when the sun was just rising lazily over the tree tops in the edge of the "clearing," a mile from the village, Miss Brown on an early hunt for botanical specimens stumbled over Jim lying in the dew-wet grass. His mouth and chin were stained with crimson. His right hand clenched some half-crushed berries, and on a scrap of paper, fastened in his buttonhole by means of a nail, the juice of the berries had served to trace the words:

"*Deep down dead rest, ye of some pale berries,  
the teacher said they was alive. Good-by,  
from your abject disciple and JAMES BARRETT.*"

Jim was dead.

The theatre is old now, and shabby and silent.

The woman, too, is old and shabby and silent.

Both are deserted.

FRANCESCA DI MARIA.

## AUGUSTIN DALY.



I WOULD like to say a few words about Augustin Daly. I knew Mr.

Daly well and closely for more than thirty years. In all those years we never had the slightest difference. He grew in those years from youth to manhood, from manhood to middle-age, from poverty and comparative obscurity to importance and affluence, but he—the man—was always the same, serious, self-concentrated, indomitable, true. True to his friends, true to his art, true to his ideals. I never met a man so entirely self-reliant, so absolutely self-sufficing.

When I first met Mr. Daly he was dramatic critic on the New York *Evening Express*, at a salary of ten dollars a week. At that time the building in Broadway, below Eighth Street, now known as "Ye Olde London Street," was used as a theatre, and it was under the management of two actors, Lewis Baker,

the father of the present actor of that name, and Mark Smith, the father of the present singer of that name.

Augustin Daly had dramatized Charles Rende's novel of "Griffith Gaunt," which at that time had achieved considerable popularity, but he had made *Kate Peyton*, the heroine of the novel, the central figure.

By almost herculean exertions Mr. Daly raised a few hundred dollars, and secured the control of this little theatre, gathered together a company of more than usual excellence, and made his plunge as a manager. And what was most extraordinary, there was nothing of the amateur in his managerial methods. He was as clear in his knowledge of how he wanted things done and as positive in having them done his way at that time as he was in the last week of his control of his theatre on Broadway.

It will be easy to understand this when one knows that while he was still a boy in years, Mr. Daly was a manager of many years' experience.

As thus: From his earliest boyhood—almost from his infancy—he had played at managing a theatre. When other boys were flying kites, he was "flying" scenes; when they were playing marbles, he was planning pieces. He never had the slightest wish to be an actor, but he always drilled his recruits, and they must either act according to his dictum or they could not act in his theatre—that same theatre being usually the garret, or the cellar, of his mother's modest home.

In this quality, as in many others, the boy was father to the man. But this, his initial enterprise as author and manager, was blocked upon the threshold, because thus far he had not succeeded in finding an actress who realized his ideal of his heroine, *Kate Peyton*. In this dilemma he sought me.

About ten o'clock one morning I received a card, bearing the name "Augustin Daly." But the name then was not the talisman it was later. It meant nothing to me. But with the card came the message: "The gentleman apologizes for this early call, his business is pressing, and he would not detain me."

On entering the room I found a tall, thin, young man, with an eager face and nervous limbs, dressed with the same simple severity which he preserved all his life.

With a nervous awkward manner he opened his business. How he had secured this little theatre, had made this drama, had secured the company, and long before this stage of his story had been reached, all the awkward nervousness of manner had disappeared, had been swept away, overcome by his wrapt enthusiastic interest in his subject. His eager, earnest soul sparkled from his eyes, he strode across the room with long strides, from time to time throwing back his hair—which he wore rather long—with a rapid jerk which threatened to remove his head as well. But he could not find the realization of his ideal of his heroine *Kate*, except in me. Would I play it?

Long before he had reached this point in his story he had succeeded in securing all my sympathy, interest, enthusiasm in him and his ambitions. I was ready then and there to put my hand in his and go down to the little theatre and play the part.

But I was the leading woman of Wallack's Theatre. Lester Wallack would never give his consent.

Nothing daunted this young man, now wildly happy and excited by my interest in his scheme and my consent to help him if I were free to do so, said "then you will play the part if I obtain Mr. Wallack's consent?"

I promptly answered "Yes."

I ought to say—perhaps, that I had read "Griffith Gaunt," and was quite as much in love with *Kate Peyton* as Mr. Daly, or anybody else could be.

Without waiting for the usual formula of a farewell, indeed I forgot, without



### FAC-SIMILES OF FOUR NOTABLE PLAYBILLS.

[illegible]

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**A Comedy in Five Acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.**

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<b>Captain Ashurst</b> .....	<b>Henry Mills</b>
<b>Fordham</b> .....	<b>Thomas W. Ross</b>
<b>James</b> .....	<b>Joseph Johnson</b>
<b>Mr. Lancelot Trigg</b> .....	<b>Nat. C. Goodall</b>
<b>Fig</b> .....	<b>Thos. G. Sullivan</b>
<b>Derby</b> .....	<b>De Wolf Hopper</b>
<b>Mr. Malgrave</b> .....	<b>Sam. John Lee</b>
<b>Lydia Langrish</b> .....	<b>Miss Viola Allen</b>
<b>Lucey</b> .....	<b>Miss Nellie McElroy</b>

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<b>J. Charles Duvall</b> .....	<b>Business Manager</b>
<b>Charles Duvall</b> .....	<b>Mr. Allen</b>
<b>Augustine Duvall</b> .....	<b>Mr. Allen</b>
<b>Thomas Hickey</b> .....	<b>Mr. Allen</b>

**The Substant Singer in Pantomime.**

**THE COULDOCK BENEFIT.**

[illegible][illegible]

even remembering it, he sprang down stairs, four steps at a time, and was gone.

Within three hours he returned in the same headlong fashion, the bearer of a note from Mr. Wallace giving his consent to my playing the part under certain reasonable conditions, such as that I must discontinue within a given number of weeks before the opening of the regular season.

I played the part, the piece was a success, it ran five or six weeks, a good long time when all the circumstances are taken into consideration, such as: it was Summer time, and the theatre, playwright and manager were all strangers to the public.

And will it be believed that all this time not one word of remuneration for my services had passed between Augustin Daly and myself? Such, however, is the fact.

Many times I—and I feel sure, he also—intended when next we met, and there would be time for it, to come to a definite business understanding. But as surely, when the time came, and we met for a business talk, something of immediate interest would come up, and this subject would be pushed aside for the moment, and forgotten, or not reached, because the time at either his or my disposal had been consumed with other and what seemed to him and me more important matter.

But at the close of the run of the piece he sent me the MSS., together with a thoroughly characteristic letter, telling me he would never use it again unless I

played *Kate*, therefore the MSS. was more mine than his; and with this letter came a cheque representing a sum of money which ran well into three figures. And thus began my friendship with Augustin Daly.

And though I grieve deeply and sincerely for the death of Augustin Daly, it is because of the loss which his departure is to the dramatic profession and to the world. For his own sake I have no regrets. His death was most timely.

In his life, and in his death, Mr. Daly was a fortunate man—more fortunate than most men—for he lived long enough and was fortunate enough to realize many of the dreams and ambitions of his youth.

In those old days, when I first knew him, he often spoke of what he intended to do and to have. It was always what he "intended," not merely what we wished or hoped.

Among these "intentions" was a London theatre, homes in the three great cities—London, Paris, New York, a sanctum in his theatre, which should be filled with antique furniture and rare pictures and books, for which the world should be ransacked. And when he expressed these "intentions," they seemed as remote, as far beyond the reach of possibility, as ever were Aladdin's dreams. But he lived to realize them all.

He died in the plenitude of his power before his star began to wane.  
He "held his head high, and cared for no man, he."  
He escaped the pain of living, till—  
"His head was low, and no man cared for him."  
It has been my fortune to be present on the occasion of the two great epochs of  
his being.

I was present at his marriage; I was present at his burial.  
At the first my heart went out to him in wishes for his happiness and prosperity

At the last I knew it was well with him; but my heart was sad, my head was low,  
for in the passing of Augustin Daly I had lost a friend. ROSE EYTINGE.

WHEN SAUER PLAYS.

## AN IMPRESSION.

THE maiden breath of morning, breathed upon the surface of a still lake. The twitter of birds. The inarticulate sounds of awakening nature. The unfolding of flowers that sway drowsily on their stems. The murmur of a wind through the tops of tall trees. The stealing radiance of the sun: its full, flooding glory. Fountains leaping to the light. The falling beat of foamy cascades. The tinkle of running water—now loud, now low—over stones and sand. The suddenly-discovered gleam of a pure, calm pool half hidden in a forest—water splashed with sunlight. The rapture gushing from a lark's throat that, high in air, hymns the beauty of the day. The stillness, the quivering suspense of noon. The bending of grasses beaten down by tiny, naked feet that walk uncertainly: the laughter of little children. The sweep of a broad river rushing toward the deeps. The coming on of evening, with its benediction of rest. The gradual blurring of all the features of the hillsides and the fields. The drifting down of the petals of a rose. Birds flitting nestward, without song, against a purpling sky. The appearing and brightening of innumerable stars. Moonrise and the shining, silver tide. The voices of lovers uttering their vows. Sheepbells, distance-mellowed, jangling in the fold. The winding of the horns of elfland, faint, remote. The hot oppression of a threatening storm. The light patter of rain on leaves; the drenched branches drip. A covering pall of cloud. The wail of the Great Wind. The flash of jagged lightnings across an inky sky. The thunder's mighty drum-beat, rolled from cliff to cliff. Spirits of earth and air and water wrestling mightily for the mastery. The hosts of Heaven and Hell battling together. Chaos.

Peace, born of stress and passion. The death of the thunder, echoing through the caves of night. The shining out of a single star of hope. Then—no more sound, but a silence that is pain.

ROBERT STODART.

## PIPE THOUGHTS.

**P** IPE clouds are always rose tinted.  
Life seen through a wine glass is badly focussed.  
Avoid eating too much humble pie. It causes indigestion of the pride.  
Query: When So-and-So dies, why say: "Poor So-and-So," when he is generally well off?

The only regrets that are bitter are those for things we could have prevented but did not prevent.

People who live in glass houses should use ground glass.  
The Rialto is paved with big hits and big salaries.  
Marriage is a dream that goes by contraries.  
The size of fig leaves is regulated by custom.  
Kisses and music are most enjoyable with the eyes closed.  
Marriage is a contract that should not contain the two weeks' clause.  
The only Bohemia that is commendable is the one that lives to pay its debts, and is not afraid of water.

It is a poor knife that won't cut both ways.  
How pitiful it is when we pin our faith to some one, and the pin breaks.  
Every house should have a skeleton closet. Otherwise, we would cut one-half of our acquaintances and scratch out the eyes of the other half.  
In the chain that binds man and woman, loyalty is the only sure link.  
To avoid being suspected, don't act suspiciously.  
The cigarette is the smoker's cocktail, the cigar his wine, and the pipe his whisky.  
Tobacco ?

That weed richer than the richest treasure,  
The household hearth's sweet censer,  
The soother of vexatious hours,  
The placid peace dispenser.

ERROLL DUNBAR



# TWO OUT OF TIME.

TIME.—A mixture of the Fifteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.

SCENE.—A Forest. Large tree at c. At foot of tree remains of small picnic spread—half emptied champagne glasses, white cloth, etc., etc.

PERSONS:

CORYDON.....A Shepherd of the Fifteenth Century.

MADELEINE.....Leading Lady of the Pinero Theatre.

(Sound of the Shepherd's pipe in distance and approaching.)

(Enter Corydon, playing on pipe. He stops playing, stretches his arms and yawns.)

CORYDON.

Where can they be—my sheep? I must have slept  
A moon at least, that they have strayed so far.

A murrain on them! If I had but kept,

The while I was asleep, one eye ajar  
I would not now be wondering  
where they are.

(Yawns.)

Alack and well-a-day! I feel so drear

As I had been asleep a hundred year,

And I have such an emptiness inside  
As tho' I'd eaten naught since  
Christmastide.

I feel as empty as—what shall I say?—

As a wine jug to him who hath no pay.

Empty as empty benches at a play,  
Or as the heads of silly sheep that stray.

(Looks about in wonder.)

Whence came this mighty forest  
that I see?

When I lay down to sleep, there was  
no tree—

Can't have sprung up within a  
single night?

(Pauses. Then with terror.)

God grant I be not some accursed wight  
Who lying down one night upon his bed  
Awoke to find that centuries had fled.

(Sees sheep's skull upon ground. Picks it up.)

Good saints! 'Tis true—and centuries have flown,  
Of all my flock is left but this poor bone.

Alas, poor Rameses! I loved you well,  
How oft I've listened for your distant bell.

How oft I've heard your bleating on the plain;  
Alas, I ne'er shall hear you bleat again.

(Emotion.)

In sooth there's no more joy in life for me,  
I'll lay me down and die beneath this tree.

(Crosses to tree. Sees picnic spread. Starts.)

Now, by our Lady! what may this thing be?  
Marry, a feast!

(Kneels down and picks up champagne glass half full. Tastes. Is amazed.)

A feast for gods—the devil!

(Drops glass.)

Sure 'tis the scene of some unholy revel  
Of elves or fairies, witches, imps of hell.

(Tastes another glass.)

Beshrew me, though, this witch's brew tastes well.

(Drains glass snarls lips.)

Um! That was good. It hath a wondrous spell.  
I vow that though the price of it were hell.

One soul per drink.

(Drinks.)



"ALAS, POOR RAMESES!"



"SURE 'TIS THE SCENE OF SOME UNHOLY REVEL"

One drink per soul, methinks  
I'd pawn a score of souls for more such drinks.

(Drinks again.)

(Enter Madeleine; modern shooting costume, gun, etc. Throws down rabbit.)

Have mercy on us!

Angel-devil-troll—

Or fairy—if you be; oh, spare my soul

I did but touch my lips unto the bowl

MADELEINE.

Get up for heaven's sake! What's the matter with you? Are you crazy? You look as if you'd come from a museum. Who are you any way?

CORYDON.

The shepherd, Corydon, from yonder vale.

Once I led sheep across a grassy dale

Where now this forest stands.

Alack a day!

MADELEINE.

You lack a day, do you? If what you say is true, you lack three hundred years, my friend! for some of these trees are at least that old!—

CORYDON.

Ah woe is me—then what I feared is true!

(Pause—emotion.)

And who are you, mister—who are you?

MADELEINE.

What do you take me for? I'm no man, I'm a lady—an actress. I'm visiting at the hall. Read that, if you don't believe me!

(Pulls newspaper out of her pocket, hands it.)

CORYDON.

(Looking astonished at paper; holding it at arm's length, and scratching his head.)

Nay, but I cannot read, but I should say

The scribe who penned it took full many a day

And many a horn of ink for such a screed.

And 'tis right clerkly penn'd—

Wilt please you, read.

MADELEINE.

You idiot, this isn't writing—its printing.

CORYDON.

Printing—what's that?—

MADELEINE.

Printing is the precious product of the press agent. Listen!

(Reads.)

"Miss Madeleine Young, of the Pinero Stock Company, is a guest at Tafton Hall for Lady Scamperwell's garden party."

(Stiffly.)

I am the actress.

CORYDON.

An actress! What's that?

MADELEINE.

An actress—a player.

CORYDON.

Good saints! A mummer! Prithee,  
what d'ye play—

A naughty queen, or an enchantress  
gay.

Or a pale princess fleeing for her life,  
Or play you abdess or the doctor's

wife?

MADELEINE.

I am the leading lady.

CORYDON.

The leading lady! Sakes! What may  
you lead?

Say, lady, what thrice happy flock is  
thine

A herd of sheep, mayhap, or geese, or  
swine?

MADELEINE.

(Very deliberately.)

Well, not exactly, and yet— But no!  
of course not— I mean I play the leading  
parts and keep the centre of the stage  
from every one else.

(Pushing him off.)

CORYDON.

Oh, Marry! Now I see, you wed the prince

Who saved you from the duke, who slew the queen

Who poisoned her stepfather, who seduced—

MADELEINE.

Nothing of the kind. We don't do any of those stupid things nowadays. Besides, its comedy, not tragedy.

CORYDON.

Ah, then you play a pretty shepherd maid

Who loves the shepherd and the bailiff's son,

And weds one of them when the play is done!

MADELEINE.

She'd be more likely to wed them both in our kind of play.

(Corydon makes gesture of horror.)

CORYDON.

P perchance you play a shrew who beats her lord,

Who steals a kid, and feigns that he be daft

And saving him from hanging by your craft

Live happy ever after.

MADELEINE.

Oh, stuff! All that's changed in our plays. The leading lady is married in the first act, and falls out of love at first sight in the second act, and in the third act is divorced and lives happy ever after.

CORYDON.

Divorced! What's that?

MADELEINE.

That is the state of bliss every lady who truly and sincerely hates her lord aspires to attain.

CORYDON.

Call you that comedy? It likes me not—

Where does the play come in—what do they plot?

MADELEINE.

The plot! Oh, we're past all that sort of thing. They don't do anything in the play—that's much too simple. In the first act they talk about what they did before the play began. In the second act they read telegrams from people who are doing things elsewhere—and in the last act—



MADELEINE.



CORYDON.

I faith, but I must be a stupid lout.  
For I can't see what's left to talk about.

MADELEINE.

Why, in the last act they talk about what they're going to do when the play is over.

CORYDON.

Sure this must be the Age of Talk—  
but, pray.

What precious talk is this, that folks  
will pay  
To hear it?

MADELEINE.

Oh, for that matter, it doesn't cut any  
ice if they say nothing at all, as long as  
they say it cleverly.

CORYDON.

I hate your prating plays. Once I did  
play  
A little part myself in a real play—  
"T would crack no ice for you, though,  
as you say.

MADELEINE.

(Laughing and mocking him—bawling very  
low.)

Marry! What play'd you, sir—what  
might it be?

CORYDON.

A mystery play—of the Nativity.

MADELEINE.

Who played the star part?

CORYDON.

(Reprovingly.)

Nay, do not jest, good lady, e'en in fun.  
I played Third Shepherd in the place of one  
That was too full of sack his lines to spell.  
They picked me out, because I play so well!

(Proudly.)

MADELEINE.

So you were his understudy?

CORYDON.

I know not what you mean, but this I know,  
They told me if a mumming I would go  
And con for years my lines till they went pat,  
I'd rise to be First Shepherd.



"AND 'TIS RIGHT (CLERKLY PENNED)!"

MADELEINE.

(With mock enthusiasm.)

Think of that! Dear me! How could you refuse such a brilliant offer?

CORYDON.

'Tis a long story, and as dull to thee  
As any nineteenth century play to me.

MADELEINE.

Or one of your stuffy old Boccaccio  
plays to me, for that matter.

(Looking at her watch.)

Great Heavens! It's four o'clock.  
We give a performance this afternoon at  
Lady Scamperwell's garden party on the  
lawn at five o'clock, and I've just time to  
get over and dress. I'm quite charmed to  
have met you. It is really wonderful—I  
can scarcely believe you are real—by  
the way, perhaps you'd like to see the  
play?

(Takes card out of her porte-monnaie and  
writes.)

Present this card at the lodge. The  
villagers will all be there, and you may  
meet some of your descendants—and you  
will see a play after your own heart!

CORYDON.

Right gladly will I go—tho' I be shamed  
Of my torn frock. What may the play be  
named?

MADELEINE.

We are going to do "As You Like It,"  
by William Shakespeare.

(With a flourish.)

Be sure and come—Good-bye!

(Exit Madeleine.)

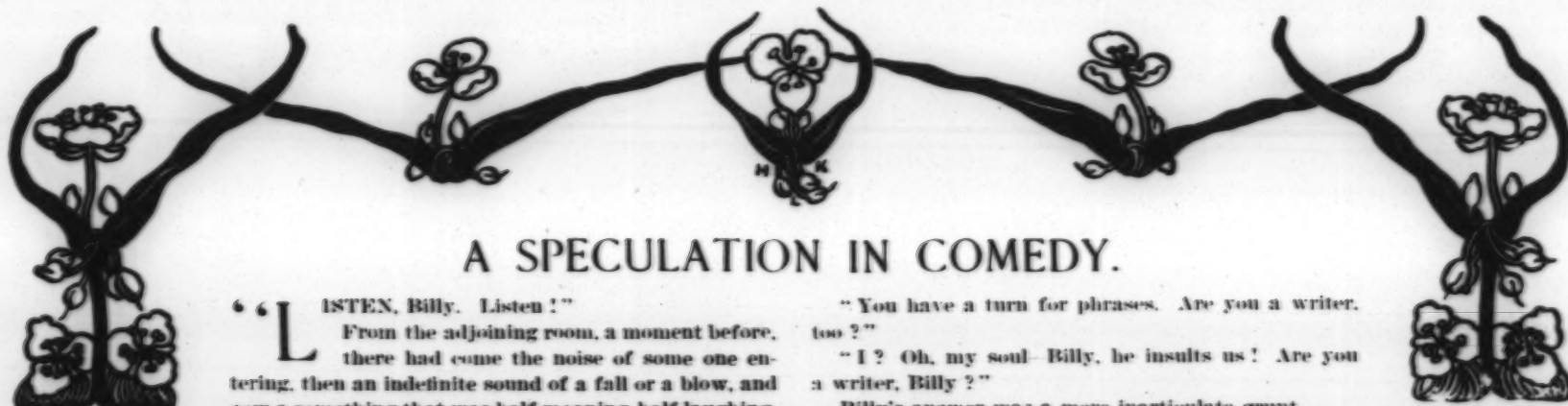
CORYDON.

(Facing front, thoughtfully.)

By William Shakespeare, who may he be? Nay,  
'Tis like enough some mawkish modern play.  
There was no William Shakespeare (skeptically) in my day.  
The play is "As I Like It." Says she so?  
By all the saints how doth the lady know? (Musingly.)  
Marry! I'll go, in sooth! that I may wot  
If she speaks true. (With a shrug.)  
Mayhap, I'll like it not!

(Exit.)

OLIVER HERFORD.



## A SPECULATION IN COMEDY.

"LISTEN, Billy. Listen!"

From the adjoining room, a moment before,  
there had come the noise of some one enter-  
ing, then an indefinite sound of a fall or a blow, and  
now a something that was half moaning, half laughing.

Still warning Billy to silence, Lingo Dan stepped softly to the partition. "I  
knew," he whispered, "that this pleasant device of mine would serve us some  
day." He shifted a small disk of wood, and applied one eye to the hole in the  
wall.

Suddenly he stepped back, gripped Billy's arm, and made for the door.  
"Quietly, Billy, and pin his arms," he urged as they stepped into the other room.

There was a second's scuffle, and then a pale, starved looking creature sat help-  
lessly on Billy's lap. On the table in the gaunt room was a lighted candle and a  
mass of manuscript tied with black ribbon. The first sheet had been torn off and  
was half charred. Lingo Dan was tapping the blackened sheet of paper on the  
table.

"To think," said Lingo Dan, as if he were addressing the room at large, "that  
we were next door to a murderer!"

The man in Billy's grasp started weakly. "A murderer?" he echoed queru-  
lously. "A murderer?"

"Why, yes, a murderer. Some murder bodies and some—souls. What's this, if  
not your soul?" Lingo Dan lifted up the manuscript.

The other tried to laugh. It was a something uncannily like a sob. "I take it,"  
he said, "that you are more in practice as to bodies. At any rate, this fellow's  
hands hurt damnably."

"You may let him go, Billy." Lingo Dan, the manuscript in his pocket, went to  
the door and closed it tightly.

"And now sir—"

"Oh, cut it short," interrupted the owner of the room. "And now you are  
going to say, I suppose, in some horribly stale phrase or other, my money or my  
life! You can have both, for they are neither of them worth a tinker's damn.  
The only thing in the world that I once valued is in your pocket. You are welcome  
to it. For heaven's sake, take it and go. Perhaps the ragmakers will buy it; it  
might make paper enough, when my soul has been boiled out of it, for some one  
to write my obituary on. Why don't you go? Was it any business of yours if I  
burnt the thing?"

"You will excuse this intrusion, my good sir, when I have explained. We have  
watched you for weeks. We have seen you—never mind how—burning the mid-  
night candle, fighting the bitter fight of creation, and we have become interested.  
We knew when the work was done, and we have wondered, since then, how soon  
you would come home glowing with victory. Just now we saw you accepting de-  
feat like a coward, and then—attempting murder." He tapped the manuscript  
significantly.

"You have a turn for phrases. Are you a writer,  
too?"

"I? Oh, my soul—Billy, he insults us! Are you  
a writer, Billy?"

Billy's answer was a mere inarticulate grunt.

"Perhaps," the writer went on in his weary voice, "you are burglars. You cer-  
tainly look it. I can easily imagine disappointed authors taking to the most heart-  
less crimes. Still I fail to see where I am to profit you much." He looked grimly  
about the room. "You note the splendor of these furnishings. Such as it is, it is  
unpaid for. If you decide to do away with me—would you mind paying the rent?  
Perhaps you are murderers? But there is no insurance on my life. And I have  
no interesting disease that might make my carcass valuable to a hospital. Such as  
I have is a dreadfully vulgar ailment." He spat as he spoke and some faint fleck  
of blood showed on his lips. "You see, a most prosaic case." He walked up and  
down the room a couple of times and then summoned up some show of fierceness.  
"Why don't you go?" he said. "Do you enjoy gloating? Are you realists? Is  
the suffering of others a delight to you? Is—" A gust of coughing came over him,  
and he fell to a chair with his breast heaving between his close shoulders and his  
hands gripping the wood work. His control went from him as the coughing loosed  
the tension of his nerves, and he put his head down suddenly and began to moan.

"My play," he moaned, "my beautiful play!"

And then for a few moments it was still in the room save for the sound of a  
man wheezing in bitter pain.

"A play, you said? A play?" Lingo Dan had come over to where the man  
sat, and had put his hand upon his shoulder. "Why, then, you mustn't lose all  
heart! Be a man, be a man. Listen: You talked of murder and of burglary; well,  
we are all that, Billy and I; but, mark you, something more, we are, before all else,  
gamblers. You want your play produced, and all the managers in town refuse to  
stake themselves upon it, is that not true? Well, what if Billy and I should choose  
to speculate and take the play and put it on and stand or fall, with you?"

The playwright frowned and smiled and frowned again.

"A fantastic jest," he said, "one does not produce plays on wind and dreams."

"Most true. But, can you eat mere wind and dreams? Again most true; you  
cannot. If you will sup with us, in an hour or two—on real food and real drink—  
perhaps you will believe me better. And, meanwhile, may I read the play?"

"You are quite mad." The playwright laughed. "All the rest of the world has  
been most sane, it has refused even to read the play. If I am to dine with you I  
might wish that you postponed your reading until the meal was over. I hate to  
dine with a man whose humor has been spoiled. But have it your own way; the  
play's in your pocket; put it into your head if you want to. All I want's food in my  
stomach."

"But you must promise," said Lingo Dan, with his hand on the door, "that  
there shall be no more murder between this and dinner. No soul-murder, no  
body-murder."



"Oh," said the playwright, reaching for a pair of scissors, "I shall employ the interval in nothing but dressing for dinner." And he began to trim the ragged fringes from his cuffs.

When they were again in their own room Lingo Dan picked up a scrap of paper that lay on the table. "Do you remember," he said, "what we were discussing before that mecurial person next door gained my attention?"

"Sure thing," said Billy, "we was figuring up what to do wid the boodle."

"Exactly. It is the greatest haul we have ever made. Think of it, Billy, twenty thousand dollars! As we said before, it is enough to retire on. We could afford respectability. Let me think, what was it you said you would prefer?"

"Running a liquor-store."

"To be sure. That was your ideal. What was mine again? Oh, yes; a cottage in the country, with vines and roses, and good books, and some one to play the violin for me now and then, and a good brand of tobacco to color the house as one colors a meerschaum. Or, again, you may remember, we had discussed the question of traveling far over seas, of devoting our lives to little philanthropies, of going, perhaps, to England, assuming decent if fictitious names, and passing to the next world as sober, beloved vestrymen. It is easy to be respectable on twenty thousand dollars. Against all this, however, you will remember, Billy, that we had to consider the killing quiet of the thing. Do you think we can stand quiet? That was about the point we had reached when—interrupted. My alternative was speculation. Did I understand you to say, Billy, that if I decided on speculation you would lose or win with me?"

Billy grunted a "Yes."

"The man," continued Lingo Dan, "has but a matter of months to live. Even you, Billy, with your callousness could see that. He is a clever man; something tells me that. If his play were produced his light would go out smilingly." He sighed a little. "Billy, when I was young—pardon me if I talk of ancient history!—I had ambitions. I know what it means when the frost touches them. The frost is reaching for the one thing in this man's life that he has thought worth while. Suppose we speculate and keep the frost away? What do you say? We might, you know, Billy, we might make a hundred thousand. There may be a fortune in it for all three of us. To say nothing of keeping the frost from that poor fellow's final days. Do you follow me, Billy?"

"You mean, if de play wins, we're all on de sunny side, and if it's a frost it's a cold day for us."

"Precisely, Billy. A most accurate summing up. And now, Billy, I shall read the play."

A week later Lingo Dan came into the room where Billy sat. "It is settled," he said, "we are embarked as impressarios. Our friend was right, Billy, there was not a manager in town would take the play. They are afraid of it. It is a satirical comedy, and most of the satire strikes at the audience. It is brilliant, it is erratic, it is not conventional. The managers don't understand it; what they don't understand they fear. Our friend—do you remember, Billy, that his name is Jermyon, and that you must stop calling him 'the consumptive guy'—has written a play so good that it cannot possibly succeed. And yet," as he saw an oath coming to Billy's lips, "there is just the off chance that the public may bite at a bait it can't see through. We may make that fortune. Who knows? And think of the fever of speculation, Billy. For we are in the game now. Since nobody would take it as a risk, I have guaranteed the risk. It is to be put on at Weekman's Theatre. Presently you will see the public prints announcing a new comedy, 'Fiornella,' by a new author. You will read weird tales of Jermyon's ways of life; his eccentric pretense of poverty, and all that sort of thing. We pay for that publicity, Billy, you and I; those are part of the stakes in this gamble of ours. We pay, in fact, for everything. We pay for the theatre, the production, the costumes, the advertisements—everything. But, bless you, the public doesn't know that. It thinks Manager Weekman has really been clever enough to find a brilliant comedy on his own account, and risk his capital on the venture. Ah, my good Billy, one can do almost anything with money. One can put a play onto the stage, and after-



T. DANIEL FRAWLEY.

ward, if necessary," he stopped and smiled to himself as if at a tender thought, "one can even buy the semblance of prosperity."

Billy went on smoking and looking out of the window.

"I wonder, Billy," Dan went on presently, "if he will live to see the play. Has he been coughing to-day?"

"To beat the band," was Billy's affirmative.

"Poor fellow. Well, it often happens so. He has put himself too much into that play; some of his body and some of his soul is there. How shall a man's frame be strong when he has spent so much of himself? The way to success does not lie there, nowadays; the thing to do is to husband your little grain or two of talent, and sow it on ground prepared by flattery and tilled in sycophancy, water it with the mediocrity that will be understood by the vulgarians, and give it the sunshine of your toadyism to the conventions. That is the way to succeed in art, and in life. I'm sure you agree with me, Billy? Eh? Ah, yes; I see; the excess vigor of your profanity proves that you hold my views exactly. Were ever two people so alike in points of view as we, Billy?"

It was some ten days after the first night of "Fiornella," but the memory of that occasion was still vivid.

As the curtain went down upon the closing scene a sudden tumult of applause went surging through the theatre. Men looked at each other and smiled and flushed, as they beat their hands together, and only the women stood in wondering amaze. For the women had been sitting for two hours in utter daze; to them the brilliant humor on the stage before them was all a lurid tangle of absurdities. But the men applauded fiercely, and the darkest corners rang with the cries for "Author!"

They had brought him on in an invalid's chair, and then, for the first time, a sudden sympathy had come to even the women's eyes, and the smiles and flushings of the men had given way to a great surge of genuine emotion. As the chair was wheeled to the centre of the stage, and the jaded first-nighters saw the white figure of the slender creature who had wrought so strong a comedy that they could not understand it, old men began to search their memories for an equally affecting sight. When Jermyon put up his hand at last you could have heard the swinging of a woman's fan.

"I thank you," he said, simply, "This is what I have lived for."

And then the theatre had been emptied of its crowd, with much talking, and whispering, and laughter. And all the critics had smiled at each other in a furtively cruel way, and the men had looked at their wrecked gloves with a smile as if they had something in mind that was atonement for all the torn gloves of a year.

That night, very late, there had been a supper in Jermyon's room, and he had been a very fountain of laughter and brightness, and he had asked Lingo Dan again and again how he had ever managed to persuade Weekman to take the piece, and how he was content, now, to die.

And Lingo Dan had talked much fantastic nonsense about plays and about the public, and trodden frequently on Billy's foot, because Billy was drinking too much champagne and occasionally making remarks that Jermyon did not understand.

And since then there had been eulogistic notices cut from the papers and brought to Jermyon day by day. The excitement of that night had reacted, and he was sinking hourly nearer to the end. Yet if his body waned his soul glowed as it never had before. He was all dreams for "Fiornella;" he thought of it bringing his name to immortality; he was full of wondering optimism, as he scanned the daily box-office receipts—wondering at the public's being so much more intelligent than he had supposed.



FRANK BUOMAN AND ROSE ADELLE.





"A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

PEARL LANDERS, MARY VAN BUREN AND MARY HAMPTON,  
OF THE FRAWLEY COMPANY.

And now a doctor had just left his room and was talking, in the adjoining chamber, to Lingo Dan.

"Another hour or so is all." The doctor put on his hat and went out.

Lingo Dan turned to Billy. "It seems cruel, Billy, but I am glad our little mummery is soon to end. My nerves are failing under the strain of so much forgery and so much mendacity. And yet, think what we have done, Billy. We have given a beautiful imitation of a successful play! Has it not been a delightful speculation? Think what we have learned about the purchasing power of money! How easy it is to ape success! To stimulate the applause of a first-night is a bagatelle. To bias the critics is a harder matter. But, it can be done. Not grossly, stupidly, Billy, by mere money in hand, or mere dining and wining. Oh, no. To-day's finesse is finer in these little things. When I wanted a critic to praise 'Flornella' I bought one of that critic's plays first, or promised to produce it; they all have plays somewhere in some shamefaced hole. Yes, Billy, you can do all those things,—but one thing you cannot do, not even with money: you cannot make the paying public come to your play if they refuse to like it. I have forged the box-office statement for Jermyon every day, and he thinks of nothing but full houses every night; but, Billy, you and I know that if we had not given tickets away as industriously as a new paper gives away sample copies the performers in 'Flornella' would have played to the orchestra. I have deluged the newspapers with the most startling stories that even a press agent ever achieved in this town; but,—we lose, Billy, just the same, we lose.

"We have chosen to gamble, Billy, and we have lost. To your little rumshop, and my little cottage, we have preferred the hazards of speculative promotion. And,—we lose, we—"

There was a faint cry from the next room, and the two went in silently. Jermyon was gasping and struggling for breath. He beckoned to Lingo Dan.

"Your hand," he whispered.

"Cheer up, old man," said Dan, "cheer up. This will pass."

"No; this is the curtain. But I don't care. I die; but 'Flornella' will go on. Won't it, Dan; go on, and make you rich? I make you heir. The taste of its success is sweet enough for me; death can't take that away." He lay still for a minute or so, and then he spoke again, "You're not sorry you speculated, Dan?"

"Sorry, when I see your smile, and when I count the daily profit—"

"And you're not sorry, Billy?"

"Sure, no."

"You kept me from murder once, Dan. And now you've given me back my soul and introduced me to Happiness, and what have I done for you? I wish I could do something before I go. The money's nothing. You're welcome to that, but I don't believe you care. All I can do is say God bless—"

There was a choking and a shivering, and the eyes stared ghastly in their sockets, and then the author of "Flornella" lay dead.

It grew dusk and still the men by the bedside never stirred. Then, suddenly, Lingo Dan got up and turned his pockets inside out.

"Behold the fortune 'Flornella' made," he laughed.

"All gone?" asked Billy.

"Every cent. We stand to-day just where we did—before we foolishly thought of retiring from our activities. We have gambled and we have lost. And yet, perhaps, we won."

"Won? How?" There was vast disgust in Billy's tone.

Lingo Dan took Billy by the arm, and lit the candle by the dead man's bed.

"He almost blessed me, Billy."

PERCIVAL POLLARD.

#### SUPERFLUOUS.

NORA: "And who takes the part of the poor, persecuted heroine?"

DORA: "Why, the hero, of course!"

#### THEIR LETTERS.

DEAREST LIL:

Our season is now in its third week. We are playing to good houses in spite of the continued warm weather.

I am the only member of last year's company retained. Sometimes I wish I'd signed with that farce-comedy manager that wanted Dick and me, but I thought it unwise to give up my position of juvenile lady in a metropolitan success for a soubrette role in a traveling company. Dick refused to go with them, too.

I wrote you about him, did I not? After our season closed last Winter and you went West while I started for a vacation breathing spell at my favorite Jersey coast resort, Dick was introduced to me. His last name is Nettleton, but he calls me Flossie, so I call him Dick. He's a charming fellow, with eyes like those of our leading man last season.

He—I mean Dick—is a blond, tall, and so handsome! He is a fine swimmer, and saved my life when we were in bathing one day. You know how such things are apt to end, and I'm sure you'll rejoice in my happiness when I tell you I'm wearing a lovely diamond ring as the result of our adventure and subsequent friendship. We are to be married next year. I like long engagements, and so does Dick. He is resting in New York at present.

Lil, dear, we must arrange some way for you and Dick to meet. I've spoken of you so often to him, and I know you'll like each other. I shall not be happy until my sweetheart and my best girl friend know each other.

Yours, with a hundred kisses,

FLOSSIE.

Address "Rest in Peace" Co., New York, Folly Theatre, for twelve weeks.

II.

MY DEAREST FLOSSIE:

No time to write a long letter. I've just arranged to join the "We're in Luck" company in San Francisco. It's the one your friend Miss Lillian Blank is with. I start to-morrow, but will call on my little sweetheart to say good-bye this evening before the performance.

In haste but lovingly,

DICK.

III.

DARLING LIL:

Dick has left New York to join your company. I'll miss him very much, but am so glad you'll meet him. Be very good to him for my sake. I've no friends in the world but you and Dick, so you two must like each other. Don't let him get lonesome, and give him a hearty welcome for

Your FLOSSIE.

Address as before.

IV.

MY DEAREST FLOSSIE:

Your Dick has arrived and is making quite a hit out here. He is charming, and you are a lucky girl. He likes me, I think, so I hope you are satisfied. He thinks my present role unworthy of me, and says—but then he flatters, I know.

I'm surprised at what you wrote about cigarette smoking. Dick tells me he hates to see a woman smoke, thinks it low even when one's role requires it. I've tried to be good to him for your sake; it isn't a hard task, for he is delightful, and so attentive! In fact, we're old chums already. He says to tell you he'll postpone writing, as I'm sending you a letter to-day. He sends his love and I add mine. Excuse a short letter. Dick and I are going out driving, and he is not a patient waiter, as you probably know.

Faithfully yours,

LIL.

Address "We're in Luck" Co., San Francisco, for three weeks.

V.

DEAR LIL:

Is there anything wrong with Dick? I'm so worried. Don't be afraid to tell me if he is ill. I am in such suspense. I'm sure he must be very sick, for I haven't heard from him since he went to San Francisco. Do write at once, darling.

Your own,

FLOSSIE.

Address as usual.

VI.

MY DEAR FLORENCE:

I have not heard Mr. Nettleton complain of feeling ill. I'd surely know if he was sick, for we see each other every hour of the day. He is the same as ever, and that is, perfectly lovely. He says he enjoys playing lover to me better than any acting he's ever done before. Perhaps he hasn't had time to write. We're in St. Louis now. He's been out shopping with me all this morning. He sends you his kindest regards. He does not seem to be very lonesome.

Yours hurriedly,

LILLIAN.

"We're in Luck" Co., St. Louis, for one week.

VII.

DEAR LILLIAN:

Mr. Nettleton has not written to me yet. Will you kindly ask him where I am to send the ring he gave me? Oh, Lil, dear, he is just like other men, cruel and fickle. You need not be kind to him any longer for my sake, I no longer take any interest in him; but I am so unhappy! You are my only friend now and the only person I can trust. Do write to me very soon.

Yours lovingly,

FLOSSIE.

VIII.

DEAR FLORENCE:

Mr. Nettleton says you may keep the ring as a little souvenir of an unfortunate mistake. He has bought me a new one, a beauty. Don't blame me, dear; you should have kept us apart. We couldn't help loving each other from the first. He asks your forgiveness, and so do I. He sends his regards. We are to be married two weeks from to-day, as we both detest long engagements. Can't you come on for the wedding?

Yours as ever,

LILLIAN.

Cincinnati.

IX.

MISS LILLIAN BLANK:

Please give this ring to Mr. Richard Nettleton. I do not care to be reminded of a man's faithlessness and a woman's dishonesty.

[No address given.]

FLORENCE GWYNN.

MARY H. WARD.

#### AMOR VITAS.

A LITTLE sigh, a little stay,  
A lingering kiss—fair Love, good-day.

A little heart-ache, a little sorrow,  
A faded flower—sweet Love, good-morrow.

Two tired eyes—put out the light,  
A heart at rest—sad Love, good-night.

JAMIE GREY.

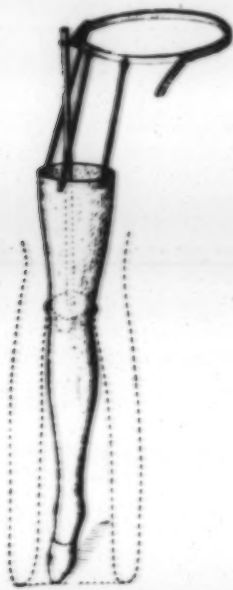


## PROMINENT THEATRICAL INVENTORS.

**M**ANY ingenious devices have been invented by and patented by prominent theatrical people. These inventions consist in great part of mechanical scenic effects, stage settings and contrivances designed to reproduce the action of the elements of Nature. The patents for these devices are classified in the Patent Office at Washington under the title of "Fine Arts," and their specific sub-class is "Theatre Appliances." There are about two hundred patents in this sub-class, and it is to be doubted if there is a single sub-class of Patent Office records that can show a greater percentage of inventive ingenuity than may be found in "Theatre Appliances."

The reason for this is far from being obvious, when one bears in mind that expert knowledge of mechanical construction is not a necessary qualification in the author or actor. However, in the art of "holding the mirror up to nature," it must be deemed desirable to reflect the surroundings, the background and accessories, as naturally, truthfully and vividly as possible. Whatever the cause may be, the fact remains that nearly every phase of nature, every historical event, and every human occupation may be reproduced more or less truthfully by the various means described and illustrated in the patents included in the class known as "Theatre Appliances." The names of the inventors and patentees of devices include those of many well-known theatrical people, William Gillette, Steele Mackaye, Joseph Arthur, Lafayette Seavey, William A. Mestayer, C. B. Jefferson, Imre Kiralfy, William Hanlon, Loie Fuller, May Robson, Neil Burgess, Oscar Hammerstein, and many more.

The title given to May Robson's patent is, "Artificial Leg for Theatrical Purposes." The patent was issued in 1893.



MAY ROBSON'S DANCING LEG.

This illustration is reproduced from one of the figures of the drawing accompanying the patent. The device consists of an artificial leg made hollow in form and of paper maché, wood or cork, and designed for the purpose of burlesquing the skirt dance. The leg is supported from a waist belt, where it is attached by a flexible loop.

The dancer is dressed in ordinary dancing skirts. The false leg has an independent skirt. The outer dress-skirt reaching to the stage surrounds both the natural legs and the artificial one, and conceals the feet of the dancer. The right hand of the dancer grasps the rod at the upper end of the false leg, which is hidden beneath the dress, and manipulates the leg for high kicking or other exaggerated poses. A stocking similar to the ones worn by the performer dresses the artificial leg. Miss Robson employed the device in her "three-legged dance" in "The Poet and the Puppets."

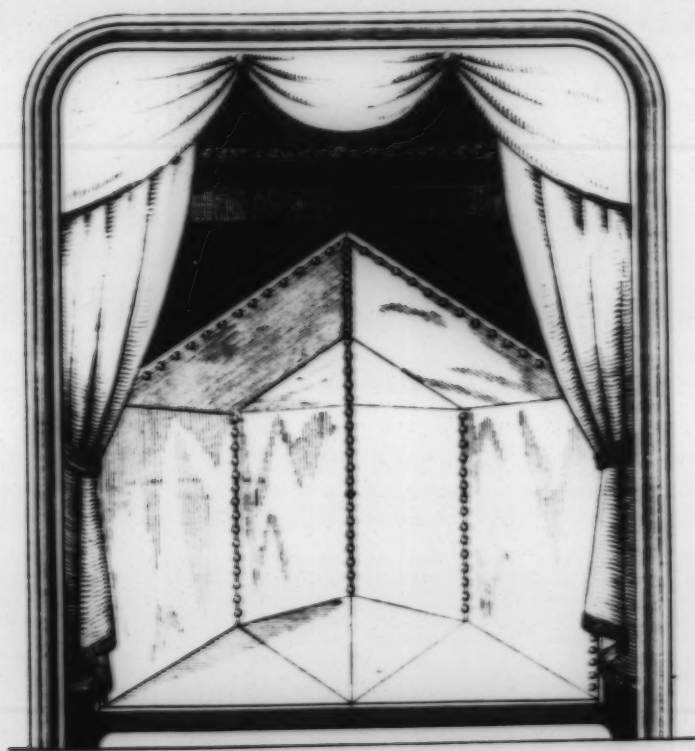
The patent granted to Mr. Gillette describes a method of reproducing the clatter of horses' hoofs upon pavements, gravel walks or turf, and the effect is produced by mallets or strikers armed with horseshoes and used in a manner somewhat similar to the xylophone hammers for striking cobbles, slate, gravel, asphalt or any substance upon which the horse is supposed to be treading. When properly operated the effect is true to nature.

William A. Mestayer obtained a patent for a stage setting designed to produce a toboggan slide. Neil Burgess patented a contrivance for illustrating a horse and vehicle traveling at the back of the stage. The horse moved upon an endless belt behind a set-piece, and a backward-moving panorama in the rear assisted in carrying out the illusion. A modification of this contrivance was also patented by Mr. Burgess to illustrate a horse race.

William Hanlon has been a prolific inventor of trick scenes and effects. C. B. Jefferson has patented some effective stage settings. Imre Kiralfy's mind would seem to run to spectacular effects. Lafayette Seavey has invented stage settings designed to better the backgrounds of scenes.

Another illusion of a different character, but intended to be used by a skirt-dancer, was patented by Loie Fuller about three years ago.

This invention consists of a system of mirrors set at right angles to each other, with a floor and ceiling also of mirrors. The ceiling flares outward toward the auditorium, so as to resemble a vertical section of a canopy. Rows of incandescent electric lamps extend along the joined edges of the mirrors. When the dancer enters the mirrored canopy she is reflected from every point of view, and a prismatic effect is



LOIE FULLER'S MIRROR DANCE.

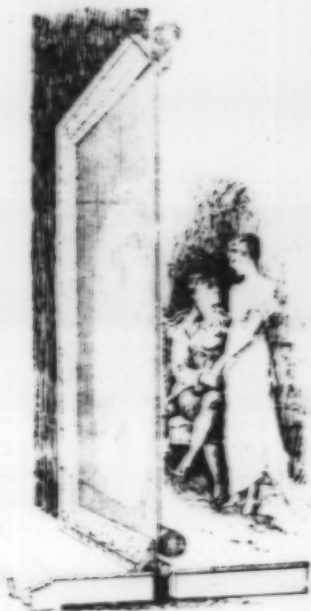
produced by changing the colors of the lights. A bewildering maze of dancers, skirts and colors is thus presented to the audience.

Joseph Arthur has secured several patents for stage settings and mechanical effects to be used in his plays, and they are all ingenious contrivances for their purposes. Mr. Arthur is an inventor of more than ordinary pretension.

Marion Kerner recently patented an ingenious arrangement for displaying living

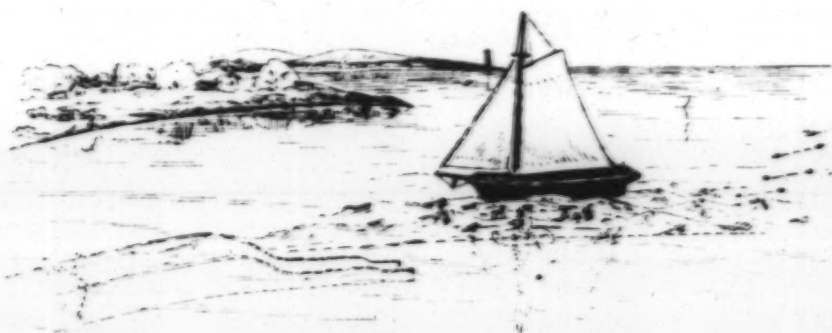
pictures. He gives the characters a rest by throwing the picture on a camera for a portion of the time required for the exposure.

A series of gauze "drops" gradually reveal the living models, and they are dissolved by reverse action of the "drops."



MARION KERNER'S LIVING PICTURE DEVICE.

Steele Mackaye obtained several patents for ingenious but complicated mechanisms for reproducing effects of wind and waves, and other phenomena. Mr. Mackaye's inventions contemplated the entire reconstruction of the stage mechanism of a theatre, and, while the expense necessary for carrying out his ideas must have been great, every convenience was afforded for prompt and perfect attainment of the desired effect. A system of air pipes was introduced into the structure of the stage, in order that a blast of air could be blown upon the stage at any time. A suitable motor or engine was used to operate force pumps for the air. Waves could be shown on water in a tank occupying the entire stage space, and a boat would then be seen to float or toss naturally. One of the figures taken from one of the patents of Mr. Mackaye is shown below:



STEELE MACKAYE'S WAVE-MAKER.

The stage is supposed to be set for a water scene and a small boat is given the actual rolling motion by means of the trough shown submerged at the left of the illustration. A plunger having a flat vertical face is pushed back and forth in the trough to agitate the water and make waves. This is but one of the many features of his inventions.

Oscar Hammerstein has taken out a number of patents not on theatrical lines, but one has been issued to him for a special general construction of a playhouse or theatre.

Altogether the showing of the inventiveness of theatre folk in the Patent Office is creditable.

EMMETT PAGE BUNYEA.

## SCENARIO\*

Of a would-be perennially-popular production, entitled

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

A Tragi-Comedy in a Prologue, Two Acts and a "Scene."

PROLOGUE.

SCENE.—At the Breakfast-Table.

TIME.—New Year's Morning, A. D., 1900.

WIFEY.—"Happy New Year," dear! I hope you've made some good resolutions?

HURRY.—Why, of course, dear. I've sworn off on smoking and drinking!

ACT I.

SCENE.—Half way down-town.

TIME.—Half an hour later.

DEPENSTER.—"Happy New Year," old man! Have a cigar?

HURRY.—Same to you! Thanks, got a match?

ACT II.

SCENE.—Waldorf-Astoria bar.

TIME.—The same afternoon.

MARTIN.—Have another on me, old man?

HURRY.—Thanksh (hic). Don't mind 'f I do!

"SCENE."

In the Gloaming—When Wifey gets "onto" it.

(Quick Curtain.)

\* Note.—The right to dramatize is reserved by

OGDEN WARD.

CORA VAN SULLEIGH: "Have you ever examined the stars through a telescope, Mr. Chumpford?"

JACK CHUMPFORD: "No, but when they appear in short dresses I like to glance at 'em through an opera-glass."



## A PRESENT STUDY OF ADELAIDE RISTORI.



RISTORI AS MARY STUART.

..... "And there  
Before me on th' enailed green  
Were the Great Spirits  
In seeing whom I yet feel myself exalted!"  
—The Divine Commedia.

COMING very near indeed to those whose splendid power has visibly deepened the purple and mellowed the gold of Art's history is like hearing a strain from Beethoven's glorious "Leonore;" like inhaling a deep, pure breath from the heart of some grand old forest; like breathing the perfume of Easter lilies.

During recent years it has been my privilege to come into close contact with several of those grandly gifted European men and women whose past power to inspire will always be present; immortal as the rare wines of Roman Consular days, it grows richer, more generous with the lapse of time.

I accounted it one of my great privileges, while resident in Italy, that I was a welcome guest at the home of Adelaide Ristori, La Marchesa Capranica del Grillo. When I made my first call upon this peerlessly gifted lady, it was an early Autumn day—an Italian Autumn day with skies of living blue. Violet mists wreathed themselves about the gray tower of Rienzi's capitol and the time-tinted marble columns of the Forum, where Virginia died. As I drove past the steep ascent to the Quirinal the approaching band of the Guardia Reale sounded its lively fanfare. Snowy doves rested a moment on Hilda's Tower, or played about "the little shrine, whose light is always burning there." Children with faces of Raphael's cherubs and hands of little Nubians; old women that might claim sisterhood with the sibyls of Augustus' time; and men like ghosts of Ælian shepherds asked alms as if they were conferring favors. Flower girls, with white, lace-edged *panni* drooping low over their shapely heads and shoulders, and bright-colored corsets laced about their shapely waists, offered the intoxicating riches of Roman field and garden—rose and violet, anemone and daffodil, temptingly ruled with delicate fronds of *capel cenere*—just as their own glowing eyes were veiled with the long, silken lashes that enhance their beauty so.

The nightingales were beginning to sing in the grove behind the Coliseum, where Christian martyrs had suffered beside the great black cross,—and living Christians, dark-robed monks and prelates, and bright-clad students and orientals were growing more numerous with every street, for the Capranica palace is in the midst of a clerical neighborhood; indeed, one of the oldest and most famous colleges in Rome bears the name of the Capranicas, Ristori's kinsmen, who were its founders.

Rome is a city of contrasts no less than she is a city of Imperial dignity, and so the college, with its austere and massive front, is almost vis-à-vis with the hardly less famous theatre which is also a part of the Capranica del Grillo property. Between the temple of religious erudition and the temple of dramatic art is a small, ancient, granite-paved piazza bearing the Capranica name. Forming the end of a long line of ancient edifices, and most imposing among them, is the Palazzo Capranica itself. A wide balcony, always brimming over with vines and flowers, crowns the handsome entrance of dark, carved wood. At either side of this balcony are two long windows, curtained with rich, creamy lace. From the right of the Palazzo Capranica leads a short street, so narrow that a carriage can just pass through. At the back of the palace is another stately entrance with armorial bearings. Such is the locale of Adelaide Ristori's house—a home her Queen delights to enter, a place of especial interest for every cultured visitor to the Eternal City.

The great tragedienne was expecting me, so the door opened quickly to my driver's ring, and a tall, elderly, dignified *capo cammeriere* helped me from my carriage

and preceded me with my card. The lofty entrance hall was furnished with a few carved chests, each with its own history, and soft rugs; the broad stairs up which I went were carpeted with crimson in rich contrast to the prevailing neutral tints of gray and brown. In the upper hall, gracefully bright and cheerful with palms and paintings, and soft draperies through whose openings came tempting glimpses of tasseled pavements and gems of art, Ristori's daughter stood waiting to receive me. Bianca Capranica del Grillo is tall and graceful, fair and gracious; in manner simple and cordial, yet dignified as a princess. She is famed not only as the daughter of the woman whose dramatic genius Italy honors and reverences above all others, but as one of the most beautiful women of the land, so beautiful that a king has asked her in marriage, and a great artist has painted her as the Madonna; so gifted that her mother feels intellectual delight in her society; so sweet and winning that the little children of the streets and the poor and suffering in hospitals and asylums smile through pain and poverty when they see her. Notwithstanding all this adulation, she has proved that to sit at her mother's side is more to her than ruling a kingdom.

The queen of dramatic art won the high guerdon of her children's devotion by her own devoted care of them when a mother's care means most. Her son and daughter, with their stately father, the Marquis Capranica del Grillo, were the tragedienne's constant companions, whether en route for new scenes of triumphs, resident in great foreign capitals, or restfully happy in their own domain. Though the children were always attended by the most proficient and conscientious of instructors, their mother was the true guide and dictator of their studies, their mentor and their friend. They shared her triumphs as simply and as earnestly as she shared their joys. The maternal part of the great tragedienne's nature is exceedingly deep and beautiful, an eminently sympathetic and stirring factor in many of her characters, as witness her *Medea*.

When she came forward to receive me that day La Mareschina Bianca was dressed in some soft, shimmering dark-blue material, with a curious old girdle of Florentine silver falling quite to the hem of her robe. In most perfect English she demanded of my journey, of my impressions of Rome, of other great people I was learning to know, leading me the while through the ante-camera and outer salon to Ristori's own studio. I was profoundly stirred upon entering this room, as suggestive of its mistress' personality as the golden censer is of incense clouds; it seemed like entering a sanctuary. Indeed, is not the place where Art's loftiest inspirations are born, its sublimest memories revived, and the visible elements of its greatest developments may be seen—is not such a place a shrine to be reverently approached?

One is conscious in passing of so many things that seem but natural habiliments and accessories to the dominant point beyond, upon which the mind is centred, just as I was conscious that Venetian chandeliers, costly vases of Sevres and Florence, cabinets of rare marqueterie, long plate mirrors, soft falling draperies, snowy marbles and gleaming bronzes about us, were parts of the state apartments of Ristori's home. At the threshold of the studio to which we hastened so rapidly my attention was attracted by a splendid portrait of the tragedienne as Mary Stuart.

"This is one of my mother's favorite portraits, the chef-d'œuvre of a young American artist, who died soon after it was painted. He had in him every element of great success; my mother was deeply saddened by the news of his sudden death," remarked the Marchesina—this time in the sweet, native Italian in which both Ristori and her daughter best love conversation. When we entered the studio, we were silent a moment; I from conflicting thoughts and emotions, Ristori's daughter from quick intuition of them.

The studio was not a large room, neither was it small. Its windows, with their bright cornice of vines and flowers from the balcony I have mentioned, look out into the ancient piazza of the Capranicas, where constantly pass changing throngs of students and of pleasure-seekers. At one side of the door hung an exquisite portrait of Canova, whose power to draw pastoral and grandeur, song and truth from masses of pure marble has made the world smile, and weep, and wonder. At the other side of the door was that portrait of Alfieri—Italy's classic sovereign of tragic verse—which the beautiful Duchess of Albany, once the Queen of a Stuart, wept over when Italy's Shakespeare of god-like men and matchless power left her so terribly alone. On the walls were portraits of Goldoni, of Manzoni, of Rossini, of Verdi, and all Italy's high priests of drama and of song. And



THE FIVE NOSSSES.



there were many portraits of Italy's gifted Queen, whose own grace and genius make her so true and ardent a worshiper of genius in others, each lovingly dedicated in Her Majesty's own pretty penmanship. Prominent among all these evidences of state and fame were sketches and photographs of husband and of children and tender souvenirs of places associated with the tragedienne's grand career. At one of these—a sketch of a very modest house in a narrow, unpretentious street—I looked inquiringly. "It is a house my mother dearly loves," said Ristori's daughter, "the house where she was born in Cividale." Every soul of Cividale adores Ristori, and when she visits the modest house on the street which is called for her, Via Ristori, or goes to the little theatre close by that bears her name, it is like the coming of a prince of the blood.

The influence of the studio was impressive, absorbing, exalting, drawing one strangely near the personality of its great mistress, so near that the soft, rhythmic rustle of silken robes seemed part of the place itself, and so did the mellow, earnest voice that welcomed me again, as Ristori herself entered. That she is far past the "three score years and ten," no one could imagine from her queenly bearing. The trailing, simply made dress of rich black silk, the bit of cobwebby lace at her fine throat, were worn with royal grace. Her dark hair, untouched by gray, waved delicately about her splendid forehead. Her eyes—clear, dark, lustrous as ever, were full of kindly recognition. She wore no jewels—she had need of none. The cordial simplicity of her manner made me feel at peace.

"May I sit at my desk," she said, "for here I am most at home? If it could only speak, what tales of study and of solace it would tell! My dear husband's picture is beside me" (indicating a beautiful little jeweled case) "and here are the inseparable companions of my study—the three greatest books in all the world—the Bible, Shakespeare and Dante!" She asked me tenderly of America, to which she became strongly attached, and to which she had been as loath to bid adieu as America's people had regretted to part with her. She questioned me of the great cities she has not visited for nearly two decades, and spoke of their marvelous growth and the wealth of erudition she had found among Americans, and the staunchness of their loyalty, when once won. She accepted my crimson roses as graciously as if they had been gems, and buried her face among them with the keen delight of one very near to Nature's heart.

Then she told me of her struggles and her victories; of the tremendous obstacles that hedged her about as pioneer of the Italian stage in Paris, and of the memorable triumph she had won there; of her visits to Russia and Brazil, to the Britons and to ourselves. Of her way to study, first thorough acquaintance of the times delineated in her plays, of the characters, of their personages, their surroundings, their lore, their traditions and their influences. To make her impersonations the more true, she studied them, as far as possible, where they had actually existed. She is a fascinating writer, and privileged me to see some of her interesting and vivacious works.

Laughingly she told me of her first appearance. "Though I love the stage so, I made my debut quite without my will!" she exclaimed, "for I was an infant only a few weeks old. I have told you that my parents were members of a dramatic company—not a very large company, it is true—but with fame so established that they were always sure of their house. They traveled constantly, and had reached Cividale in their journeying when I was born, thriving rapidly in the clear air of that romantic town. Soon, in a new play, the pretty custom of bringing to the proprietor of the estate gifts of the season's first fruits was introduced. To carry out the scheme of the play a newly-arrived infant was necessary, and I—as the most available—was placed under the lightly piled fruits and flowers and vegetables in the large basket containing them. My parents told me that my air of self-possession, when held in the light of the stage by the surprised landlord, was irresistibly funny; I made the hit of the evening and was thereupon voted a member of the company.

"My greatest triumph? Ah! but I think no triumph so great as one which means help to those in need! It was in Madrid. The Queen, though very delicate in health, was present, and the theatre was brilliantly crowded. Some one rapped at my dressing-room door, as I waited there between the acts. 'Come in!' I cried, supposing it a visit from some friend, but the door remained closed and another knock came, more timid than the first, yet with a strange tone of persistence in it. I opened the door myself, and there entered and fell sobbing at my knees a young girl, with face so strained and white that my heart went out to her in pity, and I lifted her and held her trembling hands. 'My child, what is it?' I demanded. 'What can I do to make you less unhappy?' 'My brother! Oh, my brother!' she sobbed; 'He is condemned to die, and no one but yourself can save him!' 'I?' I exclaimed, astonished. 'The Queen loves you,' the excited girl went on; 'the Queen—who is here. She will refuse you nothing! Oh, madame! if you will only plead my brother's cause!' She told me the whole pitiful story—the lad's superior officer disliked him; was brutal to him; he had provoked him to anger by insult and then had struck him cruelly. It was too much. The young soldier had retaliated. Then followed the arrest—the condemnation, and now he was to die. He was a good lad—the support of his mother, whom he fondly loved;—he had done no other unworthy act. Would I not save his life?"

"Just one moment I hesitated, for no one might enter the Queen's presence uninvited; it was, indeed, a risk; but a human life was in the balance and I must not be ruled by selfish fear. I placed the trembling girl in my chair and bade her wait; through the long galleries I went, heedless of inquiring looks, and straight to the Royal Box. I rapped low, opened the door and stood hesitating before the Queen. She started up from the divan where she was reclining, and called me gently to her. 'What may I do for you, who so well know my loving admiration?' Her Majesty asked. I fell at her feet, even as the poor sister waiting below had fallen at mine; with all my heart and soul, and with tears streaming over my burning cheeks, I told the story and plead for that poor boy's life. It was granted me, and without a word to any one I hurried below—for this interval between the acts had already been over long; but before the act was over a deep and continual shout sounded in mighty crescendo. 'Ristori! Ristori!' cried the people; and again 'The Queen! The Queen!' for the poor condemned lad had been a general favorite. Soon, Her Majesty's chief gentleman in waiting came to me and led me to the Royal Box again, and then the Queen herself took me by the hand to the front of the box, where we bowed together in answer to that tremendous cry, until Her Majesty herself graciously exclaimed to me: 'Madame, there are two Queens in Madrid, tonight!' The overjoyed girl had told some one of my prayer, and so the news of the pardon had spread."

Once, on one of my visits to Ristori I carried with me a photograph the mail had just brought me from across the sea. It was a beautiful picture of a fair young girl with opening rose—no fairer than herself in one perfect, uplifted hand. I knew she loved the stage; that above all else she desired to deserve triumph there. I knew, too, that Ristori possessed rare gifts in character reading, so I showed her the picture. The tragedienne studied it intently a moment, and then, still glancing at the photograph, "She is exquisite!" she said; "she has a face, though fair and winning, full of magnetic power, and a form in harmony with it. If her strength is equal to her power, she may win a proud place on the stage. I should love to know



GEORGINE BRANDON.

her, to instruct her." Will it not be interesting to know that she of whom Ristori said these words is Grace Freeman?

Only a few months before I left Italy a sad accident occurred, which left two winsome little children orphaned. Ristori heard of the fatality; and her gentle heart was touched. Her son—the present Marquis Capranica del Grillo—is one of Queen Margherita's chief gentlemen-of-the-court, so he told Her Majesty of the sad event and of the great tragedienne's interest in the little ones. Margherita of Savoy is as gentle as she is fair and gifted. It was immediately arranged that a benefit be given for the children. Her Majesty would be chief patroness, and Ristori would recite, the price of the *biglietto d'ingresso* being, naturally, proportionately high.

All aristocratic Rome rang with the event. All aristocratic Rome was assembled in the magnificent hall where this memorable benefit was held. Her Majesty, never fairer, sweeter, more divinely tender of expression, sat in her throne-like chair of gold and crimson before the platform. Attending her were several of her ladies in waiting, and the wife of the Premier. At Her Majesty's left there waited an empty chair; in the chair beyond sat Ristori's son in court attire. The Queen, calling him to her, maintained an animated conversation with him until a few masterly chords were sounded on the piano, and then came such sweet, spell-binding music as Teresina Tua, who had also contributed her aid, so imitatively calls from her violin. The music ceased; there was a momentary pause, a faint rustle of paper as every one consulted his programme for the second number upon it. "The scene between *Francesca* and *Paolo di Rimini*—from the 'Divina Commedia'—*Adelaide Ristori*," they read, and reading, burst into applause that grew in enthusiasm until the tragedienne stepped upon the stage in the midst of a wealth of the choicest, most odoriferous offerings of great Roman conservatories, even those of the Royal Palace. For sweet charity's sake, the Queen of Tragedy came forward, now robed in trailing, jet-black silk, a bit of Point de Venise on her rich, dark hair, a great diamond at her throat. Her step was never more queenly, nor her mien nobler. Her fine face showed serene happiness in the sweet deed she was doing.

It was only the intense desire to hear once more the vibrant bell tones that had been silent so many years that finally induced silence. Then can those who were present ever forget the matchless, melting telling of the loves of those unhappy youthful cousins of *Rimini*; about whom Dante wove so weird a tragic veil? When the grand recital ended there was silence again; just a moment's heartfelt tribute, and then more flowers were piled about her, and her Queen came forward with glowing face and outstretched hands to lead her to the seat by her own side! This, Ristori said, should be her last recital in public. It was a sweet prompter that called her to the stage this final time, but one with whom she is well acquainted. She is never heedless of charity's call; she is devoted to the welfare of others and to the development of new genius in her art, wherever and whenever, as Presiding Officer of the Great Italian Dramatic Critical Society, she finds it.

About this time Ristori made one other public appearance, sublimely inspiring in effect, but its occasion was a far different one. Ernesto Rossi, who had showed our American stage a new and great King Lear, was dead. A service was held in his loved and honored memory, in the Costanzi Theatre in Rome, one of the largest and most splendid theatres in Italy. The vast stage was crowded with offerings to the dead man. The service was a very touching one. In the centre of the stage there was a pedestal of pure Carrara, heavily draped, and with palms grouped behind it. Music and oration were ended. Then Tommaso Salvini arose, and with voice so vibrant with emotion that tears rushed to every eye in the vast assembly, he recited a verse or two from one of Italy's sweetest tragic poets. Retreating a step, he advanced again, this time leading Ristori by the hand. Reverently they





ANNIE RUSSELL.

moved together to the side of the pedestal; reverently they lifted the black drapery from the snowy marble, and showed the people, chiseled as no one but that master delineator of character in marble, Ettore Ferrari, could have sculptured them, the features of the genius they had gathered to bid rest. What a scene was this! The sovereigns of tragedy, the stimulus of the noblest school of dramatic art, themselves very near the horizon of life, thus lifting the funeral veil from the marble face of one whom they called "Comrade!" The house arose as a single person. "Ristori!" "Salvini!" cried the throng. Then these two, themselves of the immortals, stepped back. The people felt their intent. There was another cry, in deeper, more solemn, but no less fervent tones: "Rossi!" Could memorial ending have been grander than this?

I can scarce close this *résumé* of matters so closely touching the great tragedienne without telling somewhat of the son, whose love for her is no less fervent than that of her beautiful daughter. He is an artist to whom genius has given power of brush and

color as tragic and as tender as that which had made his mother great. His studio is one of the most beautiful in Rome, high up at the top of a great palazzo he owns on Via Nazionale. As he walks in the terraces which surround it the historic gardens of the Colonna and the Rospigliosi lie spread below him. He can almost touch the great bronze statue that crowns the Antonine column of Piazza Colonna, and the splendid symbolic pediment reliefs of the Nazionale Theatre.

He has many rich treasures in this spacious, lofty studio. Arms and ornaments and hunt trophies; gowns and veils and gems from Africa, the Orient and the North. Most precious of all, in perfumed cabinets of costly wood, he has many of the costumes in which his mother was arrayed during her grand personations. His work can never be mediocre; his genius is of too strong a character for that. Even his slightest sketch is full of poetry or passion.

In the centre of his studio stands a great painting that, for depth of dramatic power and tragic sentiment, as well as for exquisite execution, should be a gem of gems in the world's proudest temple of dramatic art. It is the very culmination of luxurious surrounding, of tender, helpless beauty, of cruel, savage, disdaining strength. It is the death of Desdemona. The Marquis del Grillo loves his art; he gives every moment to it that his duties of court and family will spare for him; his mother has long been his frequent visitor, his loyal critic, his living inspiration.

Though it is as "Signor Marchese" this gifted gentleman is publicly addressed, he has said to me, his fine, earnest, intellectual face aglow with loving reverence: "No title in the world can be so dear nor so proud to me as that of 'Ristori's Son!'"

THEO. TRACY.

## A WITHERED MASCOT.

"COME IN," sang Consuelo, the soubrette, as she sat watching Celeste, the ingenue, applying the powder rag to her small, saucily turned-up nose.

"I wonder who that can be."

"Santa Claus, perhaps," laughed Consuelo, rising lazily from her chair.

"Nonsense! Who would send a Christmas gift to the theatre?" inquired the ingenue, turning from the mirror.

"Jack-in-the-box, or some other ardent admirer of yours," and Consuelo turned her twinkling black eyes on Celeste just in time to see her pouting profile reflected in the glass.

"For Consuelo," a comical looking messenger boy said, as the soubrette opened the dressing-room door and took the box and book that the boy shoved at her. "Sign here, please."

"Oh, Connie, what is it?" asked Celeste, running toward her. "It looks like a box of flowers."

"Perhaps it is," and there was a shade of disappointment in Consuelo's voice as she closed the door.

"Well, I never saw such a girl as you are—you don't seem to be a bit pleased. Great country! If I were to get a box I would be in my seventh heaven. Are you provoked because the flowers were not handed over the footlights? I don't blame you if you are, for I think it's just horrid to send them back here where nobody sees them, or gives you credit for receiving them."

Consuelo smiled as she listened to Celeste's complaint; the ingenue was called the "little growler" of the company, so it was not unusual for her to be grumbling now.

"If you are curious, dear, we'll open the box right away." Consuelo untied the string as she spoke.

"Oh, Connie, I do hope they are American Beauties. You'll give me one if they are, won't you?"

"I should say so." And as Consuelo lifted the lid the girls bent expectantly over the box, which was filled with the most beautiful La France roses that they had ever seen.

"Where's the card?" Without waiting for permission, Celeste began to disarrange the bouquet.

"I wonder who sent these."

"The mysterious Bostonian of the rose fame, I suspect. He must have a fearful crush on you, Con, to follow you to New York. Isn't it queer that he doesn't send his name with the oodles of flowers that he lavishes on you? I should think he'd want you to know who he is—wouldn't you?"

"Why, here is a note—woman's writing—doubtless from some boarding school girl who has squandered her allowance on me."

"A girl who thinks that you are an angel, but who has no desire to make your acquaintance, because she fears she will find you a sinful mortal like the rest of us. Let us read what she has to say." Celeste was looking over her Consuelo's shoulder.

"Poetry," ejaculated the soubrette, dropping the paper with a gesture of disgust. "You haven't a particle of sentiment—just because it's poetry you do not care to read it."

"A man would not send poetry and flowers at the same time—some silly woman did that. It looks like a woman's scribble. What is that pinned to the paper?"

When Celeste stooped to pick up the paper she found a withered rose fastened to it. She handed it silently to Consuelo. "Rose thou art fading, drooping, and dying," she read from the paper she still held. "From carrying in my pocket," she added, roguishly.

"Read the rest. 'Leste,'" in her excitement Consuelo had taken the ingenue's hand.

"Oh, he, she or it must be terribly in love—listen to this:

"Last night my love gave me thee as a token,

"True was her heart, true the words of love spoken.

"Thou brought me joy, rose. Such joy didst thou give,

"I'd have thee ever, forever to live."

"Do you know that those lines are lovely, Consuelo?"

"I am glad they please you; Jimmy Gotham sent them. I gave him a rose last night."

Consuelo went to a trunk in which she kept her stage things. She took a manuscript from the top tray, and standing in the middle of the room, she hummed a sad little melody.

"Did you compose that?" Celeste asked.

"Yes; I am going to set the words of the poem to the music. Lend me your pencil."

"But the flowers are wilting," protested Celeste, gathering up the roses that were lying on a chair near by.

"Please put them in water for me—there's a dear—I am very busy," and her pencil moved rapidly over the music paper.

"Celeste, if a very successful person gives you a token it will serve as a mascot," said the soubrette, chewing the end of the pencil, "Jimmy is an eminent journalist, you know, and I mean to keep this withered rose as my mascot. I will wear the petals in my gold heart."

"But you said you had given the flower to him."

"Oh, that doesn't matter! He returned it to me, so the rose will bring me luck. With such a mascot I am sure my Christmas will be happily spent. Is there a telegraph blank on the table?"

"Yes; here is one."

"Thanks," and soon Consuelo was writing:

"MR. JAMES GOTHAM,

"Editor the Bulletin, New York.

"Merry Christmas, and many thanks. Glad my poem pleased you. Another in next mail.

After folding the paper neatly, Consuelo glanced at Celeste.

"When Jimmy reads this paragraph, I suspect he will know who wrote the poem he sent me. It must have been rejected, and, as there was no name signed to it, he did not dream that I submitted it."

Her jolly laugh prevented the girls from hearing the knock of the call boy, who was compelled to bang on the door many times before he received a response.

BLANCHE CLOTHILDE JOHNSON.

## THE COSTUMER.

O H, friend of every Thespian!

Oh, staff on which we lean!

How oft our thoughts go back to you,

Amid Life's stirring scene,

While in your little den you rest

Untiring, yet serene.

A motley place you occupy;

Here hangs *Othello's* dress;

And yonder *Richard's* kingly

garb,

And others, more or less;

With tights—some spangled and

some plain

And some in sad distress!

Here *Falstaff* shows a goodly

paunch,

And *Hamlet's* sombre hue

Peeps out beside a *Pantaloon*,

A Fool, a Clown or two;

While Courtiers don these daz-

zling trunks,

And buskins not a few!

To make or mar a character

'Tis very plain you can;

Since oft 'tis the habiliment

That doth proclaim the man."

With great respect I bid you

Hail!

While 'round your work I scan!

I think of those departed ones

Who strutted up and down

Upon the boards, long years

ago,

To win a slight renown.

How many of them now lack

garbs

To fascinate the town!

How many of them sigh for you,

Who fitted them, full oft,

With silk and satin doublets fine,

And they, with heads aloft,

Would dazzle in the mimic scene

Till here their robes they

doffed!

I wonder, tho' they lie at rest,

(Their past, 'tis vain to probe!)

If, when they hear the prompt-

er's call,

And fades this earthly globe—

I wonder will they look to you

For their ascension robe?

MONROE H. ROSENFELD.



THE MAN WITH THE AUBURN HAIR.





JULIE WALTERS.



LOUISE LLEWELLYN.



## THE ACTORS' CHRISTMAS EVE.

‘T WAS the night before Christmas, we’d a horrible house,  
Not a creature was in it, ’twas *nichts komm heraus*.  
The manager stood by the doorkeeper’s chair—  
A useless precaution, no tickets were there—  
While behind the drop-curtain the wan actors sat,  
And the gist of their discourse was “where are we at?”  
When out in the “front” there arose such a clatter  
All sprang to the “peep” to see what was the matter.  
The sight of the sparsely distributed “snow,”  
Struck a chill to those hearts that were yearning for “dough;”  
When, what to their wondering eyes should appear,  
But a little fat man with a little fat leer,  
And his little fat walk was so lively and quick  
They knew in an instant it—wasn’t St. Nick.  
He said not a word, but direct to his seat  
He ambled, and sat with his eyes on his feet.  
He played a tattoo on the end of his nose,  
Read over a *Journal*, fell into a doze.  
Behind all was bustle, excitement and rage.  
The actors were acting all over the stage.  
And the prompter exclaimed as he fled to his berth—  
“He’s the one only manager left on the earth.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “OUT IN THE SNOW.”

## UNDER GEMINI.

“I WAS born under Gemini,” said Terry, lying back idly in his chair, and puffing cigarette smoke upward. “The Sign of the Twins. It is written by astrologers that whoso is born under that constellation shall possess a dual nature. ‘He shall love and not love. He shall desire many things and nothing.’ He—perhaps that explains it.”

Then he shot himself upright. “I don’t know that I need to explain anything,” he burst forth. “It’s no business of you fellows, any way. I love them both—both, do you hear? One is a quiet, sweet, placid girl up in the mountains, like a second Eve in a bit of archaic Eden. Hemmed in by old-time conventionalities, like the sweetbriar hedge that shuts in the rosemary and heliotrope and pansy beds of her old-fashioned garden. She walks in the high-heeled slippers of the etiquette of a hundred years ago, and laces in her soul with the corset-strings of past and primitive traditions. And I shall marry her, because she is calm and placid and peaceful. And when I embark on the troubled sea of matrimony I want Peace at least aboard the cranky craft. And the other—” he paused, and drew his breath in sharply. “The other is a *pot pourri* in a devil’s rose-jar—all things sweet, all things subtle—a diamond sparkling, coruscating, dancing over an ocean of champagne—a will-o’-the-wisp, that flits mockingly forever before you across the dark, dank marshes of existence—a bit of a rainbow, tantalizing you to find the key of its arch. All things intoxicating, perplexing, elusively maddening. And I love her—love her!” He shut his teeth hard. “I love them both,” he finished abruptly. “One, the white bit of Heaven that is unapproachable; and the other, the prismatic bit of Bohemia that is untranslatable. And the dual nature in me, the Gemini nature, wants them both—will have them both—loves them both.”

The cigarette, which had gone out, fell to the floor, casting its ashes round about. And Terry walked out of the room, his head erect, challenging everything seen and unseen of Fate.

We that knew Terry well, and loved him, used no harsher adjective against him than “erratic”—that word of manifold meanings that is like an elastic robe to cover the souls of those who refuse to fit into the conventional cast iron coat of mail the world provides.

From one starting point Terry shot erratically off at various tangents, like the wild stars that rebel against the ruler of the constellations, seeking arrogant warpaths of their own. Restless, uncontrollable, brilliant, lovable; born under that sign that is antithesis and homogeneity, discord and harmony, Terry, moving in his life’s orbit—or rather moving out of it more frequently than in it, and colliding thereby with many other things in space—awoke at times our admiration, at others our disapprobation; on all occasions our wide-margined and alert speculation.



ODELL WILLIAMS.

He was to marry Penelope Graeme in the Spring; and he was seen everywhere now in the Autumn with Vivian Ray.

He had called Vivian a prismatic bit of Bohemia—Bohemian ware—which was true enough—and more. When she danced down to the footlights in that wonderful “Flame Dance” of hers there was none of us—the “fellows”—who did not, for a longer or shorter space as accorded his temperament, hold his breath. It was not alone the lights of the wonderful draperies, floating like flame and mist, sunrise and starlight, round about her, but it was the light in her face—the light no calcium ever made—the wonderful, witching sunburst of a smile that rose from somewhere within her to her eyes, her lips, her whole being—a light that never was on sea or land, that made me wonder: was she real—human? Had, for instance, this flashing, sparkling, coruscating embodiment of light one pivotal center—a heart?

And his “white bit of heaven,” serene and cold enough in its whiteness, shining untroubled upon a troubled world with the frost light of the polar star—was there, in the centre of its iciness and whiteness and dead frozen calm, also a heart? We, the absolutely impartial, wondered these things, and, standing on the outside of the universe, as it were, awaited results. For it seemed to us, accustomed to explain if not to excuse all things, that Terry, born under Gemini, had not taken into account that Penelope in her rosemary garden, and Vivian in her rose and gold boudoir, had been born, fortunately or otherwise, under constellations other than Gemini.

To one, at least, had he been truthful. He had been honest enough with Vivian because she “understood.” To Penelope, who did not understand, he had suffered truth to pass by on the other side. So much more of bliss falls unsolicited to the lot of sweet ignorance than to weary knowledge. He had bent every energy of his being for sixty days to the task of winning Vivian Ray, and he had told her just sixty seconds after that he was engaged to Penelope Graeme.

That moment after? Well, Vivian, being a prismatic bit of Bohemian ware, had accepted it prismatically. Her smile had seemed to embody the seven colors of the rainbow in a glittering sunbeam dancing adown the black waves of care. She had even laughed. She had a laugh that caught his very soul and held it fast when she said, “The springtime is a long way off.” And Terry, born under Gemini, was exasperated, yet thrilled to the innermost depths of his soul, because of that laugh whose silver cadence seemed, like a flashing two-edged sword, so clearly to cut in twain and define the two halves of the situation.

She had been laughing ever since. To Terry, it was a revelation. He had never dreamed that laughter had so many chromatic scales. She had laughed blithely,



A STUDY.

Photograph posed by Rhoda Cameron.



recalling a lark winging his upward way, and clearing blue skies with the silvery echoes of his morning song. Laughed with *bonhomie*, with now and then, perchance, a reckless note dropped across its free and easy way. Laughed sometimes to the music of champagne corks, intoxicatingly, tantalizingly—it was then that the little fiends crept into her eyes and peered mockingly out of the corners. By herself, alone, with none to see or hear or heed—how was he to know, when hardly she herself knew—she had laughed the laughter nearest akin to tears.

Throughout the Autumn and the Winter she had laughed, laughed, laughed. And Terry had set his soul to that mad, sweet, alluring music, and had gone galloping on to the rhythm of its cadence to the primrose paths of that springtime—"such a long way off." And, as the longest ways become in time the nearby ways if one gallops through them, there came that Spring—the Spring—sharply and abruptly to Terry and the woman who laughed.

Meanwhile, with time hanging heavily on her hands, since the rosemary and lavender were buried beneath the Winter's snows and there was no one to laugh away the hours with her, Penelope, the cold, the unapproachable, the altogether archaic, had lent her ear to idle rumors that creep like the serpents even through the chinks of dwellings built in old-fashioned Edens. And casting aside the high heels of etiquette, arrayed in modern traveling garb, she had set her face cityward. And there she learned and heeded many things. And, in learning these things, the white soul seemed somehow to get scorched and shrunk and shriveled after the manner of various and sundry white souls that have not learned how to laugh. Innocence is astounding sometimes in the acrobatic alacrity with which it somersaults to extremes.

Meanwhile, too, in the rose and gold boudoir, there came to Terry, one night, a very bad half-hour indeed. Parting is not always sweet sorrow, particularly when one of the principals will persist in making it merry with finely attuned laughter. To the ear of Terry, at that moment oversensitive perchance, he would have preferred the discordant choros of all the combined orchestra of purgatory. There was a wild, Indian-like cruelty in him that made him long to strike her; to make her gasp, shriek, cry—torture her with pain, wring her soul till it sobbed for mercy—anything to check the damnable *diablerie* of that laughter.

He seemed like some old violin being strung and wrenched and tuned by alien hands, with the violin bow of that laugh grating now and then across the strings in soul-writhing wrenches of discord. An odd fancy seized him. He had been born with a dual nature. But which nature had been born first, the wild nature that loved her, laughing alluring, laughingly maddening, laughing divine; or the nature, calm and steeled to quietude, that would wait at the altar for the coming of Penelope, the white-robed, from her rosemary garden?

"Listen," he began abruptly, "I have never told you that I loved you—"

"Do not tell me now," she interrupted, "when it would be too late, and spoil the charm besides. That has been the charm. You are the first man I ever knew who has breathed forth love to me in all things, and never uttered it."

He pulled himself up abruptly. "I have never told you—no—I never shall. I—I have had a short-lived heaven, and I am willing to atone for it."

She laughed. Soft as it was it grated sharp across the tense drawn strings of his soul. "That last is hardly fair, is it to her?" she asked. "And if I rightly remember, you marry for sweet and absolute and soul-satisfying peace. I am a bit of Bohemian ware, you told me once, and such as I have well nigh broken your life. Well, go your unshattered way, with Peace—to heaven."

She turned aside, as though ending the discussion, but he caught her hands and held them fast. "You do not blame me?" he cried. "I was honest with you, at least."

She looked him squarely in the eyes. "You were honest with me," she answered, "just sixty seconds too late. But it does not matter. You have atoned since with overmuch honesty. I know all her virtues and perfections, which are not mine. I know the strength and calm and serenity of her white soul. It is only souls that dwell in rose gardens, is it not, that are white and serene and pure? I know the peaceful and placid heaven in which you will live your life. I know all this—just sixty seconds after. But in spite of all, I have had my heaven, too." She did not laugh now. "And I thank you. I'll thank you through all the after-life that will not be heaven to me—for that."

Then she added quickly: "You had better go now. She will doubtless be waiting in the rosemary garden, where all the blossoms and fragrance around her remind her that Spring is here." He caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately, despairingly, as one kisses the lips of the dead that had been worshiped living. And as unresponsive as the dead lips against which we fling love and anguish and all longing in a passion flower that falls back to us frozen and dead—were those living lips. Maddened beyond endurance, he fancied in his infuriated soul that against that still, chill barrier the ripple of her laughter still flowed on.

She laughed when he released her; she laughed as the door closed behind him; she laughed as his footsteps died away down the hall—died away forever to her. And then? God knows. It is not for us to seek to know.

That night a note came, swift and straight, to Terry. It said: "You are free. Do not seek to find me. I am dead to you—to myself—to all the world that lies since you have lied. —PENELOPE." And to Terry at that moment it seemed that there are better constellations to be born under than Gemini.

Five years later a woman, sodden and disordered of clothing, reeling along the street, fell one night and struck her temple against the stone steps of a refuge—the destination she had been unsteadily seeking. Another woman in the garb of a Sister bent over her and with gentle hands strove to stay the flow of blood from the cruel wound. The woman that lay on the steps looked up and smiled.

"Smell the heliotrope," she whispered. "It grows in the old garden. I was never fit to go back to gather it—never after I learned—that he had lied. But you—your face is beautiful and saintly, your hands are pure and white. You can gather the heliotrope—how sweet it smells from the old garden!—and lay it beside me—in the coffin."

Then with a smile—a smile of the old days in the old garden—she laid her tired head against the arm that wore the white cross, and sighed, and fell asleep.

And up through the infinite space to the mysterious beyond where Omnipotence reigns went a prayer like the white flight of a dove: "God be merciful to her that is dead, and unto the living that need Thy mercy most of all."

The poor, dead creature was Penelope of the white soul. And she that prayed beside her was the woman that had laughed.

EILEEN MORETTA.

#### SUSPICIOUS.

EDITOR: "In this masterly criticism you state that the retribution scene is reminiscent."

NEW REPORTER: "Yes, sir."

EDITOR: "And yet you told me you did not claim to be a professional dramatic critic!"



J. J. FARRELL.



VALERIE BERGERE.





GRACE GOLDEN.

## A YARN.

HAVE you ever been down for'ard in the fo'castle of a merchant ship? In case you have not, I must describe the region that runs from the "break of the fo'castle to the eyes of her," which sounds like Volapük, but is merely the vernacular for the little V-shaped room that is the retreat, the house and castle, of your merchantman jackie; the spot to which his thoughts revert with longing when he keeps his frozen watch on deck; the workshop where in idle hours the wonderful full rigged ships are constructed and sealed in bottles that create wonder and surprise when presented to their friends ashore.

Down a nearly perpendicular ladder of twelve to fifteen steps (taking care not to blacken your eye or break your nose on the sharp edge of the "scuttle," as the cover that protects the opening is called) and your foot reaches the fo'castle deck. At first nothing is seen. The smoke-laden atmosphere seems almost unbearable and blots from sight the two rows of bunks that reach from aft for'ard on either side. In front of each berth stands the sea chest or trunk (commonly termed "donkey"), belonging to the occupant of such berth, the "grummets" or handles lashed to eyebolts in the deck to prevent them rolling in bad weather; lighted by a sperm oil lamp, which swings dolefully from an upright in the centre, casting a black shadow from side to side as the vessel heaves and groans her way across the deep.

Our entrance has allowed some of the smoke to escape and now we dimly discern, seated round on their several "donkeys," the "watch below," of deep-chested warriors, who fight old ocean for a living. There they sit, swearing and laughing, careless of the fact that but two inches of wood separates them from a watery grave—a floor, a skin, and a keelson between them and fathoms of deep green water, broken with spray, frosted with foam, lashed with brine on the surface, but under them—down, down, down, and nothing but quiet, deep, green, solid water, the resting place of many souls—the ever hungry deep.

"Shut that scuttle, you lubber! What are you trying to do? douse the glim?"

"No, Mr. Swartz, I'm not trying to put the light out. I thought—"

"Well, don't think. Shut the scuttle, and don't call me 'Mister'—my name's Jake."

This is how I made my entry into the fo'castle years ago. I had gone for'ard to hear a yarn, and this seemed a bad beginning. I closed the scuttle, offered my tobacco to Jake, who proceeded to pare the plug into the palm of his left hand, then handling it back, rolled the cuttings into a shred, crowded it into the bowl of a short black clay, held it a second over the smoking, oily wick, pulled three or four times vigorously, patted the ashes down with his thumb. Then seating himself slowly he puffed:

"What did you come down here for? Why don't you stay aft, where you belong? Did you bring any square-face with you?" Square-face was the term used for Hollands, a liquor put up in square bottles.

"No, Jake, I didn't; but you can have a nip when the dog watch is over if you want it." Jake grunted in reply and silence fell, punctuated now and again by a gradually decreasing grumble that sounded like the retreat of a thunderstorm. I knew too well the impossibility of getting a yarn from Jake by asking for it direct, so I appealed to stratagem. Some one must begin the movement and Jake would fall in line. Turning to another shell-back, I remarked, "Quite a heave on to-night. Now we've lost the Southeast trade winds we begin to feel the Southern swell."

"Yes," said Bill Barth, "she's talking to-night—her old ribs are chattering and her beams groaning as if she wasn't happy. But, bless you! she loves it. She dips her nose into this swell like she's hungry for it—for all the world like a feller drinking grog."

"We must be off the Rio de la Plata," I said.

"The what?" asked Bill.

"Listen to him," said Jake, "getting off his school talk. Where's that?"

"Why, Brazil," I answered; "the mouth of the River de la Plata."

A laugh followed from the crowd. Jake took his pipe from his mouth and said: "You mean the Plate, the River Plate. We don't talk French down here."

"Bill," I asked, "isn't the Plate noted for bad weather?"

"Why, yes, they has pomparos here that's sent many a good hooker hunting bottom. But they ain't so bad as the monsoon of the China seas or the typhoon of the Indian Ocean."

"Why," chimed in another old salt, "I've seen a plain hurricane on the Bay of Biscay that would knock all your 'soons and 'phoons endways."

"And once in a while," added a man that shipped from Baltimore, "I've run against a little cyclone off Florida that would blow the hide off a cow."

"What are you fellers talking about?" Jake interrupted, "Why, right here where we are now I weathered the heaviest blow I ever saw in my life—a regular Plate pomparo—a full fledged, able bodied, copper bottomed breeze that drove

men who knew how to pray to their knees and the rest of us to cuss our bad memories."

Then Jake stopped. If any one had spoken we should not have heard the story. To have said, "How was it, Jake?" or "How did it happen?" or "Tell us about it?" would have resulted in an impoliteness from Jake and the loss of a promising yarn. So all held their peace while Jake knocked the ashes from his pipe, cleared his throat, tore off with his teeth a huge quid of tobacco, and slowly began.

"I was acting bos'un on the good old ship *Barracouta* at the time. Sampson was skipper of her, I remember. We had bent our bad weather canvas just as we have now, ready to round the Horn, and things were quiet and easy like—no thought of bad weather, and she was going along with her three royals set smart as a country girl going to church, when at eight bells the skipper came on deck and says to the mate: 'You had better take the royals off her, Mr. Mac. The glass is falling, and it doesn't take a week for a breeze to make in these parts.' So the royals were cleared up and stowed, and the starboard watch went below. I was on the port watch and had to relieve the wheel at four bells (10 p. m.), so I loafed round the deck, casting my eye to wind'ard once in a while, but as the sky was clear I coiled myself down under the lee of the galley, and had just got interested in one of the best coffers a sailor ever spun, when I heard the mate shout, 'Clear up the mizzen to'gans! haul down the flying jib, some hands!'

"What's struck the old man?" said my mate. "He's snugging her down and the breeze dropping." "I guess he's feeling bad," I said. "Anyhow, there goes four bells and I must shake you; it's my trick at the wheel."

"I went aft and took the course, S. W. and by S., with the breeze dying away on our starboard quarter, and I was looking forward to a quiet two hours, just holding the spokes and giving her a turn once in a while. I was already thousands of miles away in my mind, thinking of a little village on the New England coast, where a girl with black eyes and a form—well, boys, I ain't no poet, but if ever dimples made a sweet beauty look sweeter, she was the gal. Dimples in each cheek—every knuckle on her hands was a dimple—and when she turned up her face for a kiss—well, I'd just got to that point, and was wondering just what I'd do, when the skipper came up the companionway two steps at a time and glanced over the weather quarter.





TOMMY SHEARER.



ISABELLE FLETCHER.

"I turned half way round to see what he was looking for, and there away on the horizon no bigger than the palm of a man's hand was a little black cloud. The Capt'n turned to me and said: 'You had better put on your oilskins, Swartz. I'll tell some one to relieve you.' He went to the break of the poop and sent a man aft, then I heard the mate sing out, 'Clear up fore and main to'gans's, call the star-board watch!'"

"Why, boys, I thought they must have lost their wits. To call the watch below with no wind was like calling out the reserves ashore in time of peace. I went down, any way, and put on my slicker and sou'wester, and when I got aft again I noticed the little black cloud had grown into a big black patch, covering a fourth of the horizon, and all round the edge of it was a dun-colored streak that made me think of a yellow handkerchief thrown over a nigger's head. By now all hands was hard at it. They had stowed the cro'jack and the courses brailled in the spanker, hauled down the jib and put a reef in the topsails. I looked round again and the dun fringe of cloud was nearly over us; half the heavens was covered with a black funeral pall, and in the middle of the blackness bright flashes of forked lightning whizzed and danced incessantly. The wind had died away completely and a dark, ominous silence seemed to settled down over the ship like a fog, the air felt as if the door of some huge charnel house had been opened and we were breathing death. Now and again a dull distant rumble and thud of heavy thunder broke the silence. I seemed to grow cold with fear and waiting for—I scarce knew what—and then, suddenly, it happened.

"I know I was looking at the copper-colored edge that was fast creeping to the horizon ahead. There was a meaning shriek astern of us and—crash, it was on us! She keeled over on her beam ends. Weird noises seemed round us. A quick cry of warning—bang! and the topsails flew out of the bolt ropes. Thank God! she righted. Then under bare poles she flew like a frightened thing from the fury pursuing, flew at ten knots an hour under bare poles through a sea that looked like milk lashed white by the shrieking wind, the black darkness making it more ghastly.

The sky was rent in a thousand places by blinding flashes. Our ears were deafened with the constant cannonading of the heavy thunder. One and all felt the last hour was come. This must be Judgment Day ashore. The rain came down in an avalanche of water, and large blue balls of electricity seemed to hang like demon lanterns from each yard arm. The compass in the binnacle whirled in crazy circles. Where we headed I couldn't tell. All I know was that I hung to the spokes of the wheel while the Capt'n hung onto the lee side trying to keep her dead before it. I could imagine the air filled with shrieking devils—laughing at our helplessness.

"God, what a night! I had no sense of time, but it must have been four bells in the morning when I was relieved, and went below to fall asleep just as I was. I know I didn't have to dress when they called me two hours later to keep my watch on deck. And here's the wonderful part of it all. When I went on deck the sea which had been flattened by the weight of the wind during the night had risen (now the wind was abating) to a mountainous height. We wallowed in a huge green trough, then sidled up and up, balanced and tottered on the crest, dipped and slid down the other side of the watery hill. Heaven help us if we shipped the top of one of those heavy rollers aboard! And that's just what we did. The cook was making coffee in the galley for us when we heard 'Look out!' We all hung on and crash! it boarded us, smashed a huge raft of spare spars like matchwood, struck the galley on the starboard side, broke the chains that held it to the deck and over-board went galley, cook and all. I remember poor old Joe Le Craw's face looking out of the smashed starboard door as the galley went over the rail in a whirl of water—that pale, terrified, death drawn look, and not a soul could help him!

"As the galley struck the deep water it instantly filled and sank, leaving Joe struggling for his life. The ship, staggering under her load of water, rolled heavily

to starboard, emptying tons of water off her deck, and there was the cook's head seemingly half a mile away, a speck on the blank gray of sea. Another huge roll to port—so heavy she dipped her port rail under. The water rushed aboard in a sluice, and drawn in by the vortex came the cook. We grabbed him and held him half drowned till she had cleared herself of the weight of water, then managed to revive him.

"Joe Le Craw never swore from that day on as long as he lived—and he held the record for bad language before that time. We all saw his was a case of conversion by baptism, and if any of you fellers doubt this yarn go and find old Joe. He lives at —. What's that—eight bells already? Why, I've only just started talking. That's right—eight bells—relieve the watch. Say, don't forget that nip you promised me!"

WILFRID NORTH.

## THE PLAY WRITING MANIA.

**I** WONDER how many people are writing plays in this city alone? Play writing is as fascinating in its way as draw poker or cracking banks, or as some men seem to find running away with their neighbors' wives.

I always feel sorry for a man who is actually convicted of writing a play—unless there are extenuating circumstances. By extenuating circumstances, of course I mean previous success or pretty wide experience with theatrical requirements.

"It is, it is, a glorious thing to be a Pirate King," and so, too, it is to be a successful playwright; but I'd far rather be a cross roads wheelwright than a man who merely imagines himself to be the other. Farmers break their wheels and need new ones; but how many plays are needed compared with those which are written? Still, in this year of grace 1899, there is more demand for fresh, bright, up to date plays than ever before in theatrical annals.

Can you fill the bill, my embryo Shakespeare? Then go ahead and work from early morn till dewy eve, no matter how stuffy your garret or how baggy your trousers. Fame and fortune await you, and you will not have to roost in a hall-room forever!

W. B. CHISHOLM.

## THE OLD STAGE-DOOR.

**O** H, here's to the old stage-door  
That hangs on mere earthly sins,  
And leads to another and brighter world  
Where the best man always wins!

Where the dear girls never age,  
And the women still keep young,  
Where the heroine lets her back hair down  
When her heart's with anguish wrung!

Where Justice ever is meted—  
(The villain dies in his gore)  
And her conscience pricks and sticks, until  
The erring girl errs no more!

A health to the old stage door  
That leads to the "double life,"  
Where acts are words, and work is play,  
And you nightly marry your wife!

LOUISE CLOSSER.





HENRY MILLER,  
As Sydney Carton in "The Only Way."

"It is a far, far better thing I do than I  
have ever done. It is a far, far better  
rest I go to than I have ever known."



AS THE READER PLEASES.



**T**O MAKE the intimate acquaintance of a country there is no better way than meeting it face to face, and counting your pilgrimage step by step. Like everything else, this way of touring, notwithstanding its many advantages, has occasional drawbacks. One of them is that the traveler will, now and then, become suddenly foot-sore, finding himself quite unable to go another mile, scarcely another rod, indeed; and, in spite of all precautions and all reasonable forecast, this often happens when there is nothing in the way of an inn anywhere in sight. It was while making a walking tour through Yorkshire that an experience of this kind befell the traveler who tells the following story:

It was late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in Spring. The inn where I had expected to pass the night was still five or six miles ahead, and the sun was dropping behind a low ridge of hills far to the west. As the twilight was long at that season, I should have had ample time and light for finishing my walk, had I not fallen lame. As it was, I had no choice but to look about me for such accommodation as I might hope to find at the nearest farmhouse, or at some cottager's by the way. But, as unlucky chance would have it, when I sent a searching gaze over the landscape, there was neither farmhouse nor cottage to be seen in any direction. For hours past I had taken by-paths through fields, only coming out now and then on the highway, which was far from any railroad, and, at the particular point where I had now arrived, as lonely and wild-looking as if it were not surrounded on every side, at a few miles distance, by all the improvements of modern civilization. The only habitation that I could see, after scanning the horizon in every direction, was a fine, old-fashioned manor house, in the midst of park-like grounds. A short avenue of trees led up invitingly to the front of the house, but an indescribable atmosphere of neglect and loneliness hung over all. The place looked dead; the very trees looked melancholy and dejected; and, even if I could have brought myself to ask the hospitality of what had, evidently, been the home of some country magnate, it would have been useless, since the house was clearly uninhabited. Yet something must be done, and quickly. My lameness was growing upon me, and, now that I had yielded so far as to rest on the nearest hillock, I realized that I was intolerably weary and very hungry; so that, if the worst happened, I should have to pass the night where I was, and make my supper off the sandwiches in my knapsack, with an apple for dessert, and a nip of brandy from my flask by way of cordial. The night was not cold, though a lodging on the damp ground would be flat encouragement to certain twinges of rheumatism that I had, so far, sternly frowned away, and—

But at this moment I noticed a farmer's man coming toward me, his spade thrown over his shoulder, and his gait almost as weary and lame as my own. He must, I thought, have a home somewhere not far off, for he seemed a native of the place, and as he came nearer I rose quickly, stepped toward him, and bade him "good evening." He answered with a strong Yorkshire brogue, but happily I had heard enough of it in the past few days to make out his meaning; and to my inquiries as to where I could get a night's lodging, he waved his hand toward the manor house, with something to the effect that there was "good stabling over yon for man and beast."

"But that isn't an inn," I said, surprised; "it is a private dwelling-house."

Yes, it was that—at least, it used to be, but the master had left it years ago. It was now wholly in the hands of the housekeeper, a fine, decent woman, Mrs. Kerr by name; and, because of the lonesomeness and other things—she was glad enough of a lodger, and often took in tourists, for weeks at a time, and was pleased to have their company.

I was just about to protest that the house, judging from its appearance, could not be inhabited, when, looking more closely at it, I saw the blue reek of smoke rising from two chimneys, and a sudden lighting up of two or three rooms, that were as quickly darkened again by the drawing of heavy curtains. These signs of life gave me such instant cheer that I forgot my lameness for a brief while, and, thanking the man, I began walking quickly toward the mansion beyond the trees; my informant keeping pace with me until I neared the great oak door of the front entrance. There he bade me "good-night," and went toward a back entrance, from which I concluded that he was one of the men-servants belonging to the manor house; a surmise which turned out to be correct.

Three enormous stone steps led up to the door, and when I had mounted them I looked about for a bell-pull, but there was nothing of the sort; and I soon found everything about the house to be old-fashioned to a degree that would have charmed an antiquarian. In the gathering dusk it was some seconds before I found the knocker, which was of heavy brass and in the form of a hideous devil's head—such as is sometimes seen on the doors of cathedrals—and when I had found it the ugliness of it gave me a nervous shock that I resented. So, by way of steadying myself, I caught hold of it savagely and gave several resounding knocks on the heavy oak. The door was opened almost immediately, and when I saw the cheerful and brilliant hall within I had scarce courage enough to make known my errand to the good-looking, neat housemaid who stood waiting for me to speak. I did manage to stammer out something, however, to the effect of being belated and too lame to go on to the next inn—and having got so far, I was immediately invited to come in, and led directly to a small dining-room (not the family dining-hall, however, as I learned afterward). I was glad enough to make myself at home, as I was invited to do; and in a short time a plain but excellent supper was placed before me.

Finally, just as I was beginning to nod, after a meal to which I had done ample justice, the housekeeper came in, and welcomed me as if I had been an expected guest, instead of a weary traveler, who would have been both hungry and houseless but for her kindness. I had begun to express my thanks, somewhat after that way of thinking, when Mrs. Kerr interrupted me.

"It's the master's orders, sir," she said; "and though this house is, in a manner, mine during the master's absence, I would no more forget his wishes than if he were here bodily before me. Not but what I'm very glad, sir, to welcome you, or any gentleman or lady that comes here—it's drear lonesome and forsaken, this house, at all times, but in the evenings it is cruel quiet and lonely for women folk who live here year in and year out."

I saw that Mrs. Kerr would gladly give me the history of all her days if I was willing to listen. But she was not lacking in tact, and as my plight was evident enough, besides all I had said in explanation of being there, she quickly added: "But I see you are dead tired, sir, and your bed would be more welcome than an old woman's gossip. I'll send the maid to show you to your room."

As I afterward learned, it was one of the finest sleeping rooms in the house to which the maid conducted me; and as she lighted the branching silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece, stirred the glowing fire till it flashed out with renewed brilliancy and carefully drew together the heavy curtains of rich brocade, I could not but wonder why a passing wayfarer should be so favored. But I was far too comfortable to waste time in thinking of my good luck or questioning myself as to the cause of it. This was, without doubt, genuine English hospitality; and in the absence of the

Lord of the Manor I was willing enough to enjoy all that his good housekeeper provided.

As I reclined in a deep arm-chair before the fire my mind lazily absorbed the rich, old-fashioned comfort of the room—the finely carved oaken wainscoting, the heavy antique chairs and tables, the few fine oil paintings on the walls, the magnificent broad four-poster bed, from which the satia coverlet and snowy sheets had been turned down, and which now stood, as the maid had said, "open and waiting for me;" and the thick carpet into which the foot sank as if it had been a bed of moss. Already I was so drowsy that I almost dozed in my chair, and, fearing to fall asleep before I could test the merit of the four-poster, I roused myself and hastily prepared for bed. Having extinguished all the candles, I placed myself between the cool sheets, settled my head comfortably on the pillow, and lay looking at the glowing fire, enjoying in every fibre of my being the delicious sense of repose that such good fortune brings to weary brain and tired muscles.

Under these circumstances I ought to have gone to sleep immediately, but I did not do so; as I have heard happy children say, "I was too comfortable to sleep." Like these same happy children I knew that such a state of comfort would presently produce the desired effect; and in a few moments, though my eyes were still watching the flickering firelight and the occasional dropping of red embers and gray ashes, I knew that I was already hovering on the fascinating border of dreamland.

Suddenly a large piece of coal that had been blazing brightly exploded with a sound as sudden and sharp as a pistol shot, and as I started wide awake, I saw the pieces fall apart while the flame leaped up with renewed brilliancy. At the same instant a draught of cold air rushed through the room. It was more than chilly, as a sudden entrance of our-door air, even on a mild night, might have been, coming into a warm room; this draught was of such piercing cold that I shivered even under heavy blankets, and my teeth chattered as if I had been exposed to the bitterest Winter blast.

"How strange!" I exclaimed. "Surely the weather must have changed, and a



EILEEN MORETTA.

storm has sprung up. I am more than lucky to have found a shelter. Had I slept outdoors my rheumatic twinges would have borne a heavy crop of aches and pains before morning. Ugh, how cold it is! That girl must have left a window open behind these curtains. I wonder which window it is?"

Now I have long had the habit of speaking aloud to myself; perhaps because I spend so much of my time in my own sole company—and experience has convinced me that I have at least one good listener to my conversation. I can also distinctly remember the sound of my own voice as I spoke the above words, a little impatient at the last, for I felt that I ought to rise and close the window. First I looked at the window on the side of the room nearly opposite, and, seeing not the faintest movement of the curtain, I decided that the draught must come from the other side of the room, and as I could see all the windows by slightly moving my head, my glance traveled lazily toward the further side, taking in the large arm-chair in which I had been seated, and which I had pushed back hurriedly when I rose. There my glance paused with an indescribable shock of astonishment and terror. My heart gave a thump as if it knocked against my ribs; then for a moment it seemed to stand still; and the instant after its wild beating seemed to throb in my ears.

A figure was seated in the arm-chair—a slender, feminine figure evidently, for the long, heavy skirt of her gown reached to the floor and flowed in graceful folds along the carpet, and the firelight falling on it showed it to be rich, lustrous, ruby velvet. She was leaning back, her head resting against the chair, and the dark background made a vivid contrast for her golden hair, which was caught up in a shining mass of tumbled curls, and held in place by some glittering ornament stuck through it. I could not see her face, but I saw that her hands were clasped lightly in front of her and a pair of exquisitely dainty little feet, in black satin slippers, just peeped from beneath the folds of her gown, as if inviting the warmth of the glowing fire.

My first feeling of astonishment and terror rapidly gave way to alarmed embarrassment—for this was evidently a lady, not, as I had momentarily thought, the housemaid, who might possibly have returned, thinking me asleep, though I knew





DANIEL SULLY IN "THE VILLAGE PRIEST."

positively that I had locked the door and afterward drawn the bolt with which also it was provided. Who, then, was my mysterious visitor? What was she here for? Whence did she come and how had she entered? Was there, perhaps, some other entrance to the room behind the many curtains and portieres so carefully closed?

There were guests in the house, it would seem, although the housekeeper's words seemed to imply otherwise, and this lady had entered my room, supposing it to be unoccupied. I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable, and I racked my brain in vain for some way to make known my presence without frightening her. The chill that had set my teeth to chattering gave place to the uncomfortable heat of confusion, and I was just about to hazard a faint, premonitory cough, when my visitor forestalled me by giving utterance to a sigh—a deep, prolonged, heart-breaking sigh.

Never in my life before had I heard a sound of such woe. I was touched to the soul, tears sprang to my eyes. In the depth of my sympathy I forgot the mystery of her appearance or the danger of too suddenly making known my presence; and I had opened my lips to speak when the same rush of cold air that had startled me into wakefulness again came through the room, chilling me as before to the very marrow. At the same moment my visitor moved slightly and slowly turned her face fully toward me.

Nothing, I had thought, could add to the chill that was already freezing my blood, but when I saw this woman's face I felt my hair stir and rise, while thrills of horror, pricking like the shock of electricity, ran through every nerve in my body. Yet it was the loveliest face I had ever looked on; pale and shadowy but not deathly. There was even a faint crimson on the perfect lips, a faint pink on the fair, round cheeks, and the eyes burned with deep, undying light.

But the beautiful face was not of this earth, and the light in the wide-open eyes was not of this world. I knew in that brief moment that the being before me was not of flesh and blood. I was no longer afraid, even if I had been so at first, and it seems now impossible that I could ever have feared her. The rush of cold air was gone, the chill that had seemed freezing out my life had passed away, and my gaze was still fixed upon her. It was but a moment, and I was still gazing at her, and then she was gone—and everything in the room had vanished with her. I was no longer aware of my own being, consciousness became a series of moving pictures, a panorama of which each picture was the chapter of a story, and as I watched the movement I heard as well as saw all that happened.

There were green fields, bright as emerald and smooth as velvet, and the hedges dividing them were all one shower of pink and white hawthorn blossoms. There were clumps of trees, heavy with foliage, and here and there great bushes, tall as trees, of white and pink thorn, laden with the bloom of May, hanging from every branch. Presently a lovely girl came flying down the glade between the trees, and as she ran she paused suddenly and looked toward the east. The sky was all crimson with the coming day, the birds were singing, the wind of morning was blowing aside the light and feathery clouds, through which the rising sun was blushing furiously, and all the air was sweet with the breath of flowers. The girl laughed aloud, and crying out to some one yet unseen she called: "Not too late! Not too late!" Then flinging herself under the largest thorn tree, she dipped her face in the leuc grass that sparkled with dew, wound her hands in it till they dripped with moisture, and, raising them to her face, rubbed her cheeks and brow vigorously. Having finished these mystic rites she rose, laughing again till the birds answered the joyous sound, mistaking it for some other bird carolling to its mate.

"I told you I should be in time," she exclaimed, to a tall lad who had followed after her; "and now, Allan, I am safe from sunburn or freckles for the rest of the year."

"Darling Nell!" exclaimed the lad, "on your sweet face even freckles would be beautiful," and, stooping to pick up her hat, which had fallen off in her flight, he made pretense of tying it on again, that he might kiss her while doing so. She snatched it off and held it as a shield before her face, pouting and scolding in a voice made sweeter by playful anger.

"You saucy boy! It will be a whole year before you come again to hunt May-dew with me. And even then, perhaps, I won't allow it. You are too old already to steal kisses without leave."

"Let me return them, Nell, and then I will ask leave to have them back again." As he stooped over her, suiting the action to his words, there was presently a merry tussle between them, and all her cloud of yellow hair came tumbling about her shoulders. She shook it back, and twisting it into a knot on the top of her head, she turned her face full toward me. With a thrill of recognition I knew her again; though now it was a young girl's face, gay and happy as a child's, and there was no glittering ornament to pin back her tumbled curls.

When next I saw her and the lad they were sitting in a boat together, idly drifting down a broad river that flowed between rows of pollard willows. She was no longer gay and happy, and his face was dark and stern. It seemed as if there must have been some sad and painful silence between them—a silence which the young man would not break and which the girl either could not or dared not change into sound that might be even worse than silence. She moved toward him, and, putting out her hand with a timid gesture, placed it on his. As he trembled, a faint sob broke from her quivering lips and a sudden shower of tears bathed her face, sparkling on its flower-like beauty as the May-dew had sparkled on it.

"Nell, oh, Nell!" he said, as his arm went about her slight figure and drew it close to him. "You do love me, then. You do love me? Say yes! Swear to wait for me, and nothing can part us except for a time—a few years, dear, that will be as days only when I know that you will be all my own at the end of them."

"You know that I love you, Allan. I have loved you always. But I fear him so. He is my guardian. He controls my very thoughts, sometimes. And then, my father wished me to marry him. He thought him the best man in the world—and he is good sometimes. Oh, you don't know how good and kind he is to me—except when you come home."

"Home?" interrupted the young man, bitterly. "He has made it home for me! But I am of age to-day, and my own master. To think that that man was appointed my guardian, too! He must be the devil, to have wound himself so into the confidence of two such men as your father and mine. But it is over to-day, and there will be a stern accounting between him and me. Listen, Nell, if you will come with me, in a few hours you can be my wife, and no man in the world, guardian or otherwise, can take you from me!"

"Impossible!" said the girl in a terrified whisper. "I am not brave like you, Allan. I think he has frightened away all the courage I used to have. At the very sight of him my spirit seems to die within me. Besides, it would be useless. Till I am of age he has the same power over me as my own father could have had. Such a marriage as you suggest could not be binding. He has told me so again and again; and he would find me and bring me back if I should go to the end of the earth—Oh!"

She uttered a quick exclamation as of sudden pain or terror, and snatching away her hand, that was close clasped within her lover's, she moved away from him to the further side of the boat.

The young man looked at her, amazed; then, following the direction of her gaze, his own rested on the figure of a man leaning against a tree near a bend of the river some two or three hundred yards further on. The eager, almost hopeful, expression on the youth's face, notwithstanding his sweetheart's discouraging words, instantly gave place to one of mingled gloom and rage.

"He is there!" he muttered. "He dogs me as my shadow—watches me as if I were a criminal. How he looks at you, Nell—and how you look at him! God of Heaven, can it be that you love him after all, perhaps without knowing your own heart?"

"I hate him! I loathe him, Allan!—but oh! I do fear him, too! Dear Allan, have pity. Don't anger him against me—only be patient—be patient."



J. E. TOOLE.





PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE MISSOURI GIRL COMPANY.

The boy, for he was little more, answered by a look of exquisite trust and affection.

"Forgive me, dear!" he whispered. "Give me one word of hope—I will never doubt you again. But give me your promise. Put it in words."

"I shall love you forever, Allan—forever! In this world and the next, and never till your own words bid me shall I be the wife of any other man. In two years come and claim me, Allan, and though I am not always brave he shall find I have some courage left—enough to suffer in silence."

He would have taken her hand again, but she shook her head in such decided negative that he turned away from her. The boat drifted onward, slowly, almost invisibly, and it was only when it turned in toward the river bank that I realized its movement. Then I looked away from them and in the moment during which my glance rested on the stranger his face became imprinted on my memory, as lightning sometimes burns an image on the object it strikes.

I never forgot that face. I see it now, often, as if a picture of it flashed out of the air before me. It was dark as a Spaniard's; handsome, cruel, fascinating, with gloomy eyes and smiling lips. A face to terrify, to entreat, to win. As the owner of it stepped forward to the water's edge and bent toward the boat, the whole picture was gone—river, landscape, boat, everything—and once more I was inclosed within the four walls of the room, resting in the comfortable bed, and gazing at the figure of the lady who still sat in the arm-chair between me and the glowing fire.

She was not quite the same as when I had first looked at her. She was not alone, and I recognized immediately the youth who was kneeling at her feet. It was Allan, whom I had already seen twice; but never as he looked now, for his face was pale and drawn with anguish; and when presently he raised it I knew that I had never seen such despair as then looked out from his eyes into hers.

"And you believed that I could forget you, Nell—you believed that I could write such words and to you."

He smoothed out a fragment of paper that he had crushed in his hand, and while he looked at it the fire of his glance seemed to consume the written words, as he read the message in a low, clear tone: "We were children, Nell, and I give back your promise and take back my own. I know my own heart better now, for I have met the woman whom I really love. After all, dear, our guardian knew what was best for both of us. His advice has proved itself so good in directing my life that I cannot do better than beg you will accept it now in everything. Always with affection and brotherly regard, yours.—ALLAN."

"Oh," he exclaimed with a sigh that was a moan of anguish, "The very wording of the letter should have betrayed the forgery! When did I ever speak or write in such measured phrases? Ah, Nell, if you had studied each line, each word in my letters as I have studied yours, even this clever forgery had not deceived you."

"Yes—yes—I see it all now, dear Allan. At the time I think I was half mad. You don't know all. I had been kept a prisoner in my room, with just food enough to hold off death, and my heart and soul sickened, my brain weakened—pity me, dear! When that letter was put into my hands I had lost the power to reason. I accepted what it seemed to say. I even felt a weak sort of pleasure in obeying it, and I married this man thinking it was what you wished me to do. I always kept the paper; at first because I thought it came from you—and afterward—"

She passed her hand wearily across her brow as if to clear her thoughts. Then taking the slip of paper she folded it carefully and replaced it within the corsage of her gown.

"It must never leave me, Allan. It is my sole excuse to my own heart, which upbraids me so bitterly—far more bitterly than words of yours can do. When I began to grow stronger, Allan, I began to doubt this paper. I examined the writing more carefully. I thought over the conventional, studied words, and I saw that it was a forgery. I accused him of it, and he did not take the trouble to deny it. He laughed and tried to clasp me in his arms, but I drove this into his breast."

"The wound did not kill him," she added, passing her fingers caressingly over the gleaming steel of the dagger which she had drawn from her hair, "but it saved me from his hated caresses. I have worn it ever since. I shall wear it always till I die; and after, if it saves me from him."

She replaced it among the glittering mass of golden hair and her slender white hands fell softly on the young man's head.

"But Heaven is good to me, Allan," she said with a piteous smile. "It has given me the one wish of my soul—to see you once more that I might tell you how and why I had been made to seem unfaithful to you. And now, dear, you must leave me. If he should return he would kill you, and not kill me. That would be more than I could bear—oh, Allan! But I will not reproach you, dear; you have the right." The young lover had suddenly caught her in his arms, and was kissing her lips, her brow, her eyes. "It is for the last time. Good-bye, forever, in this world. Go now, before it is too late!"

"It is too late!" said a terrible voice, and the man with the dark, Spanish face stood beside them.

The girl uttered a shrill cry of fear. The young man still kept his arms about her, but turned with a glance of defiance toward the newcomer. And then the tragedy was over before I could think whether this was real or a dream, though I struggled vainly to cry out.

The husband had snatched the dagger and buried it in the young man's heart. Then dragging the stiffening arms from the girl's unconscious form he carried the dead youth away, and the scene was gone. Once more the walls that had inclosed the room had vanished and I was following the murderer and his victim through the park, along a country lane, through a thickly wooded copse, till he paused at last beside the fallen trunk of a hollow tree. A giant oak it must have been when in its prime, for the gaping hole in its side was more than large enough to serve for the murdered lad's tomb. In that the murderer hastily buried him. He was still covering up the woody grave with piles of branches and fallen leaves when the painful picture faded from my sight, and I seemed to drop at last into a dreamless, restful and delicious sleep.

When I awoke the morning was well advanced, the fire had burned out to gray ashes, but the sun streaming through the rich curtains added its glow to the warmth yet remaining. It was an effort to persuade myself to rise; once more to resume my pilgrimage through the land. As I glanced lazily about, my gaze fell upon the large easy-chair, and with a thrill of mixed and indescribable feelings I remembered the visions of the night, and jumping lightly from the bed began to dress myself. I was in haste, for a strange terror overcame me now, in full daylight, though I had not been aware of any such feeling while the mystery had unfolded itself before me.

"Pooh! It was all a dream!" I said reassuringly, and speaking the words aloud, as was my custom when alone. But the sound of my voice was strange; and I was very glad when the housemaid rapped smartly on the door, informing me in a clear, pleasant voice that my shaving water was waiting for me at the threshold. I dressed rapidly and hastened down to the dining-room where I had taken dinner the evening





ZENAIDE WILLIAMS.

before, and I was glad enough to be met there by Mrs. Kerr, the cheerful and hospitable housekeeper.

"Come now," she said with a half laugh, after we had exchanged morning greetings, "you look none the worse for your night's rest—which I hope it really was rest, sir—though the maid showed you into a room we seldom give to guests nowadays."

"The room was magnificent, madam," I answered with enthusiasm, "and the bed by far the most comfortable I have ever known. Such luck rarely falls to a poor traveler; and I should be worse than ungrateful did I fail to appreciate my good fortune."

"Ah—that's as it should be; but all occupants of that room are not so well impressed by it. The last who slept there alarmed the whole house by shrieks of terror just as we were falling asleep."

"Dreams—dreams!" I answered with a smile, for I had suddenly determined to say nothing of my own experience. With what adroitness I could I led my kind hostess into talk of her master and his affairs; and as she was as willing to talk as I was to listen I was soon in possession of facts that added to the strangeness of my experience. I congratulated myself that I had not heard them before retiring to my room on the previous night.

"The young mistress was a lovely girl," concluded Mrs. Kerr, "and her sudden death nearly killed Sir Alfred. After the funeral he shut himself up in that room, had his meals served there, saw no one, spoke to no one, except to the picture of Miss Nell—or Lady Navarro, as she was then—which the master had painted during their honeymoon. But suddenly, one day, he carried the picture to the gallery at the other side of the house, and informed me that he was going away to travel, because the associations of the house were too sad and his grief too maddening to be borne. I thought it was a wise decision he had come to, and I said all that I could to encourage him in carrying it out. That is fifteen years ago, sir, and I have never seen Sir Alfred Navarro since that day. I hear from him twice every year, and it is by his order that all wayfarers are received in this house and treated as honored guests for as long as they care to remain."

"Truly a most gracious gentleman, madam, and one whom I shall always think of as the type of English hospitality—though the name of Navarro has a foreign sound to my American ear."

"Yes, the master is of Spanish descent, as I have heard say. But his people have been English for this hundred years and more, and the fathers of the two young people to whom he was left guardian were of old English stock since the days of good King Harold, the Saxon."

Here I interrupted Mrs. Kerr, for I feared she was going to give me a genealogy reaching back to the Norman conquest. As the day was getting on toward noon, I was anxious to resume my travels while I had the chance of fine weather and bright sunshine.

"And I'm sorry to have you go, sir," she said, "but I do hope if you should ever be in this neighborhood again you will remember how glad I am at all times to fulfill the master's orders."

I thanked her warmly, adding that her goodness emboldened me to ask just one favor—the privilege of looking at the portrait of her young mistress to which she had referred.

"Truly, yes," she said, "for Sir Alfred gave no orders against it." She had never yet shown it to any one out of the family. "But the master was really an artist," she continued, "a fine one; and so far as I am capable of judging, the portrait is a

wonder, and next thing to seeing Miss Nell herself when she was alive and beautiful as a June rose."

Mrs. Kerr selected a large key from the bunch at her girdle, and led the way, while I followed her, toward the picture gallery, my heart thumping almost audibly as I approached what was to be to me a strange confirmation of the truth of what I had seen. Shall I say in my dreams? No, for I know now as well as I knew then that I had not been asleep during that strange and inexplicable experience.

It was she, the lady in the ruby velvet, just as I had seen her, but more a living reality, and though sad beyond all painting, it was the face of one who had not yet passed beyond the veil of mystery that separates this world from another.

"How beautiful—how sad!" I said. "And what a strange ornament that is she wears in her glorious hair."

"Yes, strange indeed, sir! But she wore it even on the morning of her wedding-day, and fastened the veil with it. Sir Alfred was very angry and bade her put it off, but she could be self-willed at times; and I heard her telling him sharply he must take the dagger with herself or go without either. That decided the matter. He worshiped her, and if she had been closed in with daggers I do think he would have ventured against them to hold her in his arms."

"And yet, to look at her, one would not think she could have fancied such an ornament."

"No, sir. She was as sweet and gentle as she looks, but the dagger had been given to her by Mr. Allan Emmory, a far-off cousin, as I've heard, with whom she had been brought up as a child. Servants will talk, as you know, sir, and though I was not here in those days, I have heard it whispered that the young people loved each other, and were to have been married when they came of age. But that may have been all idle talk. This I do know, however; the young mistress fell ill and was like to go distraught when news came of Mr. Allan's marriage with a beautiful foreign lady. It was about then that I came here as housekeeper, and no one was allowed to see the young lady, except myself and Sir Alfred. Suddenly their marriage was announced. The ceremony was quite private; here, in the great drawing-room, with only the clergyman, a few of the old family servants, and myself, for witnesses. Dear, dear me! But the world is parceled out strangely, sir. The bride so young, so beautiful, with everything to make her happy; and yet before the first six months they had separated. Sir Alfred went abroad for months at a time, leaving me in charge of his lady, who was, perhaps, insane, as people said, but the gentlest creature. She seldom spoke to any one, but wandered about the house and grounds, and seemed always to be waiting, waiting, as if expecting some one. One night Sir Alfred returned in the sudden way he had and found her lying dead in the great easy-chair in the room where you slept last night, sir."

Mrs. Kerr gave me a rather searching look as she concluded, but I had quite determined now to say nothing of the past night's experience. Her story had been too strangely corroborative, and I felt perplexed and excited as I listened to it. I thanked her, however, and feeling entirely recovered from my fatigue I was in haste to be once more on my travels.

The good lady had given me directions for a short cut through the manor house grounds that would bring me out on the high road nearly a mile ahead, and having already lost more time than I could spare I was hastening on at my best pace when I became aware of a sense of familiarity in my surroundings. I stopped short and looked about me, and there, to my right, not ten feet away, lay the fallen tree, much more decayed than I had seen it, but still covered with the rotting branches and leaves with which I had seen the murderer covering up the grave of his victim.

A cold chill of horror came over me, but I instantly determined to examine the hollow tree, convinced that I should there find the moldering remains of the lovely lady's ill-fated sweetheart. I flung down my traveling-bag, and with the strength of excitement had soon cleared away the covering of the opening that now gaped, larger than ever, in the hollow tree. It was empty, utterly empty, though I searched with care. Not a fragment of clothing, not a tell-tale vestige of humanity. Though I was grateful and even joyous, I was also aware of a certain feeling of disappointment; due, of course, to the fact that imagination had become reality for the moment, so sure had I been of finding the evidence of a foul crime.

"Pooh!" I murmured. "Nothing but a singular dream after all." And I was still turning up the dust of the moldered wood when my hand struck against something hard, and in a moment I was holding up between my eyes and the sunlight a long, slender dagger, in the golden handle of which glittered one large, glowing ruby. "The dagger!" I exclaimed. "Her dagger. The dagger that murdered Allan Emmory!"

My knees gave way, and I sank in a heap on the fallen tree, my gaze still glued to the terrible fact that now confronted me—for surely a dagger, on whose blade still showed the rusty brown of blood that cried for vengeance, was an unmistakable fact.

"What shall I do with it?" I asked of myself. "Who will accept my visions of last night as proof that a crime has been committed here? I shall be laughed at as a madman. And where is the murderer? He has been abroad for fifteen years, Mrs. Kerr told me. Where have I any material proof that a murder has been committed? Not even the bones of the victim—for doubtless Sir Alfred removed the body of the poor lad to some safer burial place before he left his home; and I have nothing but this toy and the baseless fabric of a vision on which to base an accusation of the gravest character. Such stuff as dreams are made on—no more. Even my one fact could be so easily explained away. Lady Navarro wore the dagger, and may easily have lost it here. Or, as the vagary of an unsound mind, she may even have hidden it here and covered up the place just as I found it. It gives every evidence of having lain here for years. However, findings are keepings, all the world over, and I shall carry off the dagger, whatever comes of it."

As I spoke the words a numbness took possession of my hand and arm, the fingers loosed their hold and the dagger dropped to the ground. I stooped to pick it up again, but my hand and arm stiffened as if paralyzed, and I started up in the greatest alarm. I rubbed my hand and arm, and shook myself; walking rapidly to and fro, so startled that for some minutes I forgot everything else in the overwhelming anxiety for myself.

"What has happened to me? What is the matter?" I said aloud. But my voice sounded as usual, and already the numbness had departed. I was again in a quite normal condition; and presently I laughed aloud at the idea of having such a singular attack of nerves. Then I returned to the fallen tree and stooped once more to pick up the dagger. Again my hand and arm were stiffened, and though the sensation passed off as before, when I walked away from the place, the instant I returned and stooped to raise the dagger I again lost the sense of touch and my muscles refused to obey me.

"This is witchcraft!" I exclaimed angrily. "Confound it! I will have this pretty toy! If it belongs to any one it is to me—I found it!"

Again and again I made the effort to pick up the fair Nell's curious hair ornament, but I was obliged to yield at last. A stronger will than mine was at work here, and I gave up the contest. I snatched my traveling-bag, and without even looking again toward the fallen oak I hastened away and was soon in sight of the highway. It was a beautiful road, as are all the highways of that part of the coun-





try. As I observed a horseman coming toward me, I determined to inquire as to the nearest railway station, for I had counted on reaching a certain town before nightfall. I glanced at the sun and reckoned quickly that I should have to do part of the journey by rail, since I had used up so much of the day already.

The horseman was approaching at such a gentle pace that I might address him as easily as if he had been on foot. I paused, waiting for him to come within easy reach of my voice. But I never spoke to that man. As I looked up into his face I reeled backward, and it was with some difficulty that I regained my equilibrium. At the same moment the horseman touched his horse with the spur and galloped rapidly ahead. I looked after him till he was lost to sight. He turned into the avenue leading up to the manor house; and I knew that I had met Sir Alfred Navarro on his return from foreign lands. I did not question my recognition of him, for I knew that I could not have been mistaken. I had seen that face twice before and it was seared into my memory.

I reached the town I had in mind about nightfall. I found a good inn there; and, later, I was glad to remember that I had registered with some care, and had spoken with quite a number of persons.

For about a week or ten days I continued my journey through that part of England; sometimes passing the night at an inn, sometimes making a journey of a few miles by rail, though I preferred foot-travel. During all that time I was perplexed, uneasy, and not at all sure if I was acting rightly according to law and conscience. I had met and recognized a man whom I believed to be a murderer. If I could not produce positive evidence against him I could at least point to some mysteriously suggestive circumstances.

At last I could stand it no longer. I made a hasty return journey, this time by rail entirely, to the nearest stopping place. I hastened to the manor house, where I found everything changed indeed from what it had seemed on the evening when I first saw it. The house was literally "out-of-window," and carpenters, paper-hangers, decorators, were all about in such numbers that it was evident the whole place would soon be made over new. On inquiring for Mrs. Kerr I was shown into her sitting-room by the same servant who had admitted me on my first visit; and I was received by the housekeeper as if I had been an old friend. The good woman was evidently bursting with the desire to talk, and had been suffering from repression. Feeling sure of an interested listener, she began almost where she had left off.

"And to think this should be the end of it, sir! But I am glad to see you once again. It was scarce an hour after you had left us when Sir Alfred returned—pale and heartbroken as when he had gone away. When I saw him I felt that death was in his face. But oh, sir! I didn't look for it to come so quick or in that awful way. Before the night was over Sir Alfred lay in his bed—the very same you slept in—dead! And the Lady Nell's dagger piercing his heart."

"Dead—murdered! How terrible!"

"Dead, surely, sir, and murdered, perhaps, but by his own hand. Who was there in this house to take the life of a good, kind master? The inquest brought it in suicide—though there were some who said no man could strike himself a blow in that way. There's always people to say anything; and suicide it must have been, of course, for who else could have had the dagger belonging to the young mistress? That same dagger which had never been seen since the night of her death? But this is a gruesome story, sir, and I ask your pardon for telling you about it. You are quite pale and nervous like."

I don't doubt that I looked so, but I protested against it. Indeed, I insisted on hearing all particulars, and even expressed a wish to look on the fateful instrument, but Mrs. Kerr held up her hands in horror.

"Oh, never ask to see it, sir! I do think that dagger possesses a demoniac

power, and when I remember how Sir Alfred hated it I think it must be true. Something told him it was fated to take his life. After the inquest was over the dagger was left in my charge, and that same night it disappeared. Though the whole house has been turned upside down and inside out never has it been seen again. Oh, I shall not be sorry to leave this house, sir! I never was a stable hand, but I could tell you things!" Mrs. Kerr shuddered, and quickly changed the subject.

"The heir-at-law is now in possession, sir; and, as you see, the house is being quite made over. He's a rich young man, just married, and they are having their joy of their honeymoon, and as they bring everything new with them the old servants are to leave. I hope they may never hear any of the things that have grown up about the place in the last fifteen years."

As she ceased speaking the housekeeper rang sharply and ordered lunch in the same small dining-room in which I had first met her. As few things interfere with an Englishwoman's appetite, she seemed to enjoy her lunch despite of everything. She even rallied me a little that I failed to do justice to the good things of the table.

When I left I took the short cut through the grounds once more, and I went straight to the fallen tree and looked among the sodden leaves of last year for the dagger that had dropped from my numbed and stiffened fingers. There it lay, as I had last seen it! Not quite, however. The blood stains were fresh now on blade and hilt, for since I saw it first it had struck to the heart of Sir Alfred Navarro.

But whose hand had dealt the blow? Whose hand had brought it where it now lay? Once more I stooped and put forth my hand for it, and no opposing will stopped me. I seized the dagger, though I knew the possession of it might bring me trouble—might even lead to an accusation of murder against me. I reflected on all that, and took the chance. The dagger is mine still. I look at it occasionally—my one material fact—and when I look at it I know that the rest is no more a dream than is this blood-stained blade a dream. Only I offer no explanation, and if any one can explain to me I will listen and be glad to learn.

ELIZABETH C. WINTER

#### A THOUGHT.

PERHAPS outside the bounds of life's brief space,  
In shades 'twixt night and never ending day,  
Where fleeting souls may pause in wonderment  
And give the strange expanse a timid, first survey;  
Who knows but we may meet in that vague land?  
That I may wait for you—or you for me,  
That death will join what life has torn in twain  
And give you back for all eternity?  
Life is but brief, love never dies;  
So soul to soul we'll mate, then bide the time;  
When free from earth's restraint and all its laws,  
Forever you'll be mine.

WILLIS GRANGER.

#### THE LITERAL TRUTH.

LOCAL MANAGER: "And during the performance of your 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' you introduce specialties between the acts?"

ADVANCE AGENT: "No; we introduce the acts between the specialties."

#### A MARINE ITEM.

SMITH: "That Italian Opera Company is in deep water again."

McCONNICK: "Then their diva will be able to make herself useful."



JULIA ARTHUR



## A SUBTERRANEAN ADVENTURE IN NEVADA.



THE vicissitudes of an actor's career have been made the subject of many an able and brilliant pen, and many an interesting story has been woven out of the fortunes and misfortunes of the people of the stage, some of them founded on fact, while others bear upon their face the stamp of fiction; but the story I am about to relate rests on an actual occurrence, and though at times I am tempted to question its reality, memory insists upon its truth and my skepticism disappears like mist before the chariot of Apollo.

As they read it the incredulous members of my profession will doubtless make covert allusions to poppy and mandragora, and others yet may credit me with an excess of imagination, but all such accusations I most vigorously repudiate; and if it becomes necessary I can call on several friends to verify the authenticity of my statements—at least as far as they are concerned in them.

There are few old Californians who will not recollect the mining excitement that raged on the Pacific Coast a quarter of a century ago. That was the time I first visited San Francisco as a member of the Hooley Comedy company, and though the famous California Theatre had then as fine a collection of players as could be found between the two oceans, the Hooley company achieved a success at the Bush Street Theatre of which its members and manager were justly proud.

However, it was not until a piece called "The Big Bonanza" was produced that this success could be termed a pecuniary one, and as the play had for its principal character an old professor who had become smitten with the stock fever, it is needless to say that nightly the house was crowded with mining men, who were attracted by the title as much as by the admirable acting of my friend William H. Crane, who personated the professor in admirable style. This was Mr. Crane's first great hit, and though he has made many a hit since, I doubt if any of them has yielded him the pleasure that did the one he made at the little San Francisco theatre when we were all young, hopeful and ambitious. M. A. Kennedy was another of the big successes of the production, and though I had what is termed the leading role, the comedy element was so strong that I must frankly admit the two gentlemen mentioned carried off the principal honors.

During the run of the piece the members of the company became acquainted with a large number of mining men from all parts of California, Idaho and Nevada, and as they were hospitably inclined and staunch lovers of the drama, a friendship was developed between us that in some instances has lasted until to-day. Of course, during the season I had an opportunity to show my friends what I was capable of in the legitimate and standard plays, but I firmly believe that my associates, Kennedy and Crane, were nearer to their affections, for your mining man likes nothing better than a hearty laugh unless it be a new discovery among the mountains. I must not forget to say that dear old "Ned" Buckley was also a member of the company, and as "Ned" knew every prominent mining man and sport in the city it can be readily seen that we were right in the heart of the excitement.

At the time I write of San Francisco was one of the liveliest towns in the world. It was crowded with adventurers from all quarters of the globe, and its audiences and critics were as exacting as could be found anywhere, a peculiarity they are said to still retain. Yet how hospitable, how jolly and unconventional we all were at that time! What true Bohemians we were, and what flashes of wit used to illumine the Arion Symposium when all the bright fellows gathered there to discuss Harry Grimm's Budweiser and edibles, Shakespeare's plays, acting, music, mining, politics and kindred topics. There could be seen Harry Edwards and "Bob" Eberle hobnobbing with Barton Hill; George Barnes, the dramatic Solon of the *Morning Call*, teaching Peter Robertson, of the *Chronicle*, the hidden mysteries of theatrical censorship; and George Jessup and Alfred Balch, molders of theatrical opinion on purely commercial lines, watching with feverish expectancy Joseph Murphy, of "Kerry Gow" fame, as he ordered champagne and more substantial delicacies for the host of well-wishers by whom he was generally surrounded; and above the din of voices, the clink of glasses, the shouts of waiters and the clatter of knives and forks could be heard the honey-dew dialect of my friend, James Connor Roach, and the more persuasive and Doric tones of "Sconchin" Maloney, as they argued over the merits of the poets and politicians of their native land, occasionally substituting the Gaelic tongue for the less familiar and more difficult speech of the Sassenach. Ah! these were halcyon days, and as for the nights, they have no parallel now, for Bohemianism is a thing of the past, and the money changer sits upon the throne of the artist.

As the circle of our acquaintance widened we became intimate with an ever-increasing number of mining men, among them being some of the boldest speculators in the country; and acting on their advice, nearly every member of the Hooley company took a flyer in stocks and thereby laid the foundation of what became in some instances a snug little fortune. Michael Angelo Kennedy was one of the boldest of our party and was never happier than when on the Street or in the Exchange, bidding, buying and selling, until finally he became as well known to the "Board" as he was to the stage, and one week he was said to have cleared several thousands through a sudden jump in Eureka Consolidated. Among the friends I made were many from Virginia City, and they assured me that when the company visited their home we would receive a warm welcome, especially William H. Crane, who played the Professor so excellently, and who was so indifferent to money that he never cared whether he won or lost at stocks, an indifference, I believe, that has clung to him ever since.

Well, having played a long and quite a successful season in San Francisco, we made a tour of the State, doing a phenomenal business in Stockton, San Jose, Sacramento and various other towns, in which we played "Richard III," "Richelieu," "The Merchant of Venice," and several other standard pieces that I was desirous of appearing in when the company returned to San Francisco. If boasting were an honor I could say something to the young fellows of to-day who call themselves leading men for no other reason than that they have played a few shouting melodramatic parts; while here was I, little more than a boy, making a more or less successful struggle with the greatest characters ever created by mortal man; Thomas W. Keene, another gifted young actor, doing similar work at the California Theatre. I don't blame the young men of to-day, it is the system I blame. I know that they are all ambitious to appear in the classic drama, but I fear that while the combination system lasts we will have to be content with mediocrity on the stage, for no man can fully develop his powers by playing a few parts in turbulent, stunted, mouthy melodramas or in cheap and witless farces.

At length we arrived at Virginia City, then one of the most flourishing mining

camp in the country, if not in the world, and it was there the adventure befell me which is the main subject of this story. It is not my purpose to dwell on the geological phenomena of the place, nor do I mean to give a varied description of the sights and scenes that were to be witnessed there at all times during the day and night, but I will say that more appreciative audiences I rarely played to, and better-hearted fellows than some of these uncouth miners proved to be I never met in my life. "Ned" Buckley was on terms of intimacy with the majority of them, and he quickly introduced the principal members of our company to the leading spirits of the place, among whom were the heads of the great Bonanza firm of Flood and O'Brien. "Mike" Kennedy was for buying a mine at once on the installment plan, but wiser counsels prevailed, and at Mr. Buckley's solicitation he was prevailed upon to wait until he had played De Haas in "The Big Bonanza," when the probabilities would be that some enthusiastic mine owner would present him with a couple of mines that might enable him to set managers at defiance for the remainder of his career.

As the leading man of the company I became exceedingly popular, largely due to the fact that all the romantic and heroic roles fell to me, and on the nights we played a Shakespearean piece the crowd would overflow the theatre and the enthusiasm displayed was an evidence that the Bard had as honest admirers among these miners as he has among the more cultured circles of our largest cities. I do not wish to intimate that I carried off all the honors. The ladies of the company were most flatteringly received, and the *Virginia Chronicle* and *Enterprise* of that day bear witness to the merit of their performances, while Crane and Kennedy fairly divided the honors that were bestowed on their more than usually clever comic delineations.

Having given the pleasing side of the picture, I would not be a faithful chronicler did I fail to say something of the other side, for Virginia, like every other mining town, had its obverse side, and though I did not peruse it with any great zest I



JAMES O'NEILL AS D'ARTAGNAN.

could not close my eyes to the fact that while it contained a preponderance of generous, noble-hearted men, it had also within its borders a number of as hard cases as ever figured in a melodrama or a court of justice—some of them desperadoes from the neighboring Territories of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico; others from the South and Southwest; all gun fighters, and quick to pick a quarrel with anybody, with or without cause. Singular to relate, they developed an unusual affection for the actors of the Hooley company, going so far as to make an offer to teach M. Angelo Kennedy the mysteries of faro, and proposing to Mr. Crane that he learn how to pull and fire a pistol. To me they were more distant, and as I never played a game of any kind, much less faro, I fear I did not stand as well in their graces as did my companions, who, *bon vivants* as they were and are, made friends wherever they appeared, no matter what the social status of the people they encountered. It must not be inferred from this that I did not have a large circle of acquaintances among the mixed population of the city, among them being keen mining sharps; men of varied accomplishments, some of them Harvard bred, others from Oxford and Heidelberg, and still a few from dear old Trinity College, Dublin. Many a social glass did we have together, and when not compelled to go to my hotel after the performance to study some new part, it was my custom to meet them and talk over the scientific, literary and psychological subjects men of their calibre had made their special study.



Tiring of this, it was our custom to sally forth and take in the sights of the town, during which process I had many a strange adventure, the recollection of which has been many times since the source of a great deal of amusement.

However, one adventure that befell me was the reverse of pleasing, and when I think of it even now a chilly feeling creeps over me and I wonder whether the incidents connected with it were a reality or whether it was a practical joke played upon me by Kennedy, Crane and Buckley, assisted by a number of our mutual Virginia City friends.

At the time I write of nearly every man I met was the owner of a mine, or what purported to be one, and all that was needed to develop it into a paying property was a few thousand dollars, which would be expended in sinking the shaft further down, running a tunnel this way or that, or purchasing necessary machinery, without which work could not be prosecuted. For these few thousands an interest could be had in the property which in a very short time would make the investor rich beyond the dreams of avarice. A few of our party were caught by this or a somewhat similar device, but hitherto I fought shy of such ventures, determined not to put money in any mine that wasn't down at least a few hundred feet and that didn't give evidence of proving in time a safe and lucrative investment. Though cautious, I am by nature an optimist, therefore I was prepared to take some chances, but I was enough a man of the world to know that in dealing with mining men it behove me to keep my wits on the alert and not to accept any of their statements unless their accuracy could be demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt; for, as a rule, what they tell one is as little to be relied on as the statements contained in a circus poster or the applause lavished on an actor by his associates at a professional matinee.

Surprise may be expressed that I, a member of the dramatic profession, immersed in the unrealities of stage life, should be eager to embark in an enterprise so foreign to my normal duties; but it should be remembered that mining was in the air as well as in the ground at the time I am writing of. We had stocks for breakfast, dinner and supper, and there were none too poor and humble to take a shy at the market. The bonanza stocks were quoted just as regularly in Virginia City as in San Francisco, and though the excitement was never quite as high in the former as in the latter town, fortunes were often made and lost in a day. I remember our stage-manager, Harry Magnus Brown, making two thousand one day in Best and Belcher, while "Bill" Crane thought nothing of losing double that sum on some stock he had taken a special fancy to. These were the days when the actors of the Pacific Coast had an abundance of money, and it speaks well for their devotion to business to say that I never knew any of them to be neglectful of his duties, nor did the wine-god ever tempt them from the path their art demanded them to follow. Talk of big heads, that was the time actors should have had them; but, I rejoice to say, there was no evidence of their appearance in the Hooley company, for we all knew the vicissitudes of an artistic career, and as for money, its possession could never inflate us.

Having made up my mind to have a mine of my own, or at the least a controlling interest in one, I was continually on the watch for the man who had a "good thing," and who would let me in on the ground floor, so to speak. Finally I was introduced to him by "Ned" Buckley, and it is here the interest of my story really begins.

One night after the performance—the piece was "The Marble Heart," I playing *Raphael* and Buckley *Volage*—I sauntered into the billiard-room of the International Hotel, where I was almost immediately joined by "Ned," who introduced me to a friend of his, who claimed to be the owner of just such a mining property as I was in search of. After the introduction Buckley disappeared, excusing himself on the plea that he had to go home and study; and after a few minutes' desultory conversation my new-found friend came to business at once by remarking:

"Mr. O'Neill, I understand from Mr. Buckley that you are desirous of investing in a mining property that will bear the strictest investigation."

Assuring him that I was, he said: "Step this way and let's talk business;" and I accompanied him to the bar, where was gathered a motley array of miners, gamblers, men about town and the usual flotsam and jetsam of a big mining centre. After a couple of drinks—I taking seltzer water—my new acquaintance said:

"I have the biggest thing within twenty miles of the Comstock. It is undeveloped yet, but with a little careful manipulation it will make as great a sensation and more money than any of the Flood and O'Brien properties."

"Delighted to hear it," replied I. "That's just what I have been looking for since my arrival here," and scrutinizing him closely, I asked: "Where is it located?"

"About five miles from here. It's an abandoned mine. The former owners went down to a considerable depth, drove tunnels, sunk winzes and took out a quantity of moderately good rock, but later discoveries right here on the Comstock induced them to let go of it, and being old partners of mine they have turned it over to me to work on shares. All I need is enough money to go a little further down, when I expect to come upon the main body of ore, which I feel certain is a little south of the present shaft; put up a five stamp mill if possible, and in six months I and whoever goes in with me will have as much money as 'Jimmy' Fair or John Mackey."

This was delightful. How my blood tingled! To be as rich as two of the Bonanza kings in six months! It couldn't be possible. Visions of bliss floated before me as I thought of all the good I could accomplish with such wealth. How I would restore the legitimate to the stage. How I would encourage and reward youthful talent, and the happiness I would experience in assisting my less fortunate fellow-players, for, like the majority of my professional brethren, I care nothing for money, but I do care for the good that can be achieved by those who possess and rightly use it.

"What sum will be required to accomplish the work mentioned?" asked I.

"About five thousand dollars," was the answer.

"Phew! that's an awful lot of money!" remarked I; "an awful lot of money! Mines come high, don't they? Why, man alive, I could start a dozen dramatic companies on the road with that amount." And looking at him quizzically I awaited results. I did not have long to wait.

"Hell," said he. "You don't need money to send dramatic companies on the road. I always understood that was done on wind; but to take silver and gold out of the ground requires capital, and if you ain't got it there's no use in talking any longer. I wonder what kind of a game 'Buck' gave me? Say, where can I find 'Mike' Kennedy? I guess he's my meat." And if I hadn't restrained him I am confident he would have left me then and there.

"Hold up," said I, "hold up; not so hasty. It's news to me that Mr. Kennedy is anybody's meat. I'd like to look the mine over before making any promises. You can't expect me to go into such an enterprise without making an examination of the property. I'll go over to the mine with you to-morrow, and if the prospects are anything like what you say they are I may be induced to go into the scheme. By the way, have you made any new discoveries?"

"Have I? Why, man, I ran a drift from the south tunnel and I came up against a wall of solid silver. If I didn't need a little ready money for new hoisting machinery, an engine, a stamp mill, etc., I wouldn't let a soul into the business; no, not 'Ned' Buckley himself. The stamp mill we can get on time just as soon as we have three or four hundred tons of rock on the dump, but for immediate incidental expenses I must have five thousand dollars. Miners can't live on air no more than



Photo. by Dupont, New York.

FRANCES DRAKE.

the members of your profession, Mr. O'Neill, despite what the comic newspapers publish about them."

"By the way, what does your rock assay?"

"Oh, about one hundred and fifty to the ton."

"Strange your friends should abandon such a valuable mine."

"They knew nothing about its real value. They had been working in it for nearly a year without striking much of anything but drills, and if my luck hadn't taken the turn it did I would have abandoned it also."

"Well, Mr. Danvers"—that was my new friend's name—"I will meet you to-morrow morning at any point you name for the purpose of accompanying you to the mine, and if it looks as rich as you say it does I may embark in the venture. I wish I knew some mineralogist I could take with me, so that I could have an expert's opinion on the value of the property before making such a large investment."

"No need of an expert," replied he hastily. "You can bring back some of the rock with you; have it assayed here. Meet me at Kelly's livery stables at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. I'll have a couple of cayuses ready and we can jog out there leisurely without any fear of losing our appetites when we get there. Good-night. Keep everything dark. Be virtuous and you'll be eccentric." And he left me.

Promptly at 11 o'clock the next morning, Mr. Danvers and I met at Kelly's livery stables, and sure enough there were the two cayuses ready for our use. We mounted and started for our destination after a short but necessary delay due in a great measure to the disinclination shown by our steeds to proceed on their journey. As we jogged along I engaged my companion in conversation and found that he was unusually well posted in theatrical affairs; that he had seen some of our greatest actors and actresses during his visits to San Francisco, and that his tastes all lay in the direction of the higher form of the drama. On asking him what the mine was called he answered, "the Mouther." The reply arousing my professional curiosity, I questioned him as to his reason for giving it such a singular and dramatic title.

"Well, Mr. O'Neill," replied he, "as you can perceive, I am a man of theatrical tastes, and as I have heard at times the strangest noises in the mine, in a spirit of fun I gave it its present name."

Outside of the conversation between us, the ride gave rise to no items of special interest, my companion soon falling into a seemingly meditative mood, while I watched idly the bounding jack-rabbits, the ground squirrels that peeped curiously at us, the sage hens that now and again fluttered across our path, and the various other species of life that lend a peculiar picturesqueness to Nevada scenery. Arrived at our destination we dismounted, although—being a skillful equestrian—I would have much preferred to have ridden down the shaft had not my companion declared that such a feat was impossible, it being almost perpendicular, and, clever horseman as I undoubtedly was, he thought it better to go down the usual way, in which resolution I finally acquiesced.

Having tied our chargers to a nearby mesquite tree—the leaves of which make excellent food—we prepared to descend to the mine, he going first, I following rather timidly it must be confessed, although the only thing of value on my person, outside of a little money and jewelry, was a prompt copy of "Hamlet." I having an early production of that tragedy in contemplation. Before going down I looked all around the mouth of the shaft to see if I could discover any mineral indications, but with the exception of some float rock that might have been purposely placed there I found nothing to show the presence of minerals, so I proceeded to follow my guide, who assured me that when we reached the bottom of the shaft and commenced the exploration of the drifts and tunnels he had made we would find veins of solid silver in addition to traces of gold. As the means of descent was a rudely constructed ladder, my satisfaction at the termination of the journey can be imagined, though I trembled at the thought that I would have to ascend it again; but the prospect of gaining an immediate fortune helped to dispel my fears, and taking a lighted candle





NORA DUNBLANE.

from the hand of my companion, he having provided himself with another, I prepared to follow wherever he should lead.

Not being a mineralogist, I shall make no attempt to describe the general appearance of the mine, beyond stating that on leaving the bottom of the shaft we entered a long, winding, narrow tunnel, running in the direction of a nearby mountain and parallel to the valley in which the mine was situated. This tunnel occasionally expanded into crypt-like chambers and recesses, and terminated in a body of water of Stygian darkness, which seemed to be only a few feet below the point from which we viewed it. This water, my guide informed me, would have to be pumped out before any further work could be done on this end of the tunnel, but before it would be necessary to do so we would take out enough ore from the various cross-cuts and winzes to supply the necessary machinery. As he said this I couldn't help wondering why he wanted a partner who would invest five thousand dollars to help him develop the mine, when here, according to his statement, there was wealth enough in sight to purchase the very machinery for the want of which he was taking me into partnership. But I kept my own counsel, conscious that if any fraud was intended I would prove equal to whatever emergencies would arise.

About midway from the shaft to the spot we now occupied, and right near the centre of the tunnel, there yawned a fearful chasm—cut out by a freak of nature doubtless—in the exact fashion of a draw-well—round, perpendicular—some six feet in diameter, and of a depth so awful that no plummet-line, so my guide declared, had ever sounded it. I was surprised to learn of the existence of such a formation in a silver mine, but, as my friend said, "We have very strange things in Nevada," to which remark I very readily assented. With nerves duly shaken by a glance into this bottomless pit I grasped the miner's hand and bade him take me to where I could feast my eyes on the rich ore he spoke of, and in an endeavor to accelerate his movements I complained of feeling ill on account of the foul air that came from the well or chasm near which we stood.

"Pshaw!" said he, "that air won't hurt you. Some people say it's good for the lungs, and if I hadn't found pay rock here I would have turned the whole thing into a health resort, which might in time beat Carson City and its mineral springs all hollow. Men have camped down here for weeks at a time, and they never complained of the foul air. By the Eternal, there are some here now, for if those are not lights coming along the tunnel from the other side of the shaft I don't know a horse-thief from a sheriff, and I think I do. It is useless to try and conceal ourselves; they've seen our lights, and if it comes to trouble I guess you'll stand by me."

"Trouble," quoth I, "what trouble can there be? The mine is yours—at least you told me so—and if they are intruders, request them to get out and of course they'll do it."

"My boy," came the hurried reply, "if these men are not prospectors in all likelihood they are desperadoes hiding from the vigilantes, and as several stage robberies have occurred in this vicinity of late the chances are that they are part of 'Buck' Wetherell's band; men who would cut our throats just for the sake of seeing us jump. Are you heeled?" cried he, but before I could answer I was borne to the ground by some one who must have possessed a giant's muscles, my companion sharing a similar fate. It seems that while we were watching the distant glimmer of the flickering candles two of the party had crept stealthily on us under cover of the darkness, so we found ourselves prisoners in an abandoned mine at the evident mercy of a gang of lawless ruffians.

"Deputy sheriffs, eh?" sneered the fellow who held me down.

"Sure, or vigilantes!" chuckled his pal, who was comfortably seated on the chest of my friend from Virginia City.

By this time their number was increased to about a half-dozen, the others of the gang having arrived during the brief conversation that followed our overthrow.

Among this number was the leader, the redoubtable "Buck" Wetherell himself, who cried, "Well, what have you fellows got to say for yourselves? You don't suppose you're ever going to get out of this alive, do you? Tempted by the reward offered for our capture by Wells and Fargo, eh? Don't you wish you may get it?" And throwing what I conceived to be a most malignant glance at my partner, he added:

"I know you, Bill Danvers. You're a pretty game man, but where did you get hold of this tenderfoot?"—meaning me.

"Let us stand up like men and I'll answer you," retorted Danvers. "Six agin' two isn't a square deal, and I don't know but if you hadn't taken us by surprise we'd have given a good account of ourselves."

"Let him up, 'Brick,' and you, Gouroud, give that youngster a chance to breathe. He looks a decent sort of fellow, and before we 'do' for him I'd like to hear what he has to say."

At this command we were permitted to arise, and when I had fully regained my feet and senses I endeavored to scrutinize the faces by which I was surrounded, in the hope of being able to identify them at some future day should I escape from my present predicament. It was useless, as the light was so dim that I could barely see their outlines, and in addition they all wore slouch hats, which, coming down over their eyes, rendered recognition almost impossible. As the novelists say, my feelings can be more easily imagined than described. Here was I, a peaceable actor, brought into this scrape through no fault of my own, and I inwardly vowed that if I ever got out of it no mine, either gold or silver, would ever tempt me into such a position again.

"Say, Cap, what shall we do wid 'em?" asked the individual called "Brick." "Shall we toss up, as usual, to see whether we'll throw 'em in the well, or shall we fill 'em full of lead and leave 'em here to rot?"

"Nice ducks you are!" cried another of the gang, "to come down here looking for hustlers. Why, it would take a dozen fellows like you to capture an ordinary road agent, to say nothing of 'Buck' Wetherell and his coterie of carefully selected artists."

At this sally the party laughed uproariously, and thinking the opportunity favorable to give an explanation of my presence in their haunt I held up my hand to command silence.

"Gentlemen! one moment!"

"Say, this is not a debating society," yelled one of the ruffians. "What'll we do wid 'em, boys? I propose we throw the big fellow down the well and use this slim 'gent' for a target. What do you say, Cap?"

"What do I say? Well, just this: I don't want to remain here all day prating about a couple of stiff. How do we know but our secret pass in the mountains is known, and at this very moment we are being surrounded? Seems to me these two guys would never have the nerve to come here alone. What do you think, Mortimer?"

"The pass is carefully watched, Cap," answered the man addressed as Mortimer.

"Who's on watch there?"

"Dickey, and nothing can pass him, no matter how full he may be."

"What do you suggest we do with these fellows?"

"I'm for putting 'em out of the way at once. What difference does it make, anyhow? A few more men dead or alive is of no consequence. Suppose we blow 'em up with dynamite or fill 'em up with a gallon or two of Moody's cooking whiskey and then set 'em on fire?"

"An' waste good stuff on 'em! Not on your life!" cried out several of the party.

"I have it!" yelled the fiend called "Brick." "Let's drop 'em in the well and give 'em a chance for their lives. If they crawl out, all right; if they don't, why, we're rid of 'em."

This horrible proposition meeting with general approval, I was forced to the brink of the chasm in spite of my cries and protestations; my hair standing on end, my blood congealed with horror, and a cold perspiration bedewing my body.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried I. "I came here for the sole purpose of examining a mine. I know nothing of you or your antecedents. I have stopped stages myself—at least I have made them wait. If you were the biggest scoundrels on earth I would not betray you. I appeal to your manhood, to your feelings as co-workers in the management of stages. You may be managers for all I know, but whatever you are don't bring the vengeance of heaven on your heads by shedding unnecessarily the blood of two men who never harmed nor never contemplated harming you in your lives."

"We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence," cried the leader sternly, and as the familiar lines fell on my ear I looked eagerly toward him, feeling that no man so evidently familiar with Shakespeare could be guilty of a double murder. As if reading my thought, he said, in a softer tone: "I'll make a concession in your favor. 'Bill' Danvers shall be thrown in first," and at a sign from him my unfortunate companion was pushed to the very brink of the awful hole while I stood almost turned to jelly by fear.

"Now, boys, when I say one, two, three, let him go. Fling him head foremost into the well, and then let the other fellow follow. Ready—One—two—"

"Hold up, hold up, Cap! We haven't searched 'em yet," bawled out the redhaired horror called "Brick." "Who knows what they have got in their pockets? If they've got 'dough' there's no use in wasting it. What do you say, shall we go through 'em'?"



TIM MURPHY.



"All right, search 'em," assented the captain. Being experts it didn't take much of their more or less valuable time to examine Danvers' pockets, and in less time that it takes to write it willing hands had rifled mine. My money, watch and trinkets were soon in their possession, the last thing to be drawn forth being the prompt copy of "Hamlet."

"What's that?" asked Wetherell, as his eyes fell on the volume, and before I had time to reply he was looking over its pages by the light of a candle which one of the band held for him while he read.

"Holy Gee!" cried he, "this is 'Hamlet' for sure. What on earth are you doing with this book among your properties? Do you know anything about it? You do, eh? Well, I used to be an advance agent myself, and I'll bet you a large red apple I can teach you, or for that matter, the best actor that ever wore wigs, how to play 'Hamlet,' or any other part that was ever written. Come, boys, we're losing time. Get ready for Danvers. One—two—"

"Stay, gentlemen, stay," I pleaded. "I am neither a sheriff nor a vigilante, and if you doubt my word examine the fly-leaf of that book and you'll find my name written on it. See for yourselves and escape the commission of a most heinous crime; a crime that will be sure to cause you remorse to your dying days." The prospect of the awful fate before me lent me eloquence, and I had the pleasure of seeing that my appeal to their better natures was not in vain.

"All right," spoke up Wetherell, "let's see what the name is, and if you are an actor and not a young sleuth we may be tempted to let you and your partner go for this time," and opening the book again he read, "James O'Neill, Hooley Comedy Company."

"What!" yelled a chorus of voices, "you the James O'Neill whom we saw the other night as *Othello* at Piper's Opera House! It can't be possible!"

"The same," cried I, "and if you doubt it, I'll give you the Moor's address to the Senate," and they acquiescing, I recited that noble speech with a fervor that I never displayed before or since, even before the most enthusiastic audiences.

"Hey, boys, bring along that demijohn. This is 'Jim' O'Neill, sure enough, and now that our suspicions are removed let's turn the meeting into a social affair. Danvers, give us a song, and I warrant my pals will join heartily in the chorus. We are not as bad as we look, and as for you, Mr. O'Neill, I would take it as a favor if you would supply us with *Marc Antony's* oration over the dead body of *Caesar* when Mr. Danvers has ceased warbling."

As a matter of course Danvers hastened to "oblige." I pursued him with *Antony's* oration; other members of the crowd sang and recited; "Buck" Wetherell told us how he succeeded in tearing himself from the lucrative calling of an advance agent to become a knight of the road, and what seemed at one time destined to become a tragedy wound up as a hilarious farce, in which respect it was not unlike some of the plays I have seen both on and off the stage. Needless to say, I left my new acquaintances at the earliest opportunity, and after considerable fatigue reached the summit of the shaft, where I found only one cayuse, the other having been doubtless appropriated by Danvers, who must have preceded me from the mine and in his haste to get away left me to follow as best I could. Mounting Rosinante, I rode back to the city a wiser if more mystified man than when I left it. Strangely

enough, during the remainder of my stay in Virginia City I never encountered the man Danvers, and on questioning "Ned" Buckley about him he smiled softly and said: "Danvers! Oh, he's gone over to Eureka to join *Tommy Wilton*! I mean," added he as if suddenly remembering something, "that he has gone to Eureka to work in the Wilton mine. A very good property, they say. By the way, how was your mine he took you out to see?" and I vouchsafing no reply, he whisked off to his quarters. By the way, the want of thought and left me to my meditations. On mentioning the matter to several citizens who claimed to be thoroughly conversant with the mining business in the neighborhood they simply shrugged their shoulders, shifted their eyes, and then said: "We never heard of a mine in the locality you speak of, but I'll be damned if I know of a big cave not far from here, and any day you are at liberty we will be happy to take you and the rest of the company out to see it."

I thanked the speaker, but inwardly resolved that whether it was a cave or mine I would have nothing further to do with it. The "Hamlet" that so changed the current of events on the momentous occasion I write of is still in my possession and will become the property of the Players' Club when I retire from the stage. Whenever I meet Micah Kennedy that genial gentleman flourishes his eyes in a most fantastic manner as he inquires after my latest mining investments; and as for dear old "Bill" Crane, he wants me to make a comedy out of the adventure, which he promises to place upon the stage with that magnificence and utter disregard for cost that has distinguished his every production since he commenced to dazzle the American public as a star of the most brilliant hue and magnitude. Unhappily I am not as gifted as some of my brother players, who are as facile with the pen as they are with the shears, so I do not count play-writing among my accomplishments, something I deeply regret, for the man who can write plays as well as act them possesses great advantages over a mere Thespian like myself; but we must rest satisfied with the gifts God has given us, though I am free to confess that if I had the powers of assimilation and the knowledge of cutlery a number of my contemporaries have I might be tempted to do something in the play line, but not having those qualities I must remain what I am.

Frequently when I have recited it to a circle of friends there have been incredulous looks exchanged, and I have heard mutterings about narrative, narghees, late suppers and distemper drafts, all of which might have a tendency to shake my confidence in the reality of the adventure did not the memory of my ride to and from the mine place all doubts at rest, for my steed, though gentle, was sharp in the vertebrae, the result being that I enjoyed standing up more than I did sitting down for nearly a week after I had made the journey. This is the end of my story, and if anybody doubts it I refer them to Mr. Charles Welch, of the Madison Square Theatre, who was in Virginia City at the time the incidents recorded in it happened.

Possibly I am needlessly sensitive on the matter, for not being in the habit of telling stories I lack that confidence in myself possessed by such brilliant raconteurs as Roach, Dixey and Goodwin—professed wits and men of vivid imagination; while at my best I can only deliver a round, unvarnished tale without any of the embroidery and lingual accomplishments of the artists mentioned, who are the delight of some circles and the despair of their own; which compliment may be accepted by them in the generous spirit I conceive it.

JAMES O'NEILL.

## THE MIRROR POST-OFFICE.

If you want to see a drama that is full of smiles and tears,  
In which real life is pictured, with its endless hopes and fears,  
Just stand by and watch the players who approach the little rail  
Where THE MIRROR clerk distributes, every day, the actors' mail.

See the leading lady saunter in: she wears a happy smile,  
She is faultlessly attired, and her gown's the latest style;  
As she glances at her letters her expression never shows  
The emotions that are raging underneath her stunning clothes.

Then the soubrette trips in gayly, and she says, in manner pert:  
"I do hope there's one for me! Ah, yes, there's one from dear old Bert!  
He's the whitest boy that ever lived! I told you; there you are!  
He says here that biz is booming and next season we shall star

"In a corkin' melodrama, written by a well-known man,  
With a red-hot part for me. Great Scott! but that's a 'peachy' plan.  
What's this? Please send me ten, my dear, my watch is up the spout.  
And that starring gag's a dream, old girl; my pipe has just gone out."

Then the low comedian bustles in and shouts "Hello!" to all,  
And straight at the busy mail clerk he emits a cheery call:  
"Look alive, me boy, and see if there's a note or telegram  
For the first, the great and only one; you know me—Harry Ham."

"Aha! I thought so," he exclaims, as eagerly he scans  
A long letter from a manager; "this changes all my plans.  
Well, they want me out in 'Frisco; say, old man, lend me a half,  
So that I can wire at once that I'll go out and make 'em laugh."

Then the vaudevillian enters, in his scarf a diamond stud  
Just as big as a potato; he looks like a real "blood."  
In a confidential whisper, he says: "Hunt fer billey-dooes  
Fer me jaglets, Chimney Lines, you know—of Gaglets, Lines and Cues.

"Tiz-a-ziz! a dozen notelings! One from Keet's an' Procti's, too,  
Dem dere managers is after us wit dough, red, white an' blue.  
Will we give t'ree shows a day, at sixty per? Wy, dat guy's daft!  
His old clock must be an hour slow; he ain't heard of our draught.

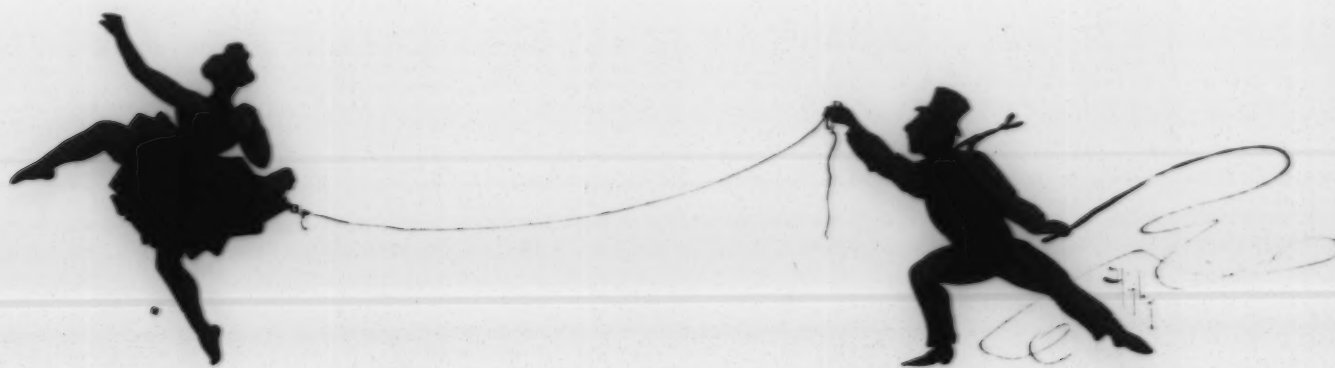
"I'll jist drop him sev'ral lines to let him know he's off de track,  
Fer t'ree-fifty is our lowest, wit our fares out dere an' back;  
Once dere wuz a time when sixty plunks 'ud buy us fer a week;  
But jis' now, cull, it's an insult, see? an' we can't hear it squeak."

Then a slender, pale-faced girl comes in, her long-lashed laughing eyes  
Have the tint that's seen at noonday in the sunny Southern skies.  
With a timid, modest glance around, she quickly breaks the seal  
Of a letter; and a look of pain begins to slowly steal

O'er her features, as she reads bad news; who knows what it may be?  
Then the tears well up, like rising mist upon a sunless sea.  
Oh, the cruelty of letters that bring news to break the heart!  
They're more deadly than the fatal wound made by a poisoned dart.

Thus the scene is ever changing; sometimes sad and sometimes gay;  
In the actors' little drama, as it's played most every day,  
In the corner of the office, near the little iron rail,  
Where THE MIRROR clerk keeps busy, handing out the actors' mail.

MAURICE E. McLOUGHLIN.







ISABELLE EVERSON.

## VIOLA ALLEN.

The Mirror publishes for the first time in this issue the latest portrait of Viola Allen, whose triumphal tours in "The Christian" have been among the phenomena of theatrical affairs during the past two seasons. Rarely does it happen that a young actress succeeds in establishing herself so completely in popular favor through the medium of her first stellar venture. Of course Miss Allen's stage experience—for she has been on the boards practically since babyhood, and made her first bow under the tutelage of her father, C. Leslie Allen—and her great reputation gained in some of the best stock companies of the country, served to make her well known and generally beloved by the theatre-going public, not only for her finished art, but also on account of her sweet, womanly personality, which imbued every role she played. Still, as *Glory Quigley*, the heroine of Hail Caine's drama, taken from his novel, "The Christian," Miss Allen has achieved a triumph that seldom falls to the lot of stars until after years of struggling to establish themselves. The very first week Miss Allen played to over \$10,000, and now, on her second season in "The Christian," she is playing to a business that averages nearly \$13,000 a week. This seems almost incredible, but the box-office statements show that she has broken the records of all the theatres she has played in this season at prices ranging not higher than \$1.50. The last of Miss Allen's five weeks in Chicago ran over \$14,000, and she is going back to finish out the season there. St. Louis paid over \$16,000 in one week to see Miss Allen in "The Christian," while Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia followed suit to the capacity of the houses played. Although she played for three months at the Boston Museum last season, the Hub has not yet had enough, so a return engagement of two weeks will be played in the Spring. Three plays are in preparation as successors to "The Christian," the first being a dramatization by Lorimer Stoddard of a new story written by F. Marion Crawford especially for Miss Allen.



WILLIAM HUMPHREY.

## HENRY MILLER.

What may be said of Henry Miller that might not seem almost superfluous? So familiar to American theatre-goers are the art, the skill, the keen intelligence, the fine presence of this admirable actor that one finds it needless to tell of them. As a star Mr. Miller has more than realized the promise of his long and splendid career as a representative leading stock actor. Success has perched upon his banners at each turn, and this season he has vouchsafed in his *Sidney Carton* in "The Only Way" perhaps the finest impersonation that he has ever given us—a truly remarkable embodiment of the spirit and character, the mien and manner of the splendid fellow who has been called the only hero that Charles Dickens ever drew. Mr. Miller's *Sidney Carton* is far more than a mere portrayal of a book character; it seems almost an incarnation of the man of fiction—as if it had been found that *Sidney Carton* was not a simple creature of the novelist's fancy, but an actual living, breathing mortal that now steps upon our stage and makes us realize as never could printed pages the superb self-sacrificing nature, the perfect heroism of the man that would not have dared to call himself a hero. This has Mr. Miller done for us this season, and upon so much of accomplishment we may fairly base hopes for even greater achievement in the future. Last Summer Mr. Miller took a special company to San Francisco for a few weeks of important productions and the experiment met with such flattering success that he means to repeat it when next Summer comes along.

## HUBERT LABADIE.

Hubert Labadie, the well-known impersonator of *Mephisto* in "Faust," is this season touring at the head of an excellent company in the play that has made for his artistic and pecuniary success in every part of the country during several seasons past. Mr. Labadie's personality fits him admirably for the role, and he is temperamentally well qualified to bring out the contrasting light

and shade in the very complex character. The ability to maintain the dignity, force and atmosphere of gloom of the role through the humorous scenes of the play is not to be found in actors who have not delved deep into the study of human emotions. Indeed, though it may seem paradoxical, the supernatural character of *Mephisto* is one of the most human characters of the drama. The whole gamut of human feeling is displayed; and, more than that, the contrasting emotion of every passion that is brought out in the lines must at the same time be clearly shown by the actor. When *Mephisto* laughs there is behind the laugh a world of tears; when he sighs there is heard the mocking laughter of fiends; when he is most diabolical he is, outwardly, most human. To show this clearly on the stage requires masterly technique and perfect knowledge of the breadth of the character; and that Mr. Labadie possesses these qualifications is proved by his success in the role. Next season will add to his repertoire another spectacular drama, now being written for him by a well-known author. Mr. Labadie is a descendant of the old French family of that name that settled in America in the seventeenth century. He has a trace of Indian blood in his veins, and is famous in the Canadian forests as an athlete and hunter. He is now thirty-three years of age.

## EUGENE COWLES.

Eugene Cowles was born in Stanstead, in the Province of Quebec. His father, Doctor C. W. Cowles, although himself a talented musician, destined his son for a commercial career, and procured for him a clerkship in the First National Bank of Stanstead, under the tutelage of Lyman Gage, since become Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. However, to be a clerk in a bank, even though he was under the aegis of a coming Minister, did not recommend itself very strongly to young Cowles. He lacked



BERNICE HOLMES.

the instincts of the bird of prey, and money changing failed to fascinate him. All of his leisure time was devoted to the study of music, first instrumental, then vocal. As a member of the local choir, his singing attracted much attention. Invitations began to come in for him to sing in oratorios in the different churches of the province, and in the West, which he filled by taking his vacation a day at a time. In the Fall of 1888, Mr. Cowles, having resigned his clerkship, made his debut with The Bostonians as *Squire Bassett* in "Dorothy." Although without sufficient rehearsal and dressed in a costume originally intended for a much smaller man than himself, Mr. Cowles made a distinct hit in the role. He at once became a favorite, and during the ten years of his connection with The Bostonians remained one of the most important members of the company. Perhaps his greatest triumph was as *Will Scarlett* in "Robin Hood," in which part he first appeared in New York in 1891. For the past two seasons Mr. Cowles has been a member of the Alice Nielsen Opera company in "The Fortune Teller" and "The Singing Girl," winning much success in both operas.

## GRACE GOLDEN.

Grace Golden comes from New Harmony, Ind., which town has produced an uncommon number of prominent professionals. In Cincinnati she studied music with Madame Maretzek, and in New York with Madame Fursch-Madl, and with Signor A. de Novella. In Paris she was instructed by Friedele Koenig, of the Opera. She sang, while in the French capital, at many receptions, soirees and concerts, and perfected her knowledge of French, German and Italian. Her career here as an operatic artist is too familiar to require recital. Ever since her first big New York success in "The Fencing Master," she has ranked among the most admirable singers and



JULIA BLANC.



CHARLES DICKSON.

most capable actresses on our operatic stage, and her work as prima donna with the Castle Square Opera Company has presented her in many roles with unflinching success. She has made herself one of New York's most cherished favorites. And yet she will tell you laughingly that she does not believe that the metropolis would give such brave evidence of admiration for her as once fell to her share in a Canadian town, where a horse car driver politely unbuckled his team, attached them to the other end of the car and drove back the way he had come just to take her to the theatre. Miss Golden has no faith that a Broadway cable gripman would pause in his mad career to oblige even a Castle Square prima donna.

## JAMES O'NEILL.

Years ago Adelaide Neilson was asked who she considered the best *Romeo* she had ever played with. "A little Irishman in Chicago," she answered, "named Jimmie O'Neill." At that time James O'Neill, twenty-two years old, was a member of McVicker's Stock company. He supported nearly every one of the famous old-time stars; and there, and in other stock companies of the period he learned the best traditions and methods of the legitimate and classic stage.

His career since then is almost too familiar to every one connected with the profession to bear repetition here. As a romantic actor he has stood for many years almost unequalled, and never excelled, upon the American stage. It has been frequently said, indeed, that no actor of the day is better equipped mentally and physically for his art than is James O'Neill. His wonderful success in "Monte Cristo," nearly a score of years ago, connected his name in the public mind with that play; and he was forced by popular demand to continue in the drama long after he wished to lay it aside. His performances to-day as *Edmond Dantes*, despite his long service in the role, are characterized by the spirit and brilliancy of his first appearances in the part, and he never fails to hold his audiences with the sincerity and grace of his acting. Mr. O'Neill has also appeared suc-



WALTON BRADFORD.

cessfully in a number of Shakespearean roles, and has produced several romantic plays that were popular for a time. His latest success is "The Musketeers," in which he appeared as *D'Artagnan* at the Broadway Theatre last March. As was to be expected, he was an ideal Dumas hero—graceful, chivalrous, dashing, mingling with utmost nicety the suggestion of Gascon simplicity and the hint of the blood that knights were made of. No American actor knows so well how to wear the garb of the romantic period or how better to speak the language of romance than he. This season Mr. O'Neill, supported by an excellent company, is presenting "The Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo" on the road. The tour is proving to be one of the most successful, both artistically and pecuniarily, that the famous player has ever experienced.

## T. DANIEL FRAWLEY.

T. Daniel Frawley may be regarded as the pioneer in the revival of the stock company system. It was five years ago that he organized the Frawley Stock company, which has enjoyed under his management a successful career ever since. Though many other stock companies have been formed, the Frawley company remains in the front rank. The company's greatest successes have been won on the Pacific Coast, especially in San Francisco, where no dramatic organization has enjoyed like popularity. It also has traveled through the section of country west of the Missouri, and last Spring played seasons in Washington and Milwaukee. Mr. Frawley's managerial ability is shown in his selection of players. He has had in his employ many of the prominent actors and actresses of the time, several of whom have been developed under his management. All Mr. Frawley's productions have been notable for the care and expense that have been devoted to scenic and other details, and the plays have been always the best procurable. Mr. Frawley was known as a good actor long before he undertook the career of management. He won much favor while in William H. Crane's, Nat Goodwin's and

other companies. He frequently appears with his stock company. One of his best roles is the *Duke of Guisebury* in "The Dancing Girl." Mr. Frawley's company has just opened its season at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

## JULE WALTERS AND LOUISE LLEWELLYN.

Jule Walters and Louise Llewellyn are appearing this season in their new successful comedy-drama, "How Hopper was Side Tracked." The play received its first production on Aug. 18, 1897, at Dayton, O., and was highly successful from the start. Mr. Walters is making even a bigger hit in the part of *Happy Hopper*, the windmill agent, than in his old part of *Horatio Xerxes Booth* in "Side Tracked," which is still touring the West successfully. Louise Llewellyn, the dramatic soprano, has appeared in all of Mr. Walters' plays. She has a cultivated voice ranging three full octaves and has made a success as *Priscilla Keating* in "How Hopper was Side Tracked." Mr. Walters took his entire company over to Honolulu last January, giving twenty-eight performances to large business and the best of satisfaction. He has in preparation a new four-act comedy-drama by John A. Frazer, "From Prison to Pulpit," which he intends to produce next season. Mr. Walters has been a successful star for eight years, and before that he and Miss Llewellyn were a favorite team in vaudeville.

## ODELL WILLIAMS.

Odell Williams is the ideal country judge or squire. He is playing a squire just now in "Way Down East," at the Academy of Music. It isn't the first one, however, for he has been playing such characters successfully since he entered the profession. Mr. Williams was born in Kentucky, and is a grandson of General Burnside. One of his first parts was *Eccles* in "Caste." He was for some years with Henry T. Chanfrau in "Kil, the Arkansas Traveler." He played *Craig* in "The Dancing Girl," with E. H. Sothorn, and



KATE UFFER.

was afterward engaged for A. M. Palmer's company, where he scored a great hit as the *Squire* in "Alabama," a part that he played for three years. Some of his other successes have been made in "The Heart of Maryland," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "The Old Homestead," "The Great Diamond Robbery," "The District Attorney," and "The Judge," in which he starred.

## MABEL STRICKLAND.

Of the younger actresses of the day, Mabel Strickland is one of the most promising. She has been on the stage only a few years, but has attracted attention through her excellent work in ingenue roles. A most capable actress, she is also a charming and winsome girl, with a large share of good looks. Miss Strickland's father was an actor-manager in London, and came to this country with Dion Boucicault. She was born in Michigan in 1875, and first appeared professionally in 1892, in Irish dramas. Then she was engaged by Augustin Daly, and later by Digby Bell to play *Martie* in "The Hoosier Doctor." In this role she achieved a pronounced success, giving a delightful portrayal of a Hoosier girl. After this she joined the Smyth and Rice forces, and appeared successfully in "The Old Coat" and "My Friend from India" until last Spring, when she was engaged for Stuart Robson's company. This season Miss Strickland is playing *Kate* in "Way Down East," now at the Academy of Music in this city, and is making a hit in the part.

## JULIA ARTHUR.

Julia Arthur's offering of the present season, "More than Queen," by Emile Bergerat, bids fair to be a record breaker as an attraction if business continues as it has begun. The play is unusually interesting, inasmuch as it depicts intimately the home life, the hopes and struggles, the ambitions and emotions of two historic personages, *Napoleon* and *Josephine*. The production is magnificent and down to the smallest de-



LILLIAN EMMET.





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BEANEY HINTERS.

tail everything, scenery, costumes, furniture, properties, is reproduced from authentic models, so as to furnish a correct stage picture of that interesting period. But above all this resplendent pageantry shines the brilliant beauty of Julia Arthur, whose versatile talent infuses life into the volatile and ever changing *Josephine*, who is represented from the time she meets Napoleon until she voluntarily signs the decree of divorce from him fourteen years later. The part of the hapless Empress of the French certainly offers great opportunities to Miss Arthur and she makes excellent use of them. Doubtless her triumph as *Josephine* has proved the crowning achievement of her stellar career. Besides giving "More than Queen," Miss Arthur is now making preparations for the elaborate revival of "A Lady of Quality" and "Romeo and Juliet," and for her forthcoming production of "Hamlet."

## SANDOL MILLIKEN.

Sandol Milliken was born, about nineteen years ago, in Nashville, Tenn., and was educated at the Convent of the Assumption, in Paris, France. Upon her return to America, her parents removed to Washington, D. C., where she met Augustin Daly and was engaged by him for his dramatic company. Her stage debut was made as *Benedit's* page in "Much Ado About Nothing." Subsequently she appeared for two seasons in Mr. Daly's musical company. Her second engagement was that of last season, when she played ingenue roles with the Murray Hill Theatre Stock company, in this city, and made a most enviable reputation by her delightful work in a great variety of parts. For the present season, she was engaged for ingenue roles with William H. Crane, in whose company her charming work in "Peter Stuyvesant" and in "A Rich Man's Son," has elicited much praise and most favorable criticism. Miss Milliken is an exceedingly pretty girl, with genuinely girlish charms and a true talent that has fairly won her present position. She has been asked often why she adopted the stage name of Sandol Milliken, but she has had to reply that the matter was entirely beyond her control, for it is her real name.

## ZENAIDE VISLAIRE WILLIAMS.

Zenaide Vislaire Williams, who is now playing *Amelia Sedley* in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Becky Sharp," was born at Macon, Miss. Her first engagement was with Augustin Daly's company, secured through the aid of the late George W. Childs, who was a friend of her family. After this she went on the road with Arthur Hehan's company in the Daly comedies. Then she played *Ethel Simmerson* in "Black House" with Jane Coombs. She next joined A. M. Palmer's company and played ingenue roles with success. While a member of this company, Miss Vislaire, as she was then, was married to Odell Williams. In "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," and "Miss Francis of Yale," she was the leading juvenile and played a number of similar roles with the Manhattan Beach Stock company, Denver. Last season Mrs. Williams had the leading female role in "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," and met with gratifying success. Mrs. Williams' abilities are not only histrionic; she also has written clever verses, and is an excellent musician.

## ERROLL DUNBAR.

Erroll Dunbar, leading man of Lewis Morrison's "Faust" company (Eastern), is now in his third season as *Mephisto*. His impersonation of the character has been enthusiastically praised wherever he has appeared, and his success is considered in theatrical circles as an established fact. A reviewer of the drama, in writing of the performance of "Faust" recently, said: "The plot of the play, as a matter of course, centres around *Mephisto*. He is the spirit that moves the scene. That character is impersonated by Erroll Dunbar. His *Mephisto* is cold, scheming, always frightful, but never repulsive. In so far as this character goes Erroll

Dunbar is the master of his art and his name will be inseparably connected with *Mephisto* as Joseph Jefferson's is with *Boo* and *Winkle*. More recently, in the issue of Nov. 14, the *Quebec Daily Mercury* said: "Mr. Dunbar is an actor of exceptional quality. He follows no one. He interprets the character of *Mephisto* with an art and an intelligence which are quite his own. His stage manner is impressive and not artificial, and his 'business' lends great attractiveness to his conception of the great role. The part itself is so good that a man might easily be tempted to be careless and let his lines go. But Mr. Dunbar never forgets that he is one of the three formidable devils of classical literature. Indeed, we may say at once that the performance was finished and brilliant."

## EILEEN MORETTA.

Eileen Moretta, whose name and fame as a leading woman are known from coast to coast, began her stage career at the age of fourteen by assuming the role of *Françoise* in "Richelleu" in her father's company. Two years afterward she played *Nadia* in "Michael Strogoff," and then proceeded through a long list of parts with stock and travelling companies, in each of which she was successful. For several seasons she was leading woman of stock companies in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Brooklyn. She created the leading roles in a number of successful melodramas, and last Spring played a special engagement in "The Great Northwest." Recently Miss Moretta was obliged to undergo a serious operation that affected her eyesight, and compelled her to cancel a very flattering contract and refuse several offers for the present season. She has now completely recovered and is playing the role of hostess in her home, where she is devoting herself to literary work. In the field of story writing Miss Moretta has been quite as successful as upon the stage. She is the author



LITTLE GLADYS GREENE.

of two books of stage experiences, and was at one time a regular contributor to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated News*. A charming story from her pen, entitled "The Little Green Children," will shortly appear in *The Youth's Companion*, and in this issue of *The Mirror* is printed a story of hers that evidences the originality of her imagination and the grace of her literary style.

## GEORGINE BRANDON.

The advantage of training as the pupil of a master of the dramatic art has been attested in



W. T. CARLETON.

more than ordinary degree by the successful career of Georgine Brandon, now meeting with such pronounced success in Carl A. Haswin's production of "A Lion's Heart." Miss Brandon was schooled for the stage by the late Dion Boucicault, and her fine work has shown in splendid degree the effects of that masterful training. A clever and capable actress, she is beautiful, too, and her services are always in demand by managers who appreciate these qualities.

## VALERIE BERGERE.

Valerie Berge, formerly leading woman at the Girard Avenue Theatre Stock company, Philadelphia, is this season playing the leading heavy roles with the Dearborn Theatre Stock company in Chicago. As Miss Berge prefers heavies she concluded to play them for a season. As Mrs. *Erynn* in "Lady Windermere's Fan," *Drusilla* in "The Dancing Girl," *Carmen*, the *Countess Zicka* in "Diplomacy," Miss Berge has achieved most flattering success, the press of Chicago acknowledging her an artist of merit and a great acquisition to the Dearborn company. Miss Berge has an offer to originate a leading heavy in a New York production next season, and several stock offers for leads and heavies. Miss Berge has an extensive and handsome wardrobe, and is considered one of the best-dressed women on the stage to-day.

## NORA DUNBLANE.

Nora Dunblane, whose portrait graces another page, is a very pretty and accomplished girl, who gives promise of filling a very prominent position on the stage in the not far distant future. She possesses decided talent, indomitable ambition and a love for hard work which will surely

help her to climb in her ascent of the ladder of fame. Miss Dunblane is a graduate of the Sargent Dramatic School, in which she finished a successful course last Spring. Before studying at the Sargent school she laid the foundation of her career by undergoing a thorough educational course in one of the best academies in Europe. This season she is playing the part of the maid *Leggett* in "The Cuckoo," and everywhere the company has appeared she has received nothing but the highest praise for her artistic work.

## THE FIVE NOSSES.

The Nosses are among the few successful musical families. For the past eighteen years they have worked hard and conscientiously, and it may be safely said that they now excel in their line. For many years the Nosses headed their own company, presenting various successful comedies. Like many others they entered vaudeville a few years ago, but found it difficult to obtain a suitable sketch. After trying several by various authors they decided to try a straight act, which was an instantaneous hit. Each season finds them with something new, until now theirs is perhaps the most novel, artistic and picturesque act of its kind on the American stage. Their tours have embraced all of the leading cities of the United States, Canada, Mexico and the West Indies, and they are now considering a proposition to tour the leading halls of England and Continental Europe.

## DELIA STACEY.

Delia Stacey is one of the most charming and talented comedienne of the American stage, and is fast coming to the front. She is pretty, chic, and possesses a handsome figure. She unites a keen perception of humor with a bright, energetic temperament, and never fails to captivate her audiences. She is now playing the leading role with Warde and Sackett's Comedians in John Stapleton's farce, "A Bachelor's



ALEXANDER TACIANI.

Honeymoon," and is winning warm praises everywhere. Next season Miss Stacey will star in a new musical comedy.

## A PRETTY TRIO.

One of the striking pictures in this number presents in a novel arrangement the portraits of the Misses Landers, Van Buren and Hampton, three very attractive leading women in T. Daniel Frawley's excellent company now playing in San Francisco. Mr. Frawley has a genius for selection, as his companies in the past have shown,



LONEY HASKELL.

but in this trio of actresses he has a bouquet of beauty not easily surpassed.

## JOHN J. FARRELL.

Well up among the foremost stock company leading men now before the public is John J. Farrell, who, according to one critic, "always looks like one's favorite hero of fiction who has stepped from the pages of the novel to the stage." But besides his manly and graceful appearance Mr. Farrell plays love scenes with a tenderness and sweetness that has won for him hosts of admirers. He is a young man who has accomplished a great deal in his art. As the athletic parson in "Shall We Forgive Her?" and in the various roles that he essayed while supporting Stuart Holson and Nat C. Goodwin Mr. Farrell scored a series of successes. He is at present leading man of Mrs. Forepaugh's Stock company in Philadelphia, where his work is much appreciated and highly praised.

## TOMMY SHEARER.

Every one knows the laughing, attractive face of Tommy Shearer and every one seems ready to laugh with him. He has been laughing and making others laugh for the past ten years in all sorts of theatres in all parts of the country. Mr. Shearer was born in Dundee, Scotland, and came to America when he was thirteen years old. He has ever since regarded thirteen as the luckiest of numbers. In 1889 he made his debut in vaudeville, and for five seasons he went through a varied experience that developed his talents rapidly and gave him a versatility that has stood him in good stead ever since. Mr. Shearer was graduated from vaudeville into dramatic work in 1894, when he became a mem-



EDWIN T. EMERY.

ber of James R. Waite's company. With that organization he became very popular, and when, three years ago, he was launched as a star his reputation made the venture a success from the start. With his own company he is now touring in a new repertoire of comedies and is winning the fame and money that his talents and enterprise deserve.

## FRANCES DRAKE.

One of the cleverest, most versatile, ambitious and hard-working actresses on the American stage is Frances Drake, who is now being featured by Manager D. V. Arthur in his new production of Anthony Hope's comedy, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." Her beauty, refinement and grace of action make her an ideal *Ursula*—such an one as Anthony Hope himself might have selected. This is not the first time that Miss Drake has played the role of a girl who masquerades as a young man. While a pupil of M. Delaunay at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, she purchased and brought to America the French novelty, "La Petit Abbé," in which she scored a pronounced success. Her conscientious work, combined with her beauty, wins for her the favor of press and public, and for every one of her many impersonations she has been praised without stint. The photograph of Miss Drake reproduced in this number was made by Aimé Dupont, New York.

## JAMES F. KELLY AND DOROTHY KENT.

James F. Kelly and Dorothy Kent, having successfully played a wide range of parts in drama and vaudeville, and being singers and dancers of rare ability, may safely claim to be among the most versatile of our players. They are at present touring the Middle West, supported by the Davidson Stock company, of which A. H. Davidson and Mr. Kelly are equal owners and managers. At the close of the present season they will appear in the leading vaudeville theatres, presenting a musical comedy written especially for them by a well-known author, and the many friends and admirers of this clever pair will look for something quite out of the ordinary.

## ISABELLE FLETCHER.

Isabelle Fletcher, who this season is being featured jointly with Tommy Shearer, is a young actress whose versatility has made her one of the most valuable leading women of the repertoire stage. She has played the whole range of parts from the lightest comedy to the standard emotional roles, and her success in all has been equal. Her impersonation of *Roxane* in "Cyrano de Bergerac" was highly praised by the public and by her fellow players, and in the roles that she essays in support of Mr. Shearer she never fails to win the commendation of the press. Miss Fletcher was born at Mt. Stewart, Prince Edward Island, in 1874, and in her earliest childhood displayed a strong inclination toward theatricals. She was brought to the United States when very young by her parents, who settled in South Dakota. Her uncle, J. H. Fletcher, was Lieutenant-Governor of Dakota for two years. In 1892 Miss Fletcher began her professional career, and by careful, sincere work during the seven years between that time and the present she has risen to the enviable position in the theatrical world that she now occupies.

## KATE UPPER.

Among the students of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft dramatic school last season none were more successful in the public matinee performances than was Kate Upper. She displayed great natural aptitude for the stage, well developed by training, and her work in all of the characters that she assumed was artistic and commendably sincere. Early in the Spring she was engaged by Richard Mansfield, with whose company she is at present playing, and made her professional debut as *Sister Josephine* in "Cyrano de Bergerac." Miss Upper is a native of Kingston, Ontario.



FRANCIS JONES.



DELIA PRINGLE.





N. S. WOOD.

## ANNIE RUSSELL.

The sweetness, delicacy and grace that characterize the work of Annie Russell have won for her a warm spot in the hearts of theatregoers wherever she has appeared. Her performances are always delightful, not alone because of the charm of her personality, but also through her ability as an actress. Miss Russell began her stage career in Montreal when she was but eight years old. She played children's parts there for some time, and later filled similar roles in this city. Some time afterward she joined a company that played a season in the West Indies. As a different bill was presented each night, she had a varied line of minor roles. When she returned to this country she attracted the attention of A. M. Palmer, who engaged her for his Madison Square Theatre Stock company. Here she at once became prominent, her greatest successes being *Variera* in "Broken Hearts," *Sylvia* in "On Society" and *Elaine*. Her health failing her, Miss Russell was compelled to retire from the stage for a time. She spent four years in



RUTH ROYAL.

travel, rest and study, and then made her professional reappearance in "A New Woman." Two years ago she went to London as a star and was successful in the title-role of "Sue," which she had played with the same result here. In the season of 1897, Miss Russell appeared with Sol Smith Russell in "A Bachelor's Romance" at the Garden Theatre. Last season she was seen at the Garrick Theatre as a star in "Catherine," and this season she is starring in "Miss Hobbs," now at the Lyceum Theatre.

## ROBERT V. FERGUSON.

There is hardly an actor on the American stage of wider experience than Robert V. Ferguson, and certainly there are none more successful than he in his favorite line of character comedy parts. Quaint characters of Dickens and Thackeray are Mr. Ferguson's delight, and in them he is to be seen at his best. He has, however, played almost every line of parts, since he began his career as a member of the famous old stock company at Albany. He acted in support of nearly



HARRY G. KEENAN.

every noted star, in his early years on the stage, and since has been associated with the foremost companies in this country. Although an Englishman by birth, Mr. Ferguson has passed his entire professional career upon the American stage, and among theatregoers here he is regarded with the utmost cordiality and admiration. This season Mr. Ferguson originated the role of old Sir Pitt in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Becky Sharp." His impersonation of the familiar character was one of the most remarkable, in point of make-up and characterization, ever seen on the local stage. He is still playing the role, and will continue in it for the rest of the season.

## ASHLEY MILLER.

Ashley Miller, who is known in the East mainly for his artistic playing of the juvenile roles in stock companies in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, is a graduate of Chicago's amateur ranks. His first professional work was in small parts in support of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. This was succeeded by engagements with Walker Whiteside, Salvini, and Otis Skinner. In 1895 Mr. Miller started through the West in a legitimate repertoire, including "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and "The Lady of Lyons." Mr. Miller's principal successes in stock work have been in such roles as Bob Appleton in "The Lost Paradise," Captain Fanshawe in "Saints and Sinners," Harry Seabrooke in "Captain Swift," and Pandora in "The Victorian Cross."



THERESA MAXWELL.

## DANIEL SULLY.

Cheery Daniel Sully, so well beloved by those who admire the drama of humor and strong heart interest, this season presents a new play, especially written for him, entitled "The Parish Priest." Mr. Sully's enormous success, in former years, in "Uncle Bob," "The Corner Grocery," "The Contractor," and other like plays, assures him the interest of the public in any new dramatic venture that he may undertake. "The Parish Priest" is said to give him unlimited opportunities for the display of his sterling abilities, and its performance is eagerly anticipated by his hosts of admirers.

## HILDA ENGLUND.

Scandinavia has contributed to the stage very many leaders in the arts of acting, of singing and of writing, and the dramatic artists of whatever class that have come of the Northern race have



HUGH STANTON.

displayed an average of intelligence, refinement and culture hardly to be equaled by their brothers and sisters in art of any other race. To gain distinction in the theatres of Sweden or of Norway one must possess talent of high order indeed, and this was the sort that won fame there for Hilda Englund before she came to America. Miss Englund was born in Stockholm, where she played for some time, and where she had the honor to originate prominent roles in the first productions of most of Henrik Ibsen's dramas, which she enacted subsequently at St. Petersburg and Copenhagen. Coming to this country about three years ago, she studied under the late E. J. Henley, and was engaged at length to play the French maid in "The Little Minister," touring in that role last season. She is now playing with equal success another French maid, *Therese*, in "Sherlock Holmes," with William Gillette. Miss Englund's preference is to play adventurous roles, and it was in these that her greatest successes were made abroad.

## ISABELLE EVESSON.

A notable career has been that of Isabelle Evesson, now playing *Claire Turpin* in "In Paradise" (No. 2). Miss Evesson originated in America the role of *Fuchsen* in "Moths," and she was the last player to be selected for his famous company by the late Lester Wallack. For two years she played at the London Criterion, and for a like period at the Boston Museum. In the original New York production of "Dr. Bill" she made a most uncommon success, and



ETHEL BRANDON.

for two years she played *Dearest* in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with signal triumph everywhere. Miss Evesson has been on the stage ever since childhood, adopting the profession upon the occasion of her father's death, and her first engagement was in the company of the late Augustin Daly.

## ANNIE M. CLARKE.

Annie M. Clarke has been on the stage for forty-seven years, and made her professional debut at the Boston Museum when she was only five years of age. At the Museum she played for thirty years, excepting two seasons at the Boston Howard Athenaeum in 1861-62. During her long term with the historic Boston Museum Stock Company she played more than three hundred prominent roles, and her most notable successes were achieved as *Lady Teazle* and *Lady Hardcastle*. Since leaving Boston she has traveled much, and has played a number of important engagements in this city and elsewhere, including a season with Richard Mansfield. She is now with Julia Marioue in "Barbara Frietchie" at the Criterion Theatre.



WILL T. ELLWANGER.

## ERIC HOPE.

Eric Hope, before adopting this season the profession of the stage, had made a somewhat unusual record as an amateur actor and had scored in England distinct successes by his performances in "The Jacobite," "A Marriage of Convenience," "Liberty Hall," "Sunset," "Kitty Clive," and other well-known plays. He is an earnest young player, with good looks, honest purpose and an excellent voice, which should enable him to earn a firm place in public favor and an enviable position in his chosen profession. He is now appearing in the farce, "Make Way for the Ladies," and he tells this story about himself: Upon the day when the play opened in New Haven, he overheard the following conversation between two darky hallboys in the hotel where he stopped:

"Rastus," said one, "Does you know what dat is in No. 52?"



FREDERICK TRUESDELL.

"Sure," returned Rastus. "Dat dere's a actor at de Hypergum."

"No, sah," replied the first in the voice of superior enlightenment, "No, he ain't—he's a reel earl, dat's wat he is!"

## BERNICE HOLMES.

Bernice Holmes, who is accounted one of the most attractive as well as artistic members of the Castle Square Opera company, is a native of San Francisco. There she began the study of music in her earliest childhood, and, as she grew older, developed a voice that for richness and sympathetic quality is remarkable. Her debut on the professional stage occurred in Los Angeles, when she essayed the role of *Page* in "The Huguenots." Subsequently she joined the Tivoli Opera company in San Francisco, where she remained for eighteen months and then came East to join first the Boston Lyric company, and later the Castle Square opera organization. Very recently Miss Holmes made two decided successes at the American Theatre in the roles of *Lola* in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and *Siebel* in "Faust."

## CHARLES DICKSON.

Charles Dickson, the genial comedian, who needs no word of introduction to American theatregoers, is now adding materially to his stock of popularity by his exceedingly prosperous tour in the successful comedy, "Mistakes Will Happen." Mr. Dickson's unusually clever work in



ERIC HOPE.

this lively play was commended enthusiastically wherever it was seen last season, and the verdict has been sustained with emphasis this season at every point played. At Kansas City the other week, for instance, a leading critic observed: "Charles Dickson, of course, is still the soul of the farce. It is doubtful if there is another comedian on the stage to-day that equals Mr. Dickson in creating spontaneous fun. He never does the same thing twice in the same way, and he never does anything that isn't very, very funny."

## JULIA BLANC.

Julia Blanc is a young Californian, whose engaging personality and artistic temperament



GRACE GRISWOLD.

have brought her rapidly to the front in her chosen profession. Unlike the majority of youthful and comely actresses she entered the field of character acting and in that line of parts played for five years at Morosco's, in San Francisco, with great success. The reputation that she made there won her an offer from the Thunhauser Stock company in Milwaukee. She accepted the offer, and as a member of that organization has added greatly to her fame by her artistic impersonations. Among the parts that Miss Blanc has recently played successfully are *Julia* in "The Three Musketeers," *Tilly* in "My Friend from India," *Martha Strogoff* in "Michael Strogoff," *Meg* in "Lord Chumley," and the *Nurse* in "Romeo and Juliet." Besides being a clever and versatile actress Miss Blanc is a skilled musician and a singer of rare ability.

## FRANCIS JONES.

Francis Jones, the original Master Frankie Jones, has been before the footlights twenty-one years and has just passed his twenty-fifth birthday. He is now playing the role of *Peter Clincher* in "A Wise Woman," with Marie Lamour, and has made a hit in the character. Next season Mr. Jones will revive "In Old Madrid," in which he starred for three seasons, and he will be seen also in a new comedy by Ida Ward, entitled "Jolly Plunder."





MORTIMER WILSON.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY.

William Humphrey is this season leading man of Julia Arthur's company, playing the important and difficult role of *Napoleon* in "More than Queen." The success that has attended his work in this part is but one of many that Mr. Humphrey has achieved during his stage career. His professional debut was made at the bottom of the ladder, as a "super" at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. He did not remain in this position long, being engaged for the Eighth Street Theatre Stock company, Philadelphia, where he played with success many comedy and heavy parts. Since then Mr. Humphrey has been a member of many important companies. With Thomas W. Keene he played *Antony*, *Lucretia*, *Iago*, and other classic roles. He also supported Julia Marlowe and Marie Prescott, and originated the part of *Stephen Larabee* in "A Midnight Bell." He was featured as *Antony* in Lillian Lewis' production



LILLIAN GWYNN.

of "Antony and Cleopatra." Mr. Humphrey joined the Castle Square Stock company, Boston, in May, 1897, and remained there for more than two years, winning success in heavy character parts. On his retirement from the company, the patrons of the theatre, with whom he was very popular, presented him with a loving cup.

TERESA MAXWELL.

Teresa Maxwell, now playing the title role in "The Purple Lady," was the original *Miss Pipp* in Charles Darn Gibson's picture story "The Education of Mr. Pipp." The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* of Oct. 8 had the following to say of her splendid work: "Miss Maxwell's *Peggy Proudfoot* is a wonderful, artistic piece of work, and one that cannot fail to grow upon the thoughtful playgoer who will take the trouble to make anything like an analytical study of it. There is in it so much of chic, abandon and effervescent humor that the superficial observer



LILLIAN DE WOOLF.

is apt to jump at the conclusion that any pretty, intelligent girl, brimful of animal spirits and equipped with a keen sense of humor, might play it successfully. It is true that such a girl decently skilled in stagecraft might make *Peggy Proudfoot* entertaining and even amusing; but Miss Maxwell does more than this. She makes her impersonation carry others along in her scenes. Her technique is practically faultless, while every motion, gesture and pose is replete with unstudied grace.

ETHEL BROWNING.

Ethel Browning is remembered by theatregoers in this country and Australia principally for her artistic work in support of Nat Goodwin, although two seasons in stock companies in Pittsburgh, Denver, and Philadelphia have won her the especial good will of audiences in those cities. An engagement with Joseph Jefferson was the commencement of Miss Browning's stage career. This was followed by prominent positions in support of Salvini, Clarke and Otis Skinner. Of her portrayal of the title role in Bert Harte's "Sue" the *Denver Times* said: "The first surprise came in the *Sue* of Ethel Browning. As a result of it, she steps at once into prominence and favor. The lovable simplicity of the character was sweetly exemplified, and there was, too, a rare magnetism about it. It was a gigantic task that this slip of an actress was undertaking, but she came out of it triumphantly."



MINNIE DE HAVEN.

FREDERICK TRUESDELL.

Frederick Truesdell, immediately after graduating from Yale in 1895, became a member of Augustin Daly's stock company, with which he remained for three years, playing in all parts of the country in support of Ada Behan, and accompanying her to London and through the English provinces. Among his roles during this period were *Silvius* and *Le Beau* in "As You Like It," *Vicentio* in "The Taming of the Shrew," *Baron Stange* in "The Last Word," *Gabriel* in "Meg Merrilies," *Trip* in "School for Scandal," *Cool* in "London Assurance," and *Drivell* in "The Circus Girl." Mr. Truesdell joined W. H. Crane last season and appeared as *Berkeley* in "A Virginia Courtship," *Frank Sharp* in "Worth a Million," and *Douglas Winfield* in "The Head of the Family." Last Summer he was especially engaged by T. Daniel Frawley to play *Horace* in the presentation of "Sweet Lavender" in Washington. This season Mr. Truesdell rejoined Mr. Crane to originate the role of *Major Ketticus* in "Peter Stuy-



IRENE ACKERMAN.

vesant," and after the withdrawal of that play he was loaned by Mr. Crane to the "Ben Hur" management to originate the role of *Malchus*. In that part he is now successfully playing at the Broadway Theatre.

MINNIE DE HAVEN.

Minnie De Haven entered the dramatic profession about twelve years ago, and since that time has made for herself an enviable reputation as an actress of emotional roles. She has been prominently connected with several of the best Eastern stock companies, and her work has always been greatly appreciated by the public. During the season of 1894-95 Miss De Haven headed her own organization, the De Haven Comedy company, and presented a repertoire of such plays as "The Pavements of Paris," "Among the Pines," "A Barrel of Money," "Sire and Siren," "Queenie," and "Lyndwood."

Miss De Haven has hosts of friends both in and out of the profession, and from them she has received many gifts in token of their admiration of her art. She received last year an autograph letter from Admiral Dewey, in recognition of a souvenir sent to him at Manila; and this she prizes above all her treasures.

This season Miss De Haven is meeting with much success in the role of *Joan Clegg* in "The World Against Her."

ROBERT ROGERS.

A jolly, large, unctuous comedian, Robert Rogers, is pictured in this number in one of his

favorite characters, *Judge Knorr* in "The Charley Ball." Mr. Rogers is this season playing *Danahoe* in "The Purple Lady," and is easily winning his share of the laughs. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers (Louise Mackintosh) have been so successful in the parts assigned them this season that a contract, at increased salaries, has already been offered them to continue in the same parts next season.

KATHERINE WILSON.

Katherine Wilson, now appearing with Julia Marlowe in "Barbara Frietchie," first played with Madame Helena Modjeska, and then joined the company of E. H. Sothern to enact the role of *Meg* in "Lord Chumley," winning a distinct hit in this part. Since then she has been with Miss Marlowe, who has prized her services so highly as to signify her esteem by the gift of a handsome diamond brooch in the shape of a cat's head, symbolizing daintily Miss Wilson's first name, Kitty. Miss Wilson has gone in somewhat for play writing, and has translated several plays from the French, one of these has been accepted by Miss Marlowe, and another by Maude Adams.

HUGH STANTON.

Hugh Stanton is one of the best known and most popular headliners in vaudeville. His services are constantly in demand in the best houses and his work invariably gives entire satisfaction



FRANCIS JUSTICE.

to managers and public. He is appearing now in a comedietta written by himself, called "For Reform," which satirizes very cleverly the woman who belongs to clubs and has a hobby for reforming everything, instead of staying at home and attending to her household duties. The play is very cleverly acted by Mr. Stanton and his assistant player, Florence Modena.

J. EDWIN TOOLE.

During the twenty-seven years of J. Edwin Toole's theatrical career he has worked up from the part of *Bob*, the bootblack in "The Streets of New York," to the position of star, heading his own company, with a repertoire of more than a score of successful plays. Indeed, Mr. Toole attained the position of star nine years ago, when he was but twenty-nine years of age, and each season since has marked an improvement in his art, as well as much added popularity with audiences in the United States and Canada.

Mr. Toole, although famous chiefly as a Ger-



GUS EDWARDS.

man dialect and singing comedian, has played with success a wide range of parts. He has won high praise as *Jago*, *Rothaus* in "The Belles," *David Garrick*, *Lecher* in "Caste," *Bob Acres* in "The Rivals," *Rip Van Winkle*, and many other well-known roles. His early schooling on the stage was thorough and complete, he having played in support of Barney Williams, John T. Ward, W. J. Florence, E. A. Sothern, and J. K. Emmet the elder. He was at one time, also, a member of E. E. Rice's Opera company.

Mr. Toole is this season successfully touring the country in a repertoire of his favorite plays, including "Killarney and the Rhine," and "The Gypsy German," of which he is the author.

WILL T. ELLWANGER.

Will T. Ellwanger, who is playing the role of *Lennox Sanderson* in W. A. Brady's successful production of "Way Down East," began his theatrical career in an unusual way. He was born and reared in the country and knew nothing of opera until, in 1891, he witnessed a performance of "Robin Hood," in Rochester, N. Y. The performance so delighted him that on the following day he applied to Tom Kari for a place in the company. His voice proved satisfactory, and he was immediately engaged to understudy the baritone roles. After some experience with The Bostonians he joined the Kiwiin repertoire opera company and sang steadily for a season of fifty-two weeks. Mr. Ellwanger has now a repertoire



EDWARD N. HOYT.

of seventy-five roles, including the *Tuccular* in "Carmen," the *Count* in "The Bohemian Girl," *Paul Rih* in "The Mikado," *Pippa* in "The Mascot," *Don Juan* in "The Royal Middy," and *Don Caracul* in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." Last season he sang the role of *Farrar* in "The Gipsy Girl," and the *Evangelist* in "The Circus Girl." Mr. Ellwanger is now devoting himself to dramatic work, but will continue to study with Ferdinand Lottant for at least three years to come.

LILLIAN GWYNN.

Lillian Gwynn is one of the recent recruits from society to the stage whose sincerity and unusual talents augur well for her success in her chosen work. Miss Gwynn appeared many times in fashionable amateur performances in this city and was especially praised for her acting in "Who's Who" and "A Pretty Piece of Business."



HENRY L. KEANE.

Last season she made her professional debut in a minor role in Augustin Daly's production of "The Great Ruby." She understudied one of the important parts and evidenced a capacity for hard work unusual among actresses drawn from the social world. She is now playing in the East, but in February leaves for San Francisco to appear there in an important role.

N. S. WOOD.

N. S. Wood, the famous player of boy parts, seems never to lose the youthful spirit and enthusiasm that first brought him into prominence. During the several seasons that he starred in his own plays he won a host of admirers in almost every city and town of the United States, and nowadays wherever he appears he is sure to receive a kindly hand upon his first entrance. He is at present a member of James H. Walter's forces, and is constantly adding to his reputation and popularity.

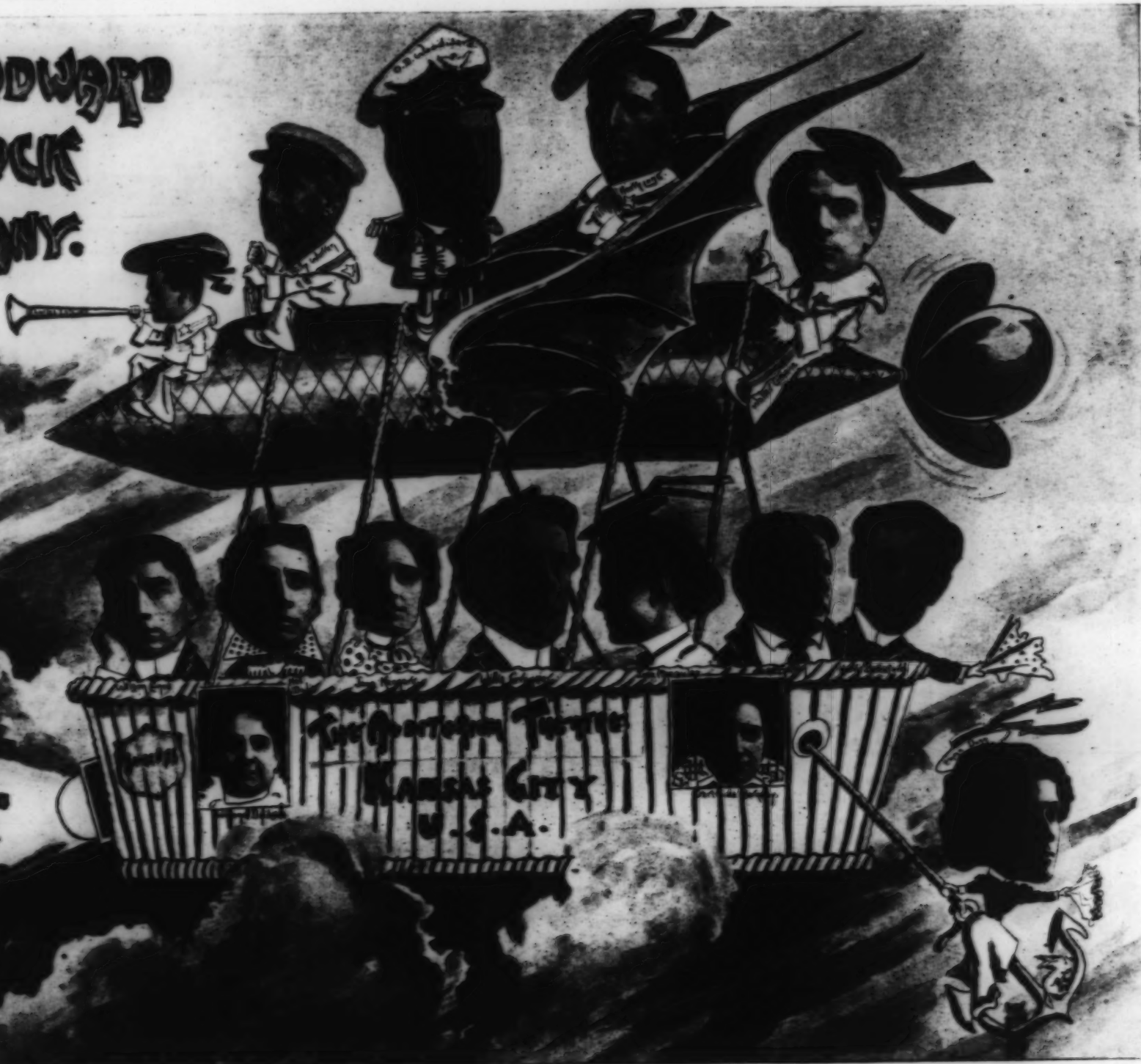


ARTIE HALL.



# Woodward Stock Company.

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WOODWARD STOCK COMPANY IN ITS UPWARD FLIGHT IN THE AIR-SHIP SUCCESS.

## GRACE GRISWOLD.

Grace Griswold, now playing Aunt Samantha in "The Village Postmaster," is an actress who adds to fine dramatic skill an exceptional cleverness in make-up and a wide range of experience



R. V. FERGUSON.

in characters, heavies, even ingenues, with many representative companies, stock and other. The art of make-up and of concealing one's personality in characters Miss Griswold holds to be a true art, and she has striven successfully to excel in this department. The complete transformation effected by her make-ups is worthy of longer account, for no one would suppose that a young woman so attractive and modest as Miss Griswold could have made for the stage such a type as Samantha. Of this clever young actress Alice E. Ives, part author of the play, recently wrote: "I am delighted with Miss Griswold's interpretation of Samantha in 'The Village Postmaster.' I never have had one of my characters better played. Miss Griswold's clear insight, industrious study and keen sense of humor admirably fit her for comedy roles. Her intelligent grasp and natural dramatic power could, I believe, enable her to shine equally in emotional parts. I do not want to stand in the way of her advancement, but I wish she might play Samantha as long as it lasts."

## FRANCIS JUSTICE.

Francis Justice has achieved considerable success in juvenile and light comedy roles. He is a descendant of an old English theatrical family and grand-nephew to the late William E. Burton. Mr. Justice is with Carl A. Haswin's "A Lion's Heart" company this season, winning favorable recognition in the character of Captain Gavarnie.

## MORTIMER H. WELDON.

Mortimer H. Weldon has scored a conspicuous success this season as Jack Healy, the leading comedy role in Carl A. Haswin's popular melodrama, "A Lion's Heart." He fulfills admirably

the requirements of the part and has won cordial recognition for the excellence of his work. Mr. Weldon has appeared with much credit in this city with the stock companies formerly at the Herald Square and Third Avenue theatres, and last season played successfully with the late Charles Coghlan in "The Royal Box."

## RUTH ROYAL.

Ruth Royal, who has been most successful this season in the leading role with Daniel Sully in his popular comedy, "O'Brien the Contractor," has made for herself a highly enviable reputation as a capable actress. Her work has been unanimously praised by the critics wherever she has appeared, and the public have invariably lent the indorsement of hearty applause.

## ALEXANDER TACIANU.

Alexander Tacianu is one of the most popular and talented performers on the vaudeville stage. He was born in Hungary in 1877 and is the first one of his family who has shown any talent for music. His voice has a remarkable range, but he usually sings soprano, and his tones are so clear and perfect that one finds it almost impossible not to believe that it is a woman who is singing, until Tacianu drops his voice and sings a few notes in a rich baritone voice, which dispels the illusion. He is never billed as a female impersonator, and uses feminine apparel simply in order to have everything in his specialty in harmony. After a very successful season in America he sailed for Europe early in December. His bookings are filled up to the middle of 1901.

## HERBERT COLBY.

Herbert Colby, now widely and favorably known to American theatregoers, began his career in 1878 at the old Boston Museum. At that time the Museum was considered the best theatre in the country for the training of players, and the young man or woman who gained a foothold there was fortunate indeed. Mr. Colby remained there until 1885, when he was engaged by the late Dion Boucicault as stage-manager—a position that he held for three years. He was a member of the Boston Theatre company during the season of 1888-89, and since that time he has been a prominent member of several of the best stock organizations in the West. The roles in which he has been notably successful are Jack Yewett in "Hoodman Blind," Secretary Wells in "The Ensign," Jim Weaver in "Saved from the Sea," Colonel Kip in "Men and Women," and James Ralston in "Jim the Penman." In the early part of this season Mr. Colby was engaged for a six weeks' season in "Monte Cristo." The Ottawa Free Press, in reviewing Mr. Colby's impersonation of Edmund Dantes, says: "He has been richly endowed by nature for the playing of romantic roles, with a handsome and commanding presence and splendid physique. He was the ideal hero of romance. His work, artistic in every detail, could not be improved upon."

Mr. Colby is at present a member of "The World Against Her" company.

## CHARLES CONNOLLY.

Charles Connolly, the well-known composer and musical director, is the author of many successful songs and instrumental pieces, several of which have been published under names other



EFFIE HEXT.

than his own. A New York musical journal recently printed an article about Mr. Connolly and his work that closed with the following words: "Everybody with whom he comes in contact, strangers as well as friends, is impressed at once with his sincerity and magnetic force. His influence over his musicians is remarkable. There is no phase of orchestral work with which he is not familiar. He is equally at home at the piano, his advanced pieces for that instrument being very showy and full of dash and fire." Mr. Connolly is at present musical director with Belle Archer in "A Contented Woman."

## THE BEASEY SISTERS.

Pictures of the Beasey Sisters, now with "The Village Postmaster," are among those in this number. These clever young women are natives of California, which has contributed much talent and beauty to the stage. Jennie Beasey, the eldest of the sisters, has received autograph letters from President McKinley and other distinguished persons in compliment to her musical compositions. Each of the four sisters is happily endowed as a musician, and as a violin quartette they have been the most distinctive and popular feature of many an organization noted for the cleverness of its individuals.

## WALTER E. PERKINS.

Walter E. Perkins, whose latest photograph is reproduced in this number, is still playing to big business in "My Friend from India," the farce in which he originated the memorable role of the theosophical barber. This has proven one of the most popular and amusing impersonations in the history of typically American farce, and Mr. Perkins has firmly established himself among the foremost of native comedians. Mr. Perkins

has now the best company that has been seen in the play since the original cast, and the work of its members has been praised everywhere. H. A. Du Souchet, author of "My Friend from India," promised Mr. Perkins when that play won its great success that he would write another farce for the comedian. He has been at work for some time on a new play which Mr. Perkins hopes soon to produce. Mr. Perkins has secured also the dramatic rights to Mary E. Wilkins' successful novel, "A Poor Man," a dramatization of which he has scheduled likewise for early production.

## TONY WEST.

Among the successful players who have been given by the vaudeville to the legitimate stage is Tony West, the young character comedian. Like many an older player he gained experience in vaudeville that well fitted him for dramatic work, and during the past few years he has played successfully in a number of stock and repertoire companies. Last season he made a hit in the original production of "Devil's Island," and on the strength of this James H. Wallick has engaged him to originate the principal comedy role in his coming production of "The King of Rogues."

## HARRY G. KEENAN.

Harry G. Keenan, now playing the juvenile role of Captain Robert Ellingham in Jacob Litt's production of "Shenandoah," is a young actor who has risen rapidly in his profession by indefatigable work in nearly every department of the theatre. Nine years ago he was an usher at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago. In two years' time he rose to be assistant treasurer of that theatre, and afterward held similar positions at the Grand Opera House and the Trocadero. His ambition, however, was for a career behind the footlights, and he left the Trocadero to play a small part in and assist in the stage-management of "The Charity Ball." After touring twenty-seven weeks with that company he resigned to become one of the chief members of a repertoire organization. In this position he gained valuable experience, as he was called upon to play leads, heavies and light comedy roles. The next season he appeared in support of William Owen in Shakespearean repertoire, playing the King in "Hamlet," Don Pedro in "Much Ado," the King in "Richard III," and many other roles. In the Autumn of 1897 Mr. Keenan joined Robert B. Mantell to originate the juvenile leading part of Gaston de Varennes in "A Secret Warrant." In this part he scored a hit. Since then his most notable engagements have been with the Walnut Street Theatre Stock company, Cincinnati, and the Grand Opera House Stock company, Pittsburgh, with both of which organizations he made a creditable record in important parts. His present work in "Shenandoah" is to his taste and is winning praise from both press and public.

## LONEY HASKELL.

Loney Haskell, in the guise of a Chinaman, is pictured in this number. The picture gives an idea of the actor's wonderful make-up and of his attention to minute exterior detail, but the humor of the characterization is to be found in his excellent mimicry and well-nigh perfect dialect. Mr. Haskell is in his second season with Hurtig and Seamon's Bowery Burlesquers, in whose performance he appears as a dude, a Chinaman, and a "shabby genteel" comedian, besides doing a strong specialty in the olio. Mr. Haskell is a successful writer of sketches and burlesques, and enjoys the distinction of being the first to introduce farce-comedy in the burlesque theatres. He is the author of "Stumping," which proved one of Hurtig and Seamon's greatest successes. Mr. Haskell is well and favorably known over the Keith, Proctor, Kohl-Castle, and Orpheum circuits as an actor, author, stage-manager, press agent, and business man. He is popular socially, and is a member of the Elks and several other fraternal organizations.



ERNEST AND FRED SHIPMAN.





ASHLEY MILLER.

## CAROLYNE McLEAN.

Carolyn McLean is a young and rising emotional actress of great promise. Several seasons ago she made her professional debut with Thomas Q. Seabrooke in "The Isle of Champagne," and later, with the same company, she appeared in "Tabasco." After a short experience in operatic work she decided to enter the dramatic field, and became first a member of the stock company in Cincinnati and then joined the James O. Barrows Stock company in Washington, D. C. With these two organizations she played such roles as Phyllis in "The Charity Ball," Dora in "Diplomacy," Vera in "Mothers," and Enid in "Mr. Barnes of New York." Later Miss McLean became a member of Robert Downing's company and gained much praise for her impersonation of Neodamia in "The Gladiator." Early this season Miss McLean was especially engaged to play Mercedes in "Monte Cristo" for a season of five weeks, and her intelligent and forcible acting, especially in the emotional scenes, gained for her the plaudits of the audiences and the commendation of the critics. Miss McLean has been engaged to support Ada Rehan during her coming Spring season.

## IRENE ACKERMAN.

Irene Ackerman, who is known to the stage as a successful leading woman, is mistress of three arts, in all of which she has gained distinction. After graduation from Rutgers College with honors she entered the dramatic profession as a member of the Old Bowery Stock company. There she played small parts until Fiske and Harkins, noting her unusual ability, engaged her to play in support of Mary Anderson at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. After that engagement she played for a season at the Park Theatre, and subsequently starred in the legitimate drama. Miss Ackerman then turned her hand to play-writing, and produced within a very short period "The Choir Girl," "Rickett," a comedy, and a melodrama entitled "The Gold Mine." For several years she devoted herself to journalism and dramatic writing, but was induced to return to the stage by Shock and Palmer, who engaged her to play the role of Hetty Greene in "The Lights of London." After that engagement she played successfully in the West in various leading roles, and for a season she was a prominent member of Robson and Crane's company. In 1892 Miss Ackerman took up the study of pen and ink drawing and painting, and very soon won high commendation for her admirable portraits of several distinguished New Yorkers. At different times during her busy career Miss Ackerman appeared as a dramatic reader. Her work in that direction was so thoroughly appreciated that she is now devoting a good part of her time to it. She also teaches elocution and voice culture, and is a constant contributor to the leading magazines.

## HENRY L. KEANE.

The picture of Henry L. Keane that appears in this number represents him in the character of Sir Richard Cursiter in "Sowing the Wind." The part is one in which Mr. Keane has won considerable attention, though he has played with equal success juvenile and light comedy roles in "A Lion's Heart," "Miss Francis of Yale," "Under the Red Robe," and other well-known plays. Mr. Keane is now playing the leading role, John Harper, in "The Village Postmaster."

## EDWARD N. HOYT.

Edward N. Hoyt, a player of Shakespearean roles, made his debut as a professional in Brooklyn in 1877. After the usual "barnstorming" experiences, that seem unavoidable in a legitimate dramatic career, Mr. Hoyt became Joseph Proctor's leading man, and from that veteran learned the traditions of the English and the American stage. The seasons of '84-'85 and '85-'86 Mr. Hoyt passed in Chicago, where he was a member of the stock companies at the Halstead Street Opera House and at McVicker's. He then played two seasons with Frederick Warde and four seasons with Louis James, gaining high commendation from the press and his associates in the profession for every one of his impersonations.



SEYMOUR HOWE.

tions. After that time Mr. Hoyt played with equal success in "The Bandit King," starred in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," and won laurels as leading man in support of Charles B. Hanford, the late Frank Mayo, Robert Mantell, Walker Whiteside, the late Margaret Mather, and Robert Downing. Besides being an actor of recognized ability, Mr. Hoyt is an authority upon Shakespeare and the traditions of the classic stage.

## LOUISE MACKINTOSH.

That very clever character actress, Louise Mackintosh, is playing Miss Winklescott, the character comedy role, in Rosenfeld's "The Purple Lady" this season, and is, as usual, making a decided hit. Miss Mackintosh has had a wide range of experience and is a careful, conscientious, studious actress.

## ETHEL BRANDON.

In every sort of role—from Shakespearean to black face, comedy, farce, burlesque, comic opera—Ethel Brandon has won favor and hearty recognition. For eight years she occupied the



LOUISE MACKINTOSH.

position of leading woman at the Alcazar and Stockwell's Theatres, San Francisco, becoming known there and all through the coast and Northwest country as a reigning favorite. A distinction she had earned before in the East by her work with Booth, Boucicault, Scanlon, and others. Miss Brandon came East again about three years ago and appeared with much success in "Two Little Vagrants." During the early part of the present season she was seen as the Countess Nina in "Devil's Island," making a conspicuous success in the role. Several most tempting offers she has declined already, because



WALTER E. PERKINS.

they involved much hard travel, and she preferred to await a more congenial engagement. She is now at her home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

## WALTON BRADFORD.

When Liebler and Company sought for an energetic acting manager to handle the affairs of Viola Allen last year, and to possess the requisite appearance and dignity for so important an attraction, the choice fell upon Walton Bradford, now filling his second year in this position. Mr. Bradford has made many friends through his connection with Miss Allen's company, and has received substantial evidences of appreciation of his services from Liebler and Company. He comes of a prominent family of Washington, and made his debut at the National Theatre, in Washington. Since then he has filled a number of positions in leading theatres in like capacity and as business manager. Three seasons ago he entered the managerial field himself and was the exploiter of several plays with a stock organization. Mr. Bradford has an enviable future in the theatrical business.

## EDWIN T. EMERY.

By his clever portrayals of serious and light comedy young men and erratic Frenchmen Edwin T. Emery has placed himself in the front ranks of the younger actors of the day. He was connected with a number of the best road attractions during seasons past, and last year at the Girard Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia, he made a brilliant record for himself in stock work. During last Summer he appeared at Keith's Theatre in one of his original one-act plays, "An Unexpected Visit," and his work both as dramatist and actor was highly praised. The part gave him an opportunity to display his abilities as a singer and dancer, as well as his purely dramatic accomplishments. He has played during his busy stage career in nearly all of the Hoyt comedies, and has won most favorable comment upon his impersonations of Corzeze in "Mothers," Percival in "Jim the Penman," Schuyler in "The Senator," Damask in "A Night Off," Fondacore in "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Count de Clancy in "A Fool of Fortune," and many other standard roles. This season Mr. Emery has been a member of the Thanhauser Stock company, and besides playing regularly has devoted a great deal of time to a new play that gives much promise of success.

## JOLLY DELLA PRINGLE.

Although Miss Pringle is known from one end of the country to the other as "Jolly" Della Pringle, her dramatic talents are not confined to comedy by any means. In private life, it is true, she is the whole-souled, good-natured person that her title suggests, but on the stage she is quite as successful in serious emotional parts as in those of a mirth-provoking nature. This season her strongest roles are *Marguerite* in "Faust" and *Camille*, and for both she has won very high praise. Her methods of acting are natural, and her pleasing personality and splendid voice fit her admirably for strong, serious roles. Her versatility is shown by the fact that in her repertoire she has no two plays that are alike. Miss Pringle's supporting company this season is better than ever before, and the business-management is in the competent hands of Faith Adams, who is the husband of the star. Mr. and Mrs. Adams have accumulated a fortune in real estate, and own a beautiful Summer home, "The Maples," at Knoxville, Iowa. They have just finished a tour of the Black Hills and will start South immediately after the holidays.

## LILLIAN H. EMERY.

The fact that Lillian H. Emery is the sister of Edwin T. Emery, the well-known juvenile leading man, is a sufficient introduction for her to the members of the profession. She has, however, established a reputation of her own with both players and public, and by her artistic work has risen steadily in their esteem. Last Summer in vaudeville she supported her brother in his one-act play, "An Unexpected Visit," and her acting was most favorably commented upon. She is at her best, however, in strong emotional and intense character roles, such as *Nancy Sikes*, *Geraldine* in "La Belle Ruse," *Camille*, and *Juliet*. This season Miss Emery is leading woman with Thomas H. Davis' attractions.

## SAMUEL FREEDMAN.

The likeness of Samuel Freedman in this number was made by E. Goldinski, of Philadelphia, and is an excellent example of the work of that young photographer. Mr. Freedman, for the last two years business-manager for Julia Arthur, has this season filled a like position for Viola Allen during her present remarkable tour of record breaking receipts. Mr. Freedman commenced his business career as bookkeeper for the Union Pacific Railroad Company at Omaha, and then entered journalism on the Omaha dailies. He reported the vicious Indian uprising in the



ANNIE M. CLARKE.

Rosewood settlement and was one of the few newspaper men on the field at the famous battle of Wounded Knee. Convinced that his mission in life was to act he joined a wild Western company playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Hamlet" on alternate nights. Circumstances found him after a year in the business end of the theatrical profession, which he has never left, having invariably been connected with only the



TONI WEST.

very best of attractions. During his connection with the stage his experience has led him through all branches of the drama, as he has successfully filled nearly every position connected with the theatre. Mr. Freedman spent last Summer in the woods of Maine, occupying a solitary log cabin, and wrote a number of short stories of stage life which will shortly find their way into print. He has received an offer to publish a collection of his short stories in book form. One of his yarns will appear in *Manservant* in January. Another, "Such a Good Idea," is printed in this issue of THE MIRROR.

## LILLIAN DE WOLFE.

In every city that J. E. Toole has visited for some seasons past the renown of his leading lady, Lillian De Wolfe, is cherished as a sacred memory. She has perhaps as many true and loyal followers as any actress on the American stage, and her every appearance is the signal for a public demonstration of no mean order. Miss



ETHEL BROWNING.

De Wolfe, however, does not pose merely as a popular idol. She has earned her present enviable position by hard work and intelligent, painstaking playing, and her impersonations of the various leading roles in Mr. Toole's repertoire have been as highly commended by the critics as they have been heartily applauded by the people.

## EFFIE HEXT.

Prominent among American actresses of ability, and one who is winning unusual distinction for the excellence of her work in Shakespearean and romantic drama, is Effie Hext, now playing leads with the Lyceum company, of Canada. Her work in the past has covered a wide field, ranging from modern farce to the classic drama, and her greatest successes have been achieved in such parts as *Portia*, *Ophelia*, and *Juliet*. Her managers, Ernest and Fred Shipman, contemplate an elaborate production in which Miss Hext will star next season.

## LITTLE GLADYS GREENE.

Little Gladys Greene made her first appearance upon the stage when three years of age, playing *Mollie* in James A. Herne's "Shore Acres." She remained with Mr. Herne two seasons. This year she is with Richard Mansfield, and as *Sigismund* in "The First Violin" she is credited with having made a decided hit for one so young. Mr. Mansfield has been most kind to her, and lately presented her with a beautiful and expensive doll. She is the granddaughter of the late Hon. Edward H. Greene, a prominent Indiana politician.

## ARTIE HALL.

Artie Hall is a vaudeville artist who has come into great prominence during the past year. She calls herself a "coon shouter," and her specialty is the singing of rag-time melodies in an original way. She imitates the genuine darkeys perfectly, and her popularity with the patrons of the continuous houses is unbounded.

## W. T. CARLETON.

W. T. Carleton, the well-known baritone, in future engagements will combine with his position as principal baritone the direction of the stage and production of operas, for which work he is eminently fitted, both by his long and varied experience in all branches of opera and by the artistic performances which always characterized the productions of the Carleton Opera company.

## EMILIE EDWARDS.

Emilie Edwards, who, with Seymour Howe, has appeared in "Uncle's Visit" in all the principal cities of America, England, and South Africa, is accounted one of the most fascinating women upon the vaudeville stage. Her vivacious manner and the spirit and vigor of her acting have been complimented highly wherever she has appeared, and she is credited with success upon her every appearance. She has lately appeared with Mr. Howe in several of the best vaudeville houses in this city and on the Keith circuit.

## SEYMOUR HOWE.

During the past few seasons the name of Seymour Howe has come to be favorably known to vaudeville audiences in America, England, and South Africa, and his popularity with them is demonstrated by the enthusiastic welcome that is invariably accorded him. With Emilie Edwards Mr. Howe has presented the humorous skit "Uncle's Visit" in all the principal vaudeville theatres of the countries mentioned. Last season they appeared at Proctor's, Pastor's, and Keith's theatres in this city, and scored pronounced hits at every performance.

## KIRKE LA SHELLE'S ATTRACTIONS.

Kirke La Shelle has on the boards this season two attractions that are recognized successes, and he has in preparation another attraction that promises well indeed. "Arizona" has had extraordinary success in Chicago and other cities. "The Amerer," in which Frank Daniels is now appearing at Wallack's is one of the most successful comic operas in several seasons. The out of town business was enormous. "Princess Chlo" is now in rehearsal and will soon be presented in this city.



KIRKE LA SHELLE.





SAMUEL FREEDMAN.

## AL. W. MARTIN'S "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Al. W. Martin has not only demonstrated that he is a most energetic and successful manager, but also that he is one possessed of more than the ordinary amount of nerve. His production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is evidence of this fact. Since the first production of the dramatization of Harriet Beecher Stowe's immortal story at the Troy Museum in 1852 it has been played continuously by all kinds and sorts of almost numberless organizations. It has been done in dime museums at the rate of ten times a day; it has been shown in night stands in an hour and a half by five or six people; it has suffered from counterfeit production, cheap casts and cheaper mounting until of late years it has been looked upon by most theatregoers with distrust and contempt, and with pity by many of those who have read Mrs. Stowe's beautiful story and have felt and appreciated all the power of its lines. In the face of all this, to risk one's time and cash in a production of this old time favorite, that should not alone attract but also please the average theatregoer of to-day, required nerve; it required more than ordinary nerve. Mr. Martin proved himself equal to the task. His success has far exceeded his anticipations, and to-day he is possessed of what is generally considered to be the best production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that has ever been made. The version that his company are using preserves those rare qualities that have made Mrs. Stowe's great story one of the most potent works of modern fiction. Added to this, a most magnificent and effective scenic equipment has been prepared and the various roles are in the hands of really competent people. To enhance the realism of the production a large colored contingent is employed; also twenty-five head of horses, mules, ponies and oxen. E. V. Giroux is general manager for Mr. Martin and to him much credit is due for the excellence of the production, which is under his direct supervision. His liberality in management has done much to place the attraction in the enviable position it now holds. The company, which has been in the West all season, is now on its Eastward way, and will be seen soon in the Eastern cities, where its last season's business was remarkable. It is, in fact, the only "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company that is able to obtain excellent city bookings.

## JAMES H. WALLICK'S ATTRACTIONS.

The arrangements that James H. Wallick has completed for this and next season are of wider scope than this successful manager has attempted before, and from present indications the next year will be a prosperous one for him. His companies are formed of well-known and competent players, the scenic equipment of each of his attractions is of the best, and the four plays that he presents, each with its own company, are deservedly successful. "The Dairy Farm" heads the list of Mr. Wallick's attractions. It is a quaint, picturesque, forcible drama by Eleanor Merron, who plays the sourette role in the production. The play was first



EMMA EDWARDS.

seen on the New York stage three months ago at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where it was booked for an engagement of several weeks. The success of the play and the company on the opening night was complete and the production was highly praised by the New York press. The audiences increased in size night after night, and it was deemed advisable to prolong the engagement. This was accomplished by securing the time contracted for by another company, and "The Dairy Farm" has had the longest run, with one exception, of any play that has been produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Mr. Wallick will send on the road the original company and the splendid scenic effects that

made for the success of the play in New York. It is a drama so interesting in plot and characterization, and so pure and true in sentiment, that it will probably be popular in the provinces during many seasons to come. Miss Merron, the author of "The Dairy Farm," has just completed another play for Mr. Wallick, that will be produced very soon. It is entitled "A Vagabond Father," and in its way it is said to be as perfect a dramatic work as the rural play that brought Miss Merron forward as a dramatist. "A Vagabond Father" is melodramatic in tone, with a pleasing contrast of light and shade in its scenes of comedy and pathos. "The King of Rognes" is the chief melodramatic attraction of Mr. Wallick's quartette of plays. It is powerful, fascinating in plot, and will be mounted this season in a costly and most elaborate manner. Several mechanical effects have been prepared for the production that are absolutely new to the stage. Mr. Wallick's fourth company presents the old and always popular melodrama, "When London Sleeps." This, like the others, is performed by a carefully selected company and is mounted artistically. The four plays, acted and managed as they are, will doubtless prove very profitable during the coming year, and will without doubt add greatly to Mr. Wallick's reputation as an enterprising manager.

## THE KEYSTONE DRAMATIC COMPANY.

The Keystone Dramatic company was organized in Wheeling, W. Va., on Jan. 16, 1899, since when they have never lost a day. They opened the present regular season at Auburn, Ind., on Sept. 4, and business has been enormous all along the line. Records have been broken at nearly every stand. The company now numbers seventeen people. A carload of special scenery, properties and effects is carried, making the Keystone Dramatic company one of the strongest and most complete popular-price organizations on the road. The company is headed by Lawrence R. McGill and Gertrude Shipman. The press and public everywhere have been lavish in praise of the excellent work of both principals and their support. The company is under the management of Lawrence R. McGill and R. W. Shipman, and is booked solid, with the exception of four weeks, until June 9, 1900, in the principal cities in New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

## THE WOODWARD STOCK COMPANY.

The Woodward Stock company, organized in 1889 by the present manager, O. D. Woodward,



HERBERT COLBY.

has been playing continually since that time, with brief summer vacations, and is one of the oldest and one of the best stock organizations in America. This company played a very remarkable engagement at the Auditorium Theatre, Kansas City, in the Fall of 1897. The house was burned on Dec. 21 of that year, and was rebuilt especially for this organization by Alex. Fraser. The New Auditorium Theatre, Kansas City, Mo., is claimed as the home of the Woodward Stock company, and is said to be the most modern, best equipped stock house in the country, with the largest stage and largest seating capacity of any popular price house in the United States. The company at present consists of the following people: Jane Kennark, Gertrude Berkeley, Emma Dunn, Inez Macaulay, Winona Bridges, Sadie McKeown, Marie Snowden, Willis Granger, Wilson Enos, James F. Fulton, Hal Davis, Harry Beresford, Harry Long, Walter D. Greene, and Charles Lothian.

## "THE MISSOURI GIRL."

One of the strongest successes of recent seasons is that decidedly clever comedy, "The Missouri Girl," written by Fred Raymond more than six years ago. Under his efficient direction, aided by Sadie Raymond's talents, it has found a warm place in the hearts of theatregoers. The company includes Marie Ritchie, the accomplished danseuse, now in her sixth season; Emma Desmond, the Mrs. Grubb, a member for two seasons; Maud Rayne, who is very popular; Will F. Lindsey, the business-manager for four years; Willard Dashiell, who receives much praise for his clever portrayal of the wayward son; Harry M. Hicks, of the original cast, and still a valued member; William A. Grigg, the tramp juggler, now in his second season as Sandy Ragsdale; Harry S. Hopping, musical director, whose work is a feature; F. C. Passion, retained for the role of Colonel Sreutnam; Master Freddie, in his specialties; George Bedee, his second season as agent, and John A. Pacini, carpenter and electrician. The scenery for the production is carried complete and is much admired. The printing is very fine and is used in great quantities.

## BROADHURST BROTHERS.

During the past five years the firm of Broadhurst Brothers has come to be known in nearly every civilized country of the world, through the success of George H. Broadhurst's comedies. "What Happened to Jones" has not only been played in every city and town in the United States and Great Britain, but has been translated into half a dozen different tongues and performed in many of the European capitals. It may almost be said that this remarkable comedy is in continual performance, for, with the numbers of companies presenting it in different countries, the curtain is up at one place or another at nearly every hour of the twenty-four.

"Why Smith Left Home" is a worthy successor to "Jones," and is now being played successfully on both sides of the Atlantic. "The Wrong Mr. Wright" and "The Speculator" complete the quartette of successes that the Broadhurst Brothers have on their list this season. Last season the Broadhurst Brothers became the lessees and managers of the Strand Theatre, London; and the venture was crowned with success far beyond their expectations. They will continue to manage the Strand for some time to come, their headquarters, however, remaining in New York. George Broadhurst, who returned to New York last month from London, is now engaged in writing a new play, to the production of which American and English theatregoers will look forward with interest.

## THE ALICE NIELSEN OPERA COMPANY.

The Alice Nielsen Opera company, under the management of Frank L. Perley, is now in its

second season, and, both artistically and pecuniarily, has excelled the splendid record made last season in "The Fortune Teller." The company is now in its third month at the Casino, presenting Herbert, Smith and Stange's opera, "The Singing Girl," and crowded houses have been the rule since the opening night. The critics have bestowed high praise upon the star, the company and the opera. Miss Nielsen's success in the title role has been emphatic. Her delightful personality never appeared to better advantage. Supporting her is one of the best light opera companies ever seen in this country. The chorus singing is remarkably fine, and the scenery and costumes are magnificent. Miss Nielsen has won and well deserves her position in the stellar firmament.

## MINNIE SELIGMAN IN VAUDEVILLE.

Minnie Seligman has returned to the vaudeville ranks and has repeated in that department of dramatic work the extraordinary success which she made upon her first venture in the field two years ago at Proctor's Theatre, when she established an unequalled record for the house. Miss Seligman is an actress of great power and talent, and is beautiful besides. Her selection of playlets for vaudeville comprises those calculated to display her art to the best advantage, and her repertoire enables her to change the bill during a week's engagement if so desired by the management. An excellent supporting company appear with the actress. Her business-manager is H. Brunelle, with Joe Schmitt's Exchange, 2 Union Square, New York city.

## VERA DE NOIE'S PRODUCTIONS.

Vera De Noie is rapidly coming into prominence as a manager of theatrical enterprises, and her present interests include, besides the highly successful melodrama "Devil's Island"—now booking for its third annual tour—a new scenic production, "The Tory's Daughter," a play of Puritan days, and a special presentation of "East Lynne," with Ethel Brandon in her fine impersonation of Lady Isabel. The tour of the last-named attraction will open on Jan. 1, and all communications should be addressed to Manager Frank Beresford, at the Packard Exchange.

## DUNNE AND RILEY'S ATTRACTIONS.

The enterprising managers, Dunne and Riley, have three successful companies on the road this season, and are preparing for a summer season of Charles H. Hoyt's comedies at the California Theatre, San Francisco, beginning June 3, 1900. The companies now playing are "Hotel Topsy Turvy," headed by Eddie Foy; "By the Sea Sea Waves," headed by Mathews and Bulger, and "A Milk White Flag." All of these organizations are composed of well-known players and are equipped in the best fashion. The Mathews and Bulger company has in preparation a new musical comedy that will be produced shortly.

## EDWIN C. JEPSON'S "DARKEST RUSSIA."

The season of Edwin C. Jepson's "Darkest Russia" promises to be not only a long one, but also one of good pecuniary returns. It began on July 31 and will terminate on May 15, when the company will have covered more than 22,000 miles of territory, or, to be exact, just 22,467 miles of travel in forty-one weeks. The performance by Mr. Jepson's company is pronounced by the press and local managers one of the best the play has ever had. The features are the *Ilda* *Baroksky* of Katherine Willard, a young lady not yet out of her teens, who possesses, it is said, most marvelous dramatic intensity and force, and who bids fair to do great work in the near future; Herbert Fortler, who has made a most pronounced success as *Alexis Nazimoff*, and Kate Jepson, an excellent character actress, who has added another to her many successes as the *Countess*. Mr. Jepson has in preparation for next season a new attraction, and, despite the present success of "Darkest Russia," announces that he will positively not handle it next year, but devote all of his time to his new production.

## THE MARKLEY AND APPELL ENTERPRISES.

The Markley and Appell enterprises include "A Ward of France," which has been rewritten by its author and newly equipped with scenery, properties and costumes; "The Cherry Pickers," which next season will tour the far West and



CAROLYN McLEAN.

South for the first time; the King Dramatic company, headed by Kirk Brown and Katherine Crego, which gives such plays as "Hands Across the Sea," "The Cotton King," "The Power of the Press," "The War of Wealth," "Cumberland '61," and others at popular prices, with special scenery for each play; "The Victorian Cross," the rights to which have been bought from Martin J. Dixon, and which may be secured on royalty from Nathan Appel, owner; and the Markley and Appell chain of theatres, the circuit of which next season will include the Grand Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa., the Academy of Music, Pottsville, Pa., the Academy of Music, Lebanon, Pa., the Carlisle Opera House, Carlisle, Pa., the Grand Opera House, Norristown, Pa., Ferguson's Theatre, Shenandoah, Pa., and Herker's Opera House, Mahanoy City, Pa., all communications as to which should be addressed to Nathan Appel, Grand Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa. R. A. King company are proprietors of "A Ward of France," and "The Cherry Pickers," and Nathan Appel is manager. The King Dramatic company is also owned by the R. A. King company, with Nathan Appel manager, and F. F. Ciekner business-manager.

## JACOB LITT'S ENTERPRISES.

Jacob Litt's main offices in the Broadway Theatre Building are among the busiest spots in the world these days. Mr. Litt and his able corps of associates direct from here the affairs not only of the Broadway Theatre, in this city, but of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago; the Bijou Opera House, Minneapolis; the Grand Opera House, St. Paul, and the Bijou Opera House, Milwaukee—

all enjoying the high tide of prosperity. Mr. Litt controls, too, and directs the representative companies now playing "The Great Ruby," "Sporting Life," "Shenandoah," "In Old Kentucky," and "Mistakes Will Happen," while he has other important productions in preparation.

## ROBERT B. MANTELL'S NEW SUCCESS.

Robert B. Mantell has scored an unequivocal success in his new play, "The Dagger and the Cross," adapted by W. A. Tremayne from the novel by Joseph Hutton. The tour, under management of M. W. Hanley, has been one of unusual prosperity, play, star and company earning unanimous approval at every point visited. A special feature has been made of the elaborate production, which offers most beautiful scenery and fine picturesque costumes.



KATHERINE WILSON.

## BLACK PATTI TROUBADOURS.

Voelckel and Nolan's Black Patti Troubadours, called "the greatest colored show on earth," continues throughout the country to hold the patronage it originally won by its novelty and the merits of its performers. It is headed by the Black Patti, who is without doubt the greatest singer of her race now before the public. The Black Patti Troubadours are now en route to the Pacific Coast, where it is expected that the organization will create a sensation. The home office is at 18 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

## ARTHUR C. AISTON'S INTERESTS.

Arthur C. Aiston, who has for the past three seasons conducted the very successful tours of "Tennessee's Partner," is this year personally handling "The Sorrows of Satan." Up to the present time the latter play has been seen in only a few of the Eastern cities and the business it has done has been enormous. It follows very closely Marie Corelli's famous story, and it is greeted everywhere as one of the season's novelties. In addition to "The Sorrows of Satan" Mr. Aiston is managing the tour of Ben Hendricks in "A Genuine Gentleman." Mr. Hendricks is conceded all over the country to be an admirable Swedish exponent and his tour has been a triumph this year. Mr. Hendricks will be seen in the Eastern cities before the season closes.

## F. F. PROCTOR'S ENTERPRISES.

F. F. Proctor holds an important place among vaudeville managers, and is well assisted in his enterprises by J. Austin Fynes. Proctor's Le-laud, Albany, devoted to refined vaudeville; Proctor's Theatre, Twenty-third Street, a home of continuous vaudeville, and the Palace, at Fifty-eighth Street and Third Avenue, also devoted to continuous entertainment, are three of the most prominent theatres in the country devoted to this form of amusement.

## MAHLER BROTHERS.

Mahler Brothers, the dealers in dry goods, at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-first Street, have for some time made a specialty of supplying members of the theatrical profession with the best quality of goods at the lowest prices. They carry in stock everything necessary in the wardrobe of the women of the stage, and are always foremost in obtaining new and fashionable goods.

## WARD'S OPERA HOUSE, WASECA.

Ward's Opera House, Waseca, Minn., has come to be regarded as one of the best money winning properties in the great Northwest. E. W. Ward, manager, and J. T. Arthur, assistant manager, report that business this season has been excellent. The house is modern in every way, with all appointments and accessories. Managers touring Minnesota will do well to book Waseca.

## MISS KAUSER'S PLAY BUREAU.

Allice Kauser, whose business of supplying plays to stock, touring and repertoire companies is increasing steadily every season, has on hand a number of new dramas besides a large library of those that are proved successes. She has also the dramatic rights to many well-known novels. Arrangements for next season are now being made by Miss Kauser, and she is preparing material for a large number of the foremost companies in the country.



CHARLES CONNOLLY.



ALFRED AYRES.

A portrait of Alfred Ayres is printed herewith. Mr. Ayres occupies a unique position in relation to the stage, as well as a singular place among public educators. It is said by persons respected as authorities that Mr. Ayres has done more to clarify the English language and to influence the proper speaking and writing of English in this country than any other teacher of his time. He is undoubtedly an authority upon the pronunciation of words, the right uses of words, and diction. His works, "The Orthoepist" and "The Verbalist," are in wide use as text books. Mr. Ayres has exercised advisory and corrective influences upon the branches of several educational works that relate to his specialties, and his opinions frequently are sought at first hand by scholars as well as by students. His own writings are dignified, direct and forceful. He is also the author of "Acting and Actors, Elocution and Elocutionists," a volume made from his essays on those arts, many of which were originally published in THE MINNION. Mr. Ayres' original excursions into the field of elocution dismayed and frightened many so-called elocutionists, who were wedded to false and artificial methods, and who abused Mr. Ayres as an innovator and a false prophet. He has proved his theories to be based on the only true elocution—the natural elocution—and has finally been approved and followed as a true teacher. Mr. Ayres' reformation of the abuse of English on the stage is now generally admitted. It was formerly his habit to visit theatres and note mispronunciations and other verbal defects, the results of his observations being published in THE MINNION. When he began this practice, several years ago, he could easily find a sufficient number of examples of error in an evening to serve for an article. By degrees this exercise of his critical faculty became more difficult as his articles were read and heeded, until to-day among the better class of actors he can find comparatively few errors of this sort to note. Mr. Ayres is not only a critic of pronunciation, but a critic of meanings as well. He has made a profound study of Shakespeare, and is a master of the fine points of sense and significance in that author. He is at the same time a judge of dramatic deportment, and his dramatic criticism is as unique as it is valuable in these days, because he never points a mistake, an inadvertence, or an error on the stage without fully explaining why the thing is wrong, and why and how it should be otherwise. There are probably more of Mr. Ayres' articles in the scrap-books of Minnion readers than of all the rest of the contributors to this journal, because Mr. Ayres' articles have a practical value that repeated reference to them always discloses.

GUS HILL'S ENTERPRISES.

Gus Hill is constantly adding new money makers to the long string of successful dramatic enterprises now sailing under his banner. For the present season his announcements include the tours of "The Royal Lilliputians," a monster organization of dwarfs, midgets, giants and such strange folk; "Man's Enemy," the prosperous English melodrama, now first presented here with Theodore Babcock in the lead; "Over the Fence," a prodigiously successful comedy; "Through the Breakers," the sensational melodrama, now in its second season to enormous business; "McFadden's Row of Flats," the spectacular farce-comedy which has broken records all around, and the three hugely popular burlesque organizations, "The Gay Masqueraders," "Vanity Fair," and "The Tammany Tigers." Mr. Hill's main offices, at 1358 Broadway, this city, are about the busiest headquarters along the Rialto, and this wonderfully energetic manager may be counted upon for several new surprises as the season progresses.

DAVID BELASCO'S NEW PRODUCTION.

David Belasco will produce at the Herald Square Theatre on Jan. 4 his new farcical comedy, "Naughty Anthony," which is promised to prove one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season. The scene will be placed at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., a locality that should certainly offer excellent opportunities for the writer of farce. A cast of unusual strength has been engaged, including Frank Worthing, W. J. Le Moyne, William Elton, Albert Brunning, Samuel Edwards, Charles Wyngate, Claude Gillingwater, E. P. Wilks, Brandon Tynan, Blanche Bates, Maud Harrison, Olive Redpath, Mary Barker, Fanny Young, Frances Jolliffe, Ethel Norman, Catherine Black, and Janet Hudson.

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A whiskey that is always of the same quality and that is noted for its rich flavor and purity is the Hunter Baltimore Rye. It is bottled by William Lananhan and Son, of Baltimore, and may be relied upon for unvarying excellence.

MATTERS OF FACT.

The Elinore Sisters are still making a big hit in George M. Cohan's farcette, "Dangerous Mrs. Delaney," which gives them ample opportunity to display their unique talents. During their forthcoming visit to the Pacific Coast they will produce a new sketch called "Double Dealing," written for them by Arthur J. Lamb.

Good open time at the New Opera House, McComb City, Miss., is offered by Manager C. W. Craib. The population of McComb City is 8,000, and the theatre seats 850.

The Sisters Coulson, equilibrist and dancers, are making a hit with "Eight Bells" this season.

J. Palmer Collins is playing Leonard Varney in "Wicked London."

Murry Woods is both a capable stage director and a clever character comedian. He has lately directed the production of "Wicked London."

Edwin Gordon Lawrence is now teaching elocution and dramatic art. He makes a specialty of developing and strengthening the voice, and will coach amateurs and professionals. Mr. Lawrence's address is 106 West Forty-second Street, this city.

Gustave Wallace, who is making a hit as the Doctor in "A Guilty Mother," wishes offers for next season. He may be addressed in care of the Actors' Society of America.

Robbie's Knickerbocker Burlesquers give a novel and up-to-date performance that is proving very popular with audiences. The company is a capable one and the costumes and settings are brilliant.

Charles L. Lietz, the wig maker and dealer in grease paints, at 39 West Twenty-eighth Street, has established a reputation for reliability that makes his business increase steadily year by year. His goods are favorably known to professionals all over the country.

Tony Pastor's Theatre continues in the van of vaudeville enterprises. It has been established now for thirty-four years.

W. H. Gerald is playing Sam Warren in "Shore Acres."

Gay Rhea is at liberty to accept engagements for leading business.

Boyd Carroll is managing the successful tour of Charles Mortimer.

Parson Price, 9 East Seventeenth street, numbers among his vocal pupils some of the prominent theatrical stars.

A. Fugger, 521 Walnut street, St. Louis, makes a specialty of supplying comic operas and plays for amateurs, and attends promptly to country orders.

A successful public reader, pupil of a leading dramatic teacher, wishes engagement for character work. Address Leslie Otis, Minnion.

The Original Swiss Electro-Chemical Ring is advertised as a positive cure for rheumatism.

The Eaves Costume Company, 63 East Twelfth street, are selling theatrical costumes at half price in order to make room for new stock.

B. Altman, the Sixth avenue mercantile magnate, has a magnificent stock of holiday goods on hand, comprising art curios of rare and beautiful workmanship, and articles of every description, both useful and ornamental.

Fannie Denham Rouse, the clever character actress, desires a metropolitan engagement.

John Azzimonti, 52 Union Square, makes a specialty of dancing shoes, riding boots and all styles of theatrical and custom shoes.

A Beatrice and Elmer E. Knowles, the famous hypnotists, are having a most successful season. Headquarters, 358 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Millie Liston, the winsome soubrette, is with the Span of Life Company.

Marshall P. Wilder, the clever little humorist and prince of entertainers, is located at The Alpine, 55 West Thirty-third street.

P. Gelly, of 1006 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, extends a merry Christmas to all his friends through the Christmas Minnion.

Rose Beckett, 210 West Forty-second street, has originated some new and up-to-date dances which are very popular.

Milton and Dolly Nobles have made a great vaudeville hit in their new comedietta, A Blue Grass Widow, an admirable successor to Why Walker Reformed.

Fanchon Campbell plays the part of Polly Love in The Christian with great feeling.

Al Warendorff, the florist, 1213 Broadway, numbers among his many patrons the Professional Woman's League and the Actors' Society.

Maud Sinclair is having a successful season with the James R. Waite Comedy company.

Damon Lyon is playing his second season with Richard Mansfield.

Carrie Lee Stoyke is doing some splendid character work this season.

L. Goldsmith, Jr., 701 Sixth avenue, exhibits a new patent wardrobe trunk which is a boon to every theatrical person.

The Rodgers Publishing House, 52 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, have issued a biography of Laura Keane, by John Creahan, which is pronounced complete and entertaining by reviewers.

Madame Marie, who has met with unqualified success in her massage and facial treatment for ladies, was formerly a member of the profession, and thoroughly understands the wants of the feminine community in her particular line. Her office hours, etc., will be found noted in the advertisement in another column.

Dan Swift and Fred Huber, who form the comedy musical team known as Swift and Huber, are making nightly hits in their amusing act. Their famous singing dog "Blutch" has his full share in their success.

Carlin and Brown are this season presenting an entirely new and original Dutch act with Gus Hill's Vanity Fair (Western) Company. Their performance is greeted with peals of laughter from start to finish wherever they appear.

The Gus Sun Rising Minstrels are now booking their new \$25,000 creation for next season. Their tour this year has been enormously successful so far, and the indications are that for the season they will break all of their previous records. The company travels in two special cars, and consists of thirty-five artists, well-known in the minstrel world.

A company that has a reputation for breaking records wherever it appears is Ferris' Comedians. It is a large, strong and perfectly equipped repertoire organization, playing in the cities of the West, and is under the guidance of Dick Ferris, who is the manager and proprietor.

The Welsh Brothers, projectors of various amusement enterprises, have five successful companies on the road this season. These include two circuses, a spectacular, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" organization, a "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" company, and their novel "Old Southern Life" company. The attractions are playing everywhere to good business.

Cole and Johnson, the well-known colored comedians, are for the third season presenting, with their own company, the highly successful musical comedy, "A Trip to Coontown." Crowded houses are the rule everywhere, and the press and public are most enthusiastic in their praise of both the company and the stars.

Harry Linton and Lella McIntyre have been in vaudeville only twenty weeks, but have met with great success. Miss McIntyre is a born comedienne, and is a pretty girl besides. Mr. Linton is a clever comedian, and the team do a very bright and pleasing specialty.

The name of Martin J. Jackson has come already to be ranked among the most prominent of our costumers, and the most ingenious of designers of artistic stage dresses. From his offices, established not many months ago at 36 West Twenty-eighth street, this city, have come the outfits of numerous representative companies, and leading managers are securing his estimates.

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Card Cases, Book Covers,  
Photo Cases, Travelling and  
Dressing Cases, Sterling Mounted  
Chatelaine Bags.

Umbrella and Cane Handles  
in Homeric Designs.

James Carew is playing the juvenile lead in "The Purple Lady."

Mary Van Tromp Labadie is scoring as Marguerite in "Faust," with Hubert Labadie.

The National Dramatic Conservatory, F. F. Mackay, director, instructs in dramatic art on the principles taught by the Paris Conservatoire. Applications for information should be made to J. F. Brien, secretary, 23 West Forty-fourth Street, New York city.

The Dominion Line, plying between Boston and Queenstown and Liverpool, offers exceptional advantages to persons going abroad.

Joseph Hart and Carrie De Mar, those incomparable entertainers, are heading Joseph Hart's All-Star Vaudeville company in a prosperous tour, under direction of Weber and Fields.

Elson Hommel, widely known in the profession, is this season business-manager of Corse Payton's stock company.

Leonora Bradley has been especially engaged this year for the Castle Square company, in Boston.

Mrs. Cohen, at 629 Sixth Avenue, is doing a large and increasing business in making street and evening dresses.

Feinberg, the photographer, 300 West Twenty-ninth Street, has made a number of portraits of theatrical stars, and has a large stock of the popular "Box Studio" portraits, including "Selfies."

Ramond L. Schuchman, the well-known actor, is the season's star of the Theatre of the City, in "The Sign of the Cross."

Henshaw and F. J. Schuchman, who have only this season at the Theatre of the City, are the only company in "The Sign of the Cross."

George W. Henshaw, the well-known actor, is the season's star of the Theatre of the City, in "The Sign of the Cross."

Cubitt and Tait, the well-known actors, are the season's stars of the Theatre of the City, in "The Sign of the Cross."

Mr. and Mrs. Clint G. Ford (William Kingsbury), prominent members of the "Don't Tell My Wife" company, are arranging to enter vaudeville the coming Summer in a sketch by James M. Martin.

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Address all communications in regard to the above to NATHAN APPELL, Grand Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa., or care of KLAU and ERLANGER, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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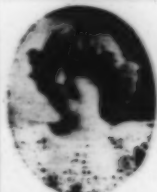
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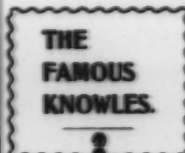
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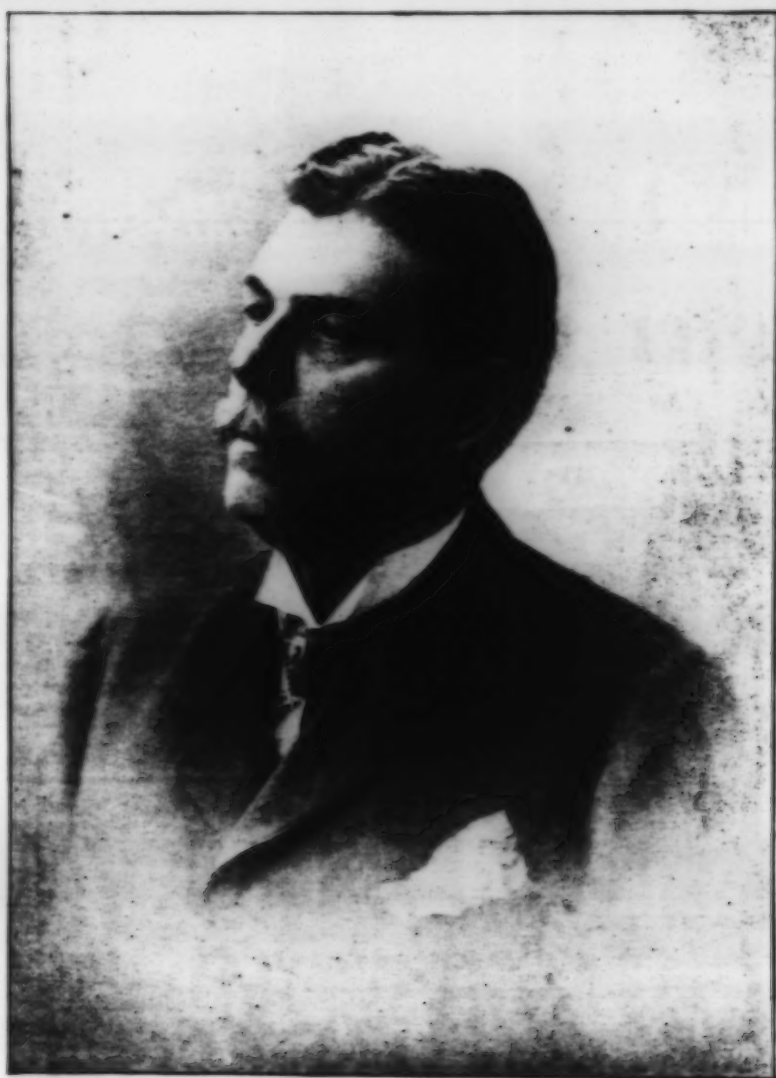
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